

NEW-YORK SPORTING MAGAZINE,

AND

ANNALS OF THE AMERICAN AND ENGLISH TURF.

A WORK ENTIRELY DEDICATED TO

SPORTING SUBJECTS AND FANCY PURSUITS.

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Embellished with

A PORTRAIT OF ORVILLE, Winner in 1801 at 2 years old, 80 guineas at Doncaster; in 1802 at 3 years old, the Great St. Leger Stakes at Doncaster; in 1803 at 4 years old, 100 pounds at Doncaster; in 1804 at 5 years old, 100 guineas at York, 175 guineas and 300 guineas at Doncaster; in 1805 at 6 years old, the Somerset Stakes and the Gold Cup, with 200 guineas at Brighton, the King's Plate and 90 guineas at Lewes; in 1806 at 7 years old, 150 guineas, and 50 guineas, and 200 guineas, at Newmarket, 150 guineas, and 50 guineas at Lewes; in 1807 at 8 years old, 300 guineas, 120 guineas and 125 guineas at Newmarket, the Somerset Stakes at Brighton, 150 guineas, 90 guineas and 600 guineas at Lewes; and

A PORTRAIT OF ST. GILES, Winner of the Derby Stakes, at Epsom, in 1822.

VOL. I.—No. IV.—JUNE, 1833.

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REPORT OF THE
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FOR THE YEAR
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THE LAND OFFICE
WASHINGTON
1881



ORVILLE.

NEW-YORK SPORTING MAGAZINE,

AND

ANNALS OF THE AMERICAN AND ENGLISH TURF.

Vol. I.

JUNE, 1833.

No. 4.

Embellished with

A PORTRAIT OF ORVILLE, Winner in 1801 at 2 years old, 90 guineas at Doncaster; in 1802 at 3 years old, the Great St. Leger Stakes at Doncaster; in 1803 at 4 years old, 100 pounds at Doncaster; in 1804 at 5 years old, 100 guineas at York, 175 guineas and 200 guineas at Doncaster; in 1805 at 6 years old, the Somerset Stakes and the Gold Cup, with 200 guineas at Brighton, the King's Plate and 90 guineas at Laver; in 1806 at 7 years old, 150 guineas, and 50 guineas, and 200 guineas, at Newmarket, 150 guineas, and 90 guineas at Laver; in 1807 at 8 years old, 200 guineas, 180 guineas and 125 guineas at Newmarket, the Somerset Stakes at Brighton, 200 guineas, 90 guineas and 600 guineas at Laver; and

A PORTRAIT OF ST. GILES, Winner of the Derby Stakes, at Epsom, in 1802.

ORVILLE.

PEDIGREE.

A BROWN horse, foaled in 1799, bred by Earl Fitzwilliam, and got by Beninbrough out of Evelina by Highflyer, out of Tennant by Tautram—Regulus—Marske's dam by Blackleg.

PERFORMANCES.

YORK.

August 20, 1801.—Sweepstakes of 20 guineas each, for two year old colts 8st. 2lb., and fillies 8st., from Middlethorpe Corner, to the ending post.—(6 subscribers.)

Lord Darlington's b. c. by Star out of Abigail.	1
Duke of Hamilton's b. c. by Walnut, dam by Javelin.	2
Lord Southmore's b. c. by Pipator out of Queen Mab.	3
Lord Fitzwilliam's b. c. by Beninbrough out of Evelina.	4
Mr. T. Hutchinson's b. f. by Constitution out of Ethel.	5

DONCASTER.

September 23d.—Sweepstakes of 20 guineas each, for colts and fillies then two years old; colts 8st. fillies 7st. 12lb.—Last mile.

Lord Fitzwilliam's b. c. by Beninbrough out of Evelina.	1
Lord Southmore's b. c. by Pipator out of Queen Mab.	2
Duke of Hamilton's b. c. by Walnut, dam by Javelin.	3
Lord Darlington's b. c. by Star, out of Abigail.	4
Duke of Hamilton's b. c. by Walnut, dam by Clayhall Marske.	5

Even betting of 5 to 4 on Lord Darlington, 3 to 1 against the Duke of Hamilton, and 10 to 1 against the winner.

August 25, 1802.—Sweepstakes of 50 guineas, b. f. Vol. I.—32

for three year old colts, 8st., and fillies 7st. 12lb.; two miles.—(8 subscribers.)

Mr. Wandell's ch. c. Sir John, by Steide.	1
Lord Fitzwilliam's b. c. Owen, by Beninbrough.	2
Lord Belhaven's b. c. by Beninbrough, out of Miss Tomboy.	3
Sir T. Gascoigne's ch. c. by Beninbrough, out of Golden Locks.	4
7 to 4 against Sir John—2 to 1 against Orville, and 3 to 1 against Lord Belhaven.	

YORK.

August 28th.—Sweepstakes of 30 guineas each, 10 guineas forfeit, for three year old colts 8st. 2lb., and fillies 7st. 12lb.; two miles.—(13 subscribers.)

Lord Darlington's b. c. Peter, by Beninbrough.	1
Lord Fitzwilliam's b. c. Owen, by Beninbrough.	2
Sir R. Winn's ch. c. Tankersley.	3
Mr. Croft's b. c. by Traveller.	4

Even betting on Peter.

DONCASTER.

September 28th.—The St. Leger Stakes of 25 guineas each, for three year old colts 8st. 2lb., and fillies 8st.; two miles.—(15 subscribers.)

Lord Fitzwilliam's b. c. ORVILLE, by Beninbrough.	1
Mr. Sitwell's br. c. Pipkin.	2
Lord Fitzwilliam's br. c. Sparrowhawk.	3
Lord Belhaven's b. c. by Beninbrough.	4
Sir T. Gascoigne's ch. c. by Beninbrough.	5
Mr. Wilson's b. c. by Young Eclipse.	6
Sir R. Winn's ch. c. Tankersley.	7

Even betting and 5 to 4 on Mr. Wilson's colt,—5 to 2 against Sparrowhawk, and 5 to 1 against Orville.

September 29th.—The Gold Cup, value 100 guineas for all ages,—three years old 6st.—four years old 7st. 7lb.—five years old 8st. 3lb.—six years old 8st. 12lb.—and aged 9st.; four miles.

Mr. Brandings's b. c. Alonso, 4 years 7st. 7lb.—	1
1061b.	

Lord Fitzwilliam's b. c. ORVILLE, by Beninbrough	
3 years, Sat.—84lbs.	2
Lord Middleton's gr. c. Blue Devil, 3 years Sat.—	
84lbs.	3
Mr. Fletcher's b. c. Strathapey, 3 years Sat.—	
84lbs.	4
Lord Darlington's ch. c. Muley Molech, 4 years	
7st 7lb.—105lbs.	5
Mr. Johnson's b. h. Sir Solomon, (4 lbs. extra.)	
6 years Sat. 120lb.—128lbs.	6
Sir W. Gerard's b. c. Asheton, 3 years Sat.—84lbs.	7
Mr. Sewell's b. c. Pippin, 3 years Sat.—84lbs.	8
3 to 1 against Sir Solomon, 3 to 1 against Orville, and	
10 to 1 against Alonzo.	

YORK.

May 25, 1833.—A Sweepstake of 20 guineas each; two miles.—(5 subscribers.)	
Sir T. Gascoigne's ch. h. Lennox, by Delpai,	
5 years, 126lbs.	1
Lord Fitzwilliam's b. c. ORVILLE, by Beninbrough,	
4 years, 117lbs.	2
Mr. Wentworth's b. f. Primrose	3
6 and 7 to 4 on Orville, 3 to 1 against Primrose, and	
4 to 1 against Lennox.	

August 22d.—Produce Sweepstakes of 100 guineas each, h. ft. for four year olds; four miles.—(9 subscribers.)	
Sir F. Standish's b. c. Duxbury, by Sir Peter,	
116lbs.	1
Lord Fitzwilliam's b. c. ORVILLE, by Beninbrough,	
116lbs.	2
Sir T. Gascoigne's ch. f. by Buzzard, 113lbs.	3
5 and 6 to 4 on Orville.	

August 26th.—Fifty pounds given by the City of York, added to a subscription for four year old colts; four miles.

Mr. Mellish's b. c. Strepton, by Gabriel Sat. 7lb.—	
119lbs.	1
Lord Fitzwilliam's b. c. ORVILLE, by Beninbrough	
Sat. 7lb.—119lbs.	2
Mr. Wentworth's b. f. Primrose, Sat. 4lb.—116lbs.	3
Sir F. Standish's — Duxbury, Sat. 7lb.—119lbs.	4
Mr. Garforth's b. c. by Traveller; Duke of Hamilton's	
colt by Walnut; Sir R. Wain's c. Tankersley, and	
Sir H. T. Vane's m. c. by Beninbrough also started, but	
were not placed.	
7 to 4 against Duxbury, 7 to 2 against Orville, the same	
against Strepton, and high odds against any of the	
others.	

DOHCATER.

September 29th.—The second year of the renewed	
Doncaster Stakes of 10 guineas each; with 20 guineas	
added by the corporation. The property of Subscribers.	
Four miles.—(13 subscribers.)	
Mr. Garforth's gr. m. Marcia, by Coriander, 6 years,	
Sat. 10lb.—122lbs.	1
Lord Fitzwilliam's b. c. ORVILLE, by Beninbrough,	
4 years, 7st 7lb.—105lbs.	2

Mr. Lee's b. c. Strap, 3 years, 6st.—84lbs.	3
Mr. Wentworth's b. f. Primrose, 4 years, 7st. 7lb.—	
105lbs.	4
Mr. Branning's b. h. Alonzo, 5 years, Sat. 3lb.—	
115lbs.	5
Even betting, and 5 to 4 against Alonzo—2 to 1 against	
Marcia—and 7 to 2 against Orville.	
September 29th.—£100 for 3 year olds; maiden colts	
allowed 2lbs, maiden fillies 3lbs.; two mile heats.	
Lord Fitzwilliam's b. c. ORVILLE, by Beninbrough,	
4 years, 6st 7lb.—119lbs.	1 1
Mr. Mellish's b. c. Strepton, 4 years, Sat. 7lb.—	
119lbs.	4 2
Sir F. Standish's brother to Stamford, 3 years, 7st.	
5lb.—103lbs.	3 3
Mr. Scrope's b. c. Ellemore, 3 years, 7st. 8lb.—	
103lbs.	2 dr.
6 to 4 against Strepton—7 to 4 against Ellemore—5 to	
2, and 3 to 1, against Orville.	

YORK.

May 29, 1834.—A Sweepstake of 20 guineas each, for all ages; two miles.—(6 subscribers.)

Lord Fitzwilliam's b. c. ORVILLE, by Beninbrough, 5	
years, 126lbs.	1
Lord Darlington's b. c. by Ormond, 4 years, 117lbs.	2
Mr. T. Robinson's ch. c. Maltonian, 4 years, 117lbs.	3
0 to 4 against the Ormond colt—and 3 to 1 against	
Orville.	

August 20.—A Subscription of 25 guineas each, for any horse the property of subscribers three months before running; 4 year old mares allowed 4lbs.; four miles.—(9 subscribers.)

Lord Darlington's br. h. Haphazard, by Sir Peter, aged,	
Sat. 10lb.—122lbs.	1
Mr. Garforth's gr. m. Marcia, aged, Sat. 10lb.—122lbs.	2
Sir T. Gascoigne's ch. h. Lennox, 6 years, Sat.	
10lb.—122lbs.	3
Duke of Hamilton's ch. c. by Walnut out of Miss	
Pratt, 4 years, 7st. 9lb.—103lbs.	4
Lord Fitzwilliam's b. c. ORVILLE, by Beninbrough,	
5 years, Sat. 5lb.—117lbs.	5
6 to 4 on Haphazard—3 to 1 against Marcia—and 5 to	
1 against Lennox.	

August 22d.—£50 given by the city of York, added to one third of the great subscription purse of 25 guineas each, by 25 subscribers, for 5 year olds, carrying 7lb. 119lbs.—Four miles.

Mr. Garforth's b. h. by Traveller, out of Faith	1
Lord Fitzwilliam's b. h. ORVILLE, by Beninbrough	2
Mr. Mellish's b. h. Strepton	3
Sir T. Gascoigne's ch. m. Tocco	4
Mr. Wentworth's b. m. Primrose	5
5 to 4 against Strepton—6 to 4 against Orville—and	
30 to 1 against Mr. Garforth's horse.	

DOHCATER.

September 24th.—Free Handicap Sweepstake of 50	
guineas each, h. ft.; two miles.—(6 subscribers.)	
Lord Fitzwilliam's b. c. ORVILLE, by Beninbrough, 5	
years, 117lbs.	1

Mr. Sitwell's b. h. Pipplin, 5 years, 107lbs. 2
 Lord Darlington's br. c. Doncaster, 4 years, 106lbs. 3
Pipplin the favorite.
 Orrille beat Mr. Mellich's Steekton, 8st. 7lb.—119lbs.
 each; four miles; 300 guineas.

12 to 5 on Orrille.

NEWMARKET.

October 15th.—(Third and last year.) One third of a subscription of 25 guineas each, with £50 added by the Jockey Club. B. C.—(10 subscribers.)

Sir C. Bunbury's b. m. Eleanor, by Whiskey, 6 years, 8st. 11lb.—123lbs. 1

Col. Leigh's b. h. Orrville, by Beaulough, 5 years, 8st. 5lb.—117 2

Lord G. H. Cavendish's b. h. Liguam Vine, aged, 8st.—120lbs. 3

7 to 4 on Eleanor—3 to 1 against Orrille.

BRIGHTON.

July 27, 1835.—The Somerset Stakes of 50 guineas each, h. f.; mares allowed 3lb.; four miles.—(10 subscribers.)

Sir H. Williamson's Walton, by Sir Peter, 6 years, 8st. 11lb.—123lbs. 1

Sir J. Shelly's Houghton Lass, 4 years, 7st. 7lb.—107lbs. 2

Mr. Howarth's Enterprise, 4 years, 7st. 7lb.—107lbs. 3

H. R. H. Prince of Wales's b. h. Orrville, 6 years, 8st. 11lb.—123lbs. 4

Mr. Mellich's Lady Brough did not weigh.

A dispute having arisen upon this race, the gentlemen to whom it was referred, came to the following resolution, viz: that Walton, Houghton Lass, and Enterprise not having run the proper course were disqualified, and that Orrville being the only horse that fulfilled the conditions of the race, was entitled to the stakes.

6 to 4 against Lady Brough—5 to 2 against Walton—3 to 1 against Orrille—4 to 1 against Houghton Lass—and 10 to 1 against Enterprise.

BRIGHTON.

July 30th.—A Gold Cup, given by H. R. H. Prince of Wales, added to a subscription of 10 guineas each—mares allowed 3lb. Four miles.—(21 subscribers.)

H. R. H. Prince of Wales's b. h. Orrville, by Beaulough, 6 years, 8st. 12lb.—124lbs. 1

Sir J. Shelly's Houghton Lass, 4 years, 7st. 4lb.—102lbs. 2

Mr. Howarth's Haricot, 6 years, 8st. 12lb.—124lbs. 4

Mr. Mellich's Lady Brough, 4 years, 7st. 4lb.—102lbs. 3

5 and 6 to 4 on Houghton Lass—4 to 1 against Lady Brough—and 6 to 1 against Orrille.

LEWIS.

August 1st.—His Majesty's plate of 100 guineas, 4 mile heats.

H. R. H. Prince of Wales's b. h. Orrville, 6 years 12st.—168lbs. 1 1

Duke of Richmond's Rolla, aged, 13st. 3lb.—170lbs. 2 2

10 to 1 on Orrille.

August 3d.—The first year of a Subscription of 30 guineas each, for all ages, 4 miles.—(10 subscribers.)

H. R. H. Prince of Wales's b. h. Orrville, 6 years, 8st. 12lb.—124lbs. 1

Sir H. Williamson's Walton, 6 years, 8st. 12lb.—124lbs. 2

NEWMARKET.

October 28.—Orrville paid forfeit to Lord Foley's b. c. Hippocampus, by Coriander.

October 31.—Subscription Handicap Plate of £50—D. 1.

Mr. Ladbrooke's b. c. Bustard by Buzzard, 4 years, 7st. 11lb.—109lbs. 1

Sir C. Bunbury's b. m. Eleanor, aged, 9st. 2lb.—129lbs. 2

Mr. R. Boyce's ch. h. Bobtail, aged, 9st. 2lb.—128lbs. 3

Mr. D. Radcliffe's b. c. Orrville, 6 years, 8st. 12lb.—124lbs.—Lord Foley's ch. h. Captain Absolute, 6 years, 8st. 12lb.—124lbs.—Sir H. Standish's brother to Stamford, 5 years, 8st.—112lbs.—and Mr. Brown's b. f. Houghton Lass, 4 years, 6st. 12lb.—95lbs. also started, but were not placed.

6 to 4 against Eleanor—5 to 2 against Orrille—and 5 to 1 against Bustard.

NEWMARKET.

May 5, 1836.—Sweepstakes of 60 guineas each, h. f. B. C.

Mr. D. Radcliffe's br. h. Orrville, 8st. 7lb.—119lbs. 1

Mr. F. Neale's ch. h. Quiz, 8st. 13lb.—125lbs. 2

Mr. Howarth's br. h. Norval, 7st. 3lb.—104lbs. 3

Lord Foley's gr. b. Sir Harry Dimsdale, 8st. 3lb.—129lbs. 4

2 to 1 against Sir Harry Dimsdale—2 to 1 against Quiz—and 5 to 2 against Orrille.

BRIGHTON.

July 26.—The Somerset Stakes, of 50 guineas each, h. f.—mares allowed 3lb.—four miles.—(11 subscribers.)

H. R. H. Prince of Wales's b. c. Barbarossa, by Sir Peter, 4 years, 7st. 7lb.—105lbs. 1

Sir J. Shelly's b. m. Houghton Lass, 5 years, 8st. 2lb.—114lbs. 2

H. R. H. Prince of Wales's b. h. Orrville, aged, 8st. 13lb.—125lbs. 3

Lord J. H. Cavendish's b. c. by Moorcock, 4 years, 7st. 7lb.—105lbs. 4

LEWIS.

August 1.—Orrville, 8st. 7lb.—119lbs. received forfeit from Sir J. Shelly's Houghton Lass, 7st. 10lb.—106lbs. four miles—300 guineas, h. f.

August 2.—A Sweepstakes of 30 guineas each for all ages—four miles.—(10 subscribers.)

Orrville, aged, being the only horse named, walked over.

NEWMARKET.

October 1st.—50 guineas, free for any horse. B. C.

Mr. D. Radcliffe's br. h. Orrville, aged, 8st.—128lbs. 1

Duke of Grafton's b. m. Parrot, 6 years, 8st. 11lb.—123lbs. 2

Mr. Mellich's b. c. Stately, 4 years, 7st. 4lb.—102lbs. 3

Sir J. Shelly's b. m. Houghton Lass, 5 years, 8st. 6lb.—117lbs. 4

Mr. Craven's br. c. Henry, 4 years, 7st. 4lb.—102lbs. 5

7 to 4 against Stately—5 to 2 against Orville—and 3 to 1 against Parasol.

Oct. 19th.—One third of a Subscription of 25 guineas each. B. C.—(15 subscribers.)

Lord Sackville's b. h. *Bustard*, by Buzzard, 5 years, 8st. 5lb.—117lb.

Mr. D. Radcliffe's b. h. *Orville*, aged, 9st.—126lb. 2
Orville beat Mr. Mellish's *Sancho*, who broke down at mile—200 guineas.—2 to 1 on *Orville*.

Oct. 18th.—*Orville* paid forfeit in the Outland Stakes, won by *Pelisse*, by Whiskey.

NEWMARKET.

March 30, 1807.—The First class of the Outland Stakes of 50 guineas each, h. st. D. 1.—(9 subscribers.)

Mr. Fernon's b. c. *Hippomenes*, by Pegasus, 4 years, 7st. 3lb.—111lb.

Sir J. Shelly's b. m. *Houghton Lass*, 5 years, 8st. 4lb.—116lb.

Duke of Grafton's b. m. *Parasol*, 6 years, 8st. 13lb.—125lb.

Mr. Radcliffe's b. h. *Orville*, aged, 9st. 6lb.—121lb.

Mr. F. Neale's ch. h. *Quiz*, aged, 9st. 3lb.—120lb.

Mr. Gohurn's b. f. *Essex Lass*, 3 years, 7st. 13lb.—111lb.

Lord P. Beatrix's b. h. *Optician*, 5 years, 7st. 5lb.—108lb.

2 to 1 against *Parasol*—5 to 2 against *Orville*—4 and 5 to 1 against *Houghton Lass*—and 6 to 1 against *Hippomenes*.

April 30th.—Free Handicap Sweepstakes of 100 guineas each, h. st. B. C.—(5 subscribers.)

Mr. D. Radcliffe's b. h. *Orville*, aged, 9st. 3lb.—120lb.

Mr. Watt's b. m. *Pelisse*, 8st. 9lb.—121lb.

Lord Sackville's ch. h. *Eschauer*, 8st.—112lb.

6 to 4 against *Eschauer*—2 to 1 against *Orville*—and 3 to 1 against *Pelisse*.

BRIGHTON.

August 8th.—The Somerset Stakes of 50 guineas each, h. st.—four miles.—(seven subscribers.)

Orville walked over.

LEWES.

August 12th.—*Orville* beat Mr. Fernon's *Pelisse*, 8st. 3lb.—115lb. each—four miles—200 guineas, h. st.

3 to 1 on *Orville*.

August 15th.—The third and last year of a Sweepstake of 10 guineas each, for all ages; four miles.—(10 subscribers.)

Mr. D. Radcliffe's b. h. *Orville*, aged, 9st.—126lb.

Mr. Fernon's ch. h. *Cerberus*, 5 years, 8st. 5lb.—117lb.

August 13th.—The Ladies' Plate of 50 guineas, for all ages; four miles.

Mr. D. Radcliffe's b. h. *Orville*, aged, 8st. 11lb.—123lb.

Mr. Fernon's b. c. *Brighton*, 3 years, 8st. 12lb.—82lb.

NEWMARKET.

September 28th.—Third and last year of the Renewed Subscription of 5 guineas each. B. C.—(21 subscribers.)

To be the property of a Subscriber or pay 50 guineas entrance.

Mr. D. Radcliffe's b. h. *Orville*, aged, 9st. 2lb.—128lb.

Mr. Wyndham's* b. c. *Canopus*, 4 years, 7st. 7lb.—105lb.

October 12th.—(Third year.) One third of a Subscription of 25 guineas each. B. C.—(15 subscribers.)

Mr. D. Radcliffe's b. h. *Orville*, aged, 9st.—126lb.

Duke of Grafton's *Parasol*, aged, 9st.—124lb.

THE ROAD.

Sir,—Although it may be said that intellect directs it, yet it is the structure of the hand of man that gives him the superiority over other animals; but the use of this hand varies wonderfully with various persons. Having, I believe, mentioned most things relating to harnessing horses, let us suppose them put to their coach, all ready for a start—the reins thrown across the off wheel horses' loins, with the ends of them hanging upon the middle terret of his pad, and the whip also thrown across the backs of the wheelers. The coachman makes his appearance.—If he be a coachman, a judge will immediately perceive it; for, as a certain philosopher observes, "every situation in life serves for formation of character," and none more so than a coachman's. I was going to say—only let a judge see him come out of his office, (pulling on his glove!) but this I will say—let him see him walk round his horses, after a coupling rein, take up his whip and reins, and mount his box, and he will at once pronounce him a neat, or an awkward one. Perhaps there is nothing in which knowledge of an art without execution goes for less than in that of driving four in hand; for although a coachman may have science in his calling, yet it is very possible that, from a natural awkwardness of action, (if I may be allowed to apply this word to his case,) he may be totally unable to put it into effect with any thing like a graceful, or even neat and appropriate, movement of his arms and hands; and in nothing short of the higher accomplishments of our nature, is a certain propriety and neatness more required, than in handling the reins and whip from a coach box. Indeed, the motions of the latter must be observed with something like a mathematical precision; and the quickness and lightness of finger required to suit some horses' mouths, is far greater than those unpractised with driving would suppose. This I must say—I have never seen the two qualities combined; I have never seen an awkward and a good four horse coachman in the same individual.

* Paid 50 guineas entrance.

It is amusing to think how lightly some persons appreciate the accomplishments of a coachman; and this brings to my recollection two anecdotes on this head—one of which relates to myself. I had not been many days in my present residence before I heard that a person wished to speak with me. I found a man in whom I was called in some countries a crack, but in Hampshire a round truck, had the following dialogue look place:—

"Well, my man, what is your pleasure?"

"Beg your pardon, sir, but I hear you want a servant?"

"What can you do?"

I am quite of opinion with Chester Billy, that "driving four horses is a pretty art." That to perform it to perfection is within the power of but few, every man whose inclination leads him to the notice of these matters is aware. Within these few years, however, a superior class of man is to be found upon the coach box, and for this advantage we are mainly indebted to two circumstances:—first, the driving clubs, and the notice taken of coachmen by gentlemen of rank and fortune; and, secondly, to the boxes being placed on springs, which was not the case when I first mounted them. It is now a common practice for passengers to pay an extra shilling for the box place, whereas, formerly, a man not wishing to be incited in the "pretty art," would give something to be anywhere else. I now think I feel the thrumps my hips have had against the hoop of the box when I was young and light, as the coach proceeded at a good rate over a broken pavement; and a coachman being thrown from his box, when wide awake and sober, was then a common occurrence. Perhaps it is not generally known, that to Mr. Warde, of Squerries, we are indebted for the first coach-box ever placed upon springs. He prevailed upon the proprietors of the Manchester Telegraph to adopt the use of them, and thence they were called Telegraph Spinn.

By the way—speaking of the Manchester Telegraph, and the improvement of the present race of coachmen—I am induced to touch upon the celebrated opposition between that coach and the Defiance, which lasted longer, and was carried on with more spirit than any other upon record. Both coaches have stood their ground, and are worked in a very superior style; but my chief reason for mentioning them here is, to pay a tribute to the two very swell coachmen who drove them out of London at least fifteen years ago; and who may almost be said to have set the example of neatness in dress, and respectability of appearance and demeanour, which is so characteristic of coachmen of the present day. These were John Marchant on the Telegraph, and Bob Snow on the Defiance—the latter for some years past a proprietor of, as well as at work upon, a Brighton coach.† Rather a singular circumstance attended my first acquaintance with him. I was going down the road with his Manchester coach, and I had appointed an old friend in his line to meet me at his yard in the city, to introduce me to him. As I was walking down Fleet-street, I observed a man on the other side of the street, just such a man as I pictured to my own mind Mr. Snow to be; and walking quietly behind him, looking him over, found that he was "all right"—a pink in his way, and as well dressed for the

road, as a gentleman ought to be for Almack's. His footsteps led me to the Swan with Two Neck, where the introduction took place, and I was highly pleased with the whole turn out. All was as it should be, from the nose-piece on the leaders' heads, to the roller on the splinter bar.

There was another very celebrated man on the Telegraph at this time, at the other end of the ground, and indeed he was, till very lately, on the Defiance—the well known Harry Douglas, about the size of two ordinary men; who, as an old friend of mine, and a great admirer of his talent observes, "could gallop a coach without its swinging, and who could drink as much as would scold a pecker, though never seen to be the worse for it." Harry was a great favorite with the Manchester gentlemen, and an artist of the first order.

It may be truly said of Douglas, that, like Amphitruon of old, he was "great in the art." Exclusive of his science, he was one of the strongest men ever seen. His hands were unusually large; his fingers immense; and such was his power on his box, that he could grapple with four bad horses in a way that will seldom be seen again. He could, as it were, almost lift them over their stage. He sat high on the bench; his left arm raised more than is usual, and his right arm was terrible. He was a jovial fellow over a bowl, singing many excellent songs, but was booked in the down mail about a month since, on a road on which there is no turning back. In many essentials to a coachman, he has left few equals behind him.

There are two or three more of the old school, whose names should be recorded in the annals of the road, as having arrived at the top of their profession, and whose characters have been free from stain. Of John Besford, on the Exeter Subscription, I have already spoken in terms of high respect; and I must here pay a tribute to the memory of the late Jack Hale, a coachman of extraordinary merit, and a man of excellent natural talent. He was also on the Manchester Defiance, but latterly worked upon the lower Oxford road, and was one of the quickest of his day. I remember hearing a friend of mine say, in the presence of Mr. Kenyon, that he went down Hesley Hill on Jack Hale's coach, in a hard frost, without the chain on the wheel, but, added he, "I did not like it."—"Oh," said Mr. Kenyon, "you were as safe as when in your bed." Jack was chief manager, and one of the founders of the Benevolent Club,* and much looked up to by the fraternity.

Of the late Jack Bailey, on the Birmingham and Shrewsbury Old Prince of Wales, the tutor of so many of us, I have already spoken as quite a top-sawyer of the old school. When he died, he left his watch to Sir Henry Peyton, who wears it to this day, though with a new face to it; for the old one was ornamented with a race horse, a greyhound, a fighting cock, and a bull dog, and Sir Henry's picture in the centre. Jack was also a great ally of the great Mr. John Warde, who worked very frequently on the Old Prince in former days, and,

* Most every thing. I can plough, sow, drill, and look after horses and cattle, and drive four in hand."

† The other anecdote was told me by a friend, and applies well here.—A gentleman's coachman, or what we call "a Whip-john," brought his master's carriage, four in hand, to the door of an inn, sat in the most coachman-like manner, when a knowing boy in the street addressed him thus—"I say, Coach, who feeds the pigs when you be from home?"

* Billy was bred in Shropshire, where they never lose an opportunity of pronouncing the letter M.

† The first.

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* I shall speak of this club another time.

by his own account, brought many a ten of bad shillings* into London. Mr. Warde drove this coach a race, from London to Oxford, against the Gloucester coach, and won it. Nothing on the road was better housed than the Prince in Bailey's day, for the load it carried, and its time; but it would not be thought much of now. It is still going, and Johnson, one of its coachmen on the lower ground, whose horses I have driven many hundred miles, now keeps the Talbot Inn, at Shrewsbury, a house of the first style, and where Mr. Johnson is as much esteemed as he was upon his box.

There are two or three more artists of the Old School who must have a niche here, and I shall commence with *Jem Howell*, with whom, I have no doubt, at least nine-tenths of my readers are acquainted. *Jem* is one of Mr. Costar's (of Oxford) oldest servants, and was, the Lord knows how many years, on his Oxford and Birmingham day-coach, driving it as far as Shipston-upon-Stour, after his breakfast, and driving it back again to Oxford in time for his dinner. Now, whether it were that the public thought *Jem* and his master were only half awake; or whether it were that they thought they might as well go from Birmingham to London in nearly the same time as *Jem's* day-coach conveyed them from Birmingham to Oxford, I know not; but it so happened, that about ten years ago, the Birmingham *Aurora* commenced running from that place to London in one day; and, in consequence of this, Costar's party put on the *Courier*, in opposition to the *Aurora*, each of which, as the opposition was strong and the work well done, took so much of the shine out of *Jem Howell's* day-coach, that about twelve months since he left it.

As a coachman on the short-wheel rein, (and he says no man can drive four horses with the long one,) *Jem Howell* stands very high, being supposed to be as good a judge of what a coach horse can do, as any man of his day; and, as an honest servant to his employers, we may put him quite in the top hole. In proof of his skill in his art, it is only necessary to state, that, although his pace was not slow, (say at least eight miles an hour,) his horses were always as fat as broen pigs, and a poor one put into his coach soon got his hack up. It was also well worth an extra fare to travel with *Jem Howell*, and hear his quaint remarks on the road; for he has a talent for repartee which is very seldom excelled. It happens that I have a near relation at the head of one of the colleges in Oxford, and I once took the liberty of telling him, that if *Jem* had had as good an education as himself, and the rest of the big wigs, he would have chopped logic with any of them.

Some of my best anecdotes of this noted character will not exactly bear print, but he has amused myself and several of my friends many a good hour. It was highly diverting to hear his remarks on the opposition coaches,†

which ran his road. I once heard a passenger for Birmingham go up to him and say—"I shall not go with you to-day, *Jem*; I shall go by the *Aurora*."—"By all means, sir," observed *Jem*, "go by the *Aurora*; they will take you cheaper than I can, and break your neck into the bargain." His hint to his old master, Mr. Costar, that he must change his service, was by no means unwise. "Now, sir," said he, "do you think my coach and I would be missed upon the road, if we was to stop at home for a fortnight?"—"*Jem* is a great cocker, and we are apt to take our smiles and companions from favorite subjects. A friend of mine was travelling with him once, and a gentleman in black passed the coach, to whom *Jem* made his obeisance. "Who is your friend?" said my friend. "What?" replied Howell, "don't you know *Parson*—I thought every body knew him. He's a right good one, inside of a church, or out,* and they tell me, when he preaches, the church is as full as a cockpit!"

No man in a humble situation in life has met with greater patronage than *Jem Howell*, and amongst his steady friends may be reckoned Mr. Annesley, Mr. Harrison, Sir Henry Peyton, Lord Clonmell, and many others attached to the road, and no doubt he is in very comfortable circumstances. He now drives the Worcester Mercury into London.

I have not yet done with the old ones. Many of my friends, to the northward of London, would consider me very culpable, and indeed I should consider myself guilty of an injustice to merit and good conduct, were I to omit the mention of that very celebrated performer, *Dan Herbert*, upwards of thirty years on the Chester and Holyhead Mail, and to whom, in consideration of his faithful and correct attention to his business, the post-office has made a present of a scarlet coat on every anniversary of the King's birthday. His place was little more than exercise to him—getting on his box at Eccleshall, in Staffordshire, at a pleasant hour in the morning, and driving only to Litchfield, twenty-four miles. Here, after taking his dinner, he met his down coach, and returned to Eccleshall in the evening. Taking advantage of his superior coachmanship, and the shortness of his stages—changing twice in his twenty-four miles—*Dan* was generally very indifferently housed; but of all the men I ever saw upon a coach box, he had the best method of driving his horses without punishing them; or, if I may be allowed the expression, of *coasting* them along. I used to work a good deal upon this mail some years back, and upon one occasion am enabled to speak to the superiority of *Dan* on his coach box. I got up at Litchfield, and so

at his stable, without a single passenger, he went up to the house-keeper, as soon as he had taken off the leaders, and said—"Now, bring this coach after me;" so taking it into a barn he looked out, saying, "This coach has carried a guard and coachman quite long enough for me!"

* Yorkshire.

† Just to show what a change has taken place in the order of things within these last twenty years, I remember the following fact—I was once riding over *Dan Herbert's* ground, where his coach reposed me. I got on the box, and the guard rose my back behind the coach, for two stages! Were this to happen now the guard would be in the black box!

* This coach was greenall, very heavily laden with Haworths, fairs, hardware, and no doubt the Birmingham shillings often made up part of the load.

† The fact is the "Courier" coach was rather strange. For some time it had carried nothing, which did not suit the late Mr. Jelly, of Eton, who hired it. Seeing it change horses one day

we were approaching the town of Stafford he addressed me thus: "Now, Master, we shall give you a hot shirt over this next ground. My horses are bad enough at the best of times, but they have been out all night at Lord Illegat's ball, with two ruffling gentlemen's coaches at their tails, so they'll be in nice time for us." I have the tears in my mind's eye at this moment; but suffice it to say, I got them off at half three ground, when we were all done over together. Dan took hold of them, and made up the ground which I had lost, with very little punishment. This mail is two miles an hour a better coach than it was; but on the days of my working upon it, the roads were in a miserable state—full a horse's draught heavier than they are at present.

Dan Herbert, I am happy to say, still at work; and those who have travelled with him, as well as all others who respect a good coachman, will be glad to hear the following account of him, which I find the other day from a friend, an excellent judge:—"Old Dan is alive, and hearty as ever. He is now, and has been for the last three years, driving the Chester and Liverpool mail; and I think I may say is much alive and as active as ever; and, judging from a journey I went with him last year, I consider him better than ninety-nine out of a hundred coachmen you see, and his age must be considerably above sixty. His son Tom, who lived with Mr. Cox, is now on the Liverpool and Chester coach, but is about to take to Mrs. Tomlinson's business, the White Lion, at Chester. Mrs. T. will be a great loss to the road, as she was full of life and spirit."

I must here remark, that, though perhaps not equal to him in swiftness of execution, I considered the coachman I have been speaking of to have had an advantage over Jack Hale, in his great command of temper. Although allowed by all judges to have been a beautiful coachman, Jack was not considered a good man with bad horses, being what is termed—"rather too quick for them."

Before I quit the old ones, I must bring my brother whip and brother sportsman, Mr. Wise, late of the Southampton Union, once more before the public. As a coachman I cannot speak of him, having never sat beside him; but I, as well as many others, have been much amused, not to say edified, by his discourse. I have an excellent anecdote of him now to produce, which was related to me a few weeks back by a gentleman who resides in this county. My friend's son had just been ordained deacon, or, in the language of the day, "japaned;" and the first time, after entering upon his holy office, that he got by the side of old Warr upon his coach box, the following conversation took place:—

Mr. Wise—"Well, Mr. John, so you be got into orders."

Young Divine—"Why, yes, I am."

Mr. Wise—"All right; I am glad to hear it, for they tells me they're not quite so easy a job as it used to be. Now I've known your father many years, and have drove you many a mile, and I want to ask you a bit of a favor: will you be so good as to explain to me a little bit about that there Trinity?"

Young Divine—"Why that is not exactly a subject for a coach box, Wise; and perhaps I might not make you comprehend it clearly without entering more fully into it."

Mr. Wise—"Why to tell you the truth, sir, I have thought a good deal myself about that there Trinity, and never could understand it; but I don't know how it is—I never meets three in a gig that I don't think of it!"

I am not surprised at the propensity to make use of technical language by those who are daily employed in the same occupation, or art; and can therefore easily reconcile the parallel between the Trinity and the gig. I had not a bad specimen of this about two years back, when addressing a coachman whom I had not seen for some years:—

"How do you, ———?"

"Quite well, thank ye, sir, glad to see you so well."

"I am very well, I thank you, and very glad to see you on so good a coach."

"Oh sir, the coach is no great things."

"Come, come, fifty miles of night work, and as good, can't be such amiss."

"Why, sir, to be sure, we do napsy tangle and backle meet, and that's all!"

Another specimen of road lingo is to be found in the following story. A few years ago, a certain baronet, very fond of the road, gave a wedding dinner to a coachman at his own house; and the description of the nuptial banquet, by one of his brother whips who was invited to the wedding, was as follows:—"I walks in as free as air. Hangs up my hat upon a peg behind the door. Sits myself down by the side of a young woman they calls a lady's maid, and gets as well acquainted with her in five minutes as if I had known her for seven year. When we goes to dinner we has a little soup to start with, and a dish of fish they calls trout, spotted for all the world like any coach dog. A loin of veal, as white as halley-blazer, the kidney fat as big as the crown of my hat, I aint lying so help me G—d! A couple of ducks, stuffed with sage and onions, fit for any lord; and a pudding you might have drove a coach around. Sherry white, and red port, more than did us good; and at last we goes to tea. I turns my head short around, and sees Bill ——— making rather too free. Sup, says I, Bill—that won't do. Nothing won't do here but what's quite genteel."

Horse-keepers are a useful body of men, and if they do their duty by their employers, their places are no sinecures. Some of their remarks while their coach is changing horses are by no means bad. I heard of the following remembrance of one of them with his coachman, a short time since:—"Why, coachman, now what's the use of your halways being a halloccating along with me. You knows that there mare won't go easier as well as I do, and yet you lays all that there job last night to

* I shall not easily forget the definition of the *new* and *old* coachman, by the latter's wife, the season before last, with Mr. Rivett's horses. There were two or three members of the Lower House present, who received a good lesson in the modern dialect, and were highly entertained by it. Although there is a story of his once driving his wheelman and coaling it on his toe, I never heard of Wise having an accident on the Union, and I dare say he was equal to the old way of doing business.

me." Sir Henry Peyton told me that, wishing to pay him a compliment, he once told a coachman, that, although a little man, he thought him strong on his box: "Why, Sir Henry," replied coachee, "the truth is, what the big ones does by strength, I does by heart."

Among the moderns I must not omit nearly the most elegant coachman that this country ever saw, and this is Jack Moody, son of William Moody, so long known on the road. The last time I travelled with Jack Moody was between two and three years ago, when he was at work on the Exeter mail; since which time he has retired from public life, in consequence of his health, and does a little in the horse-dealing business. He is quite an out-and-outer, and it is much to be regretted that so fine a performer should be obliged to leave the road. A friend of mine—a good judge—told me he saw him in the procession of the mails the last birth-day but one, and that his appearance and execution on the box were as superior to the other coachmen, as day is superior to night.

I must not pass over a very pretty light coachman by the name of Ball, who is at work from Southampton to Oxford. He changed places—not being quite equal to the hard service—with gentleman Taylor, on the Southampton Telegraph, about five years ago; and Mr. Charles Buxton tells me I should travel with a coachman by the name of Pop, on the Light Salisbury, as he thinks I should like him, and ere long I intend to do so. His father once hunted Mr. Clute's bounds. There is also a very prime aristocrat on the Cheltenham Magnet, by the name of James Witherington, alias *Bloody Jimmy*. The latter title implies that he has been a bit of a *lark* in his time, and when on the Birmingham and Manchester Express, he had like to have killed a whole coach load at once, by galloping them round a corner, with a rummish team, and himself queer. For this job he was pulled up, and paid 70*l.* towards doctor's bills, which, with the help of a few more years over his head, has made him quite steady; and, as Black Will says, he now begins to see danger. He is a strong, powerful man, in the prime of life, and certainly one of the very best opposition coachmen of the present hour. I used to see a good deal of him when on the Worcester day-coach, and have often been pleased to look at him taking a full load down Broadway-hill without a wheel tied—sitting as much at his ease as if he were blowing a cloud. *Jem Whitchurch* is a loss to the road, being one of the quickest of the quick; and the ease with which he did his work—from Brighton to London, and back to Brighton every day—was a proof of his being a coachman. His breakfast, dinner, a glass of sherry, and an apple, was all the refreshment he partook of in his hundred miles of ground.

* *Articles.*

1 My having given Taylor this title in a Letter on the Road, some time back, occasioned a humorous dialogue between us on his coach. He asked me if I knew who *Nimrod* was? Of course I did not. "If I could find him out," said he, "I would bring an action against him."—"For what?" I asked.—"For a *lark*, in calling me a gentleman!" was his reply.—"For a *lark*, in calling me a gentleman?" said he.—"Why, you keep gentlemen's company," and L—"To be sure," added he, "my passengers generally wear pretty good collars to their coats."

Doubtless the greatest instance of corporeal exertion on a coach box that was ever yet heard of was, that modern Hercules, the celebrated Captain Barclay of Ure, driving the mail all the way from London to Edinburgh—four hundred miles. Thorogood's work on the Norwich Times, already recorded in the *Sporting Magazine*, is a wonderful sample of perseverance and industry—having driven his coach two years without missing one journey, 112 miles a-day.

There is a very respectable and scientific coachman in my own neighborhood who deserves notice, inasmuch as he only wants two years of completing his half century on the road, and he is now as equal to his work as ever he was. His name is Mountain Shaw, a nephew of the coach proprietor, of that name; and he drives Monk's Basingstoke coach to London one day, and down the next. He has an uncommonly neat house in Basingstoke, where he is much respected; and I am told he is always to be found, on his London evenings, at a certain house near his yard, in the city, dressed in his flannelings and white waistcoat, enjoying himself after the business of the day, and amusing his friends with his agreeable discourse. Shaw is very well known to several of the gentlemen dragmen, and I humbly suggest, that, when he completes his half century on the road, they give him a jubilee dinner, in London, at which myself and several of my friends will be most happy to attend. Fifty years faithful service to the public is entitled to some compliment—the nature of the service having little to do with it. As the poet says—

"Honor and shame from no condition flow;
As well your pain—as there all the honor lies."

There is another very excellent coachman at work through Basingstoke. His name is Ward, on the Exeter subscription coach. No man understands heavy work better than Jackman, on the Old Salisbury; and as he is a great favorite of his master, Mr. Fagg, I wonder he does not persuade him to shove the old coach along one mile an hour faster. His horses are, perhaps unequalled for size and condition, and would be all the better for having something taken off their time, as it would take some of the flesh off their bones, of which they have quite too much at present.

My old friend John Probyn, late on Shackell's Reading coach, has left the box nearly three years. Like many others, he began by affecting a character, and finished by adopting it—making a first rate coachman. It is pretty well known that Probyn is a member of one of the oldest families in the county of Gloucester, and heir to a large estate; so that his taking professionally to the road was only a *lark*, and he has now resumed his place in society, having married a lady of excellent family in South Wales. He is a very powerful coachman; and upon my asking a brother whip if he did not consider him a very good one? he answered in the affirmative; but added, with a significant shake of the head, "look at his castle!" Now the fact is, that, with his fast coach, he could not have paid him a greater compliment; for according to the old proverb, "a bad carpenter never has good tools."

Mr. Okeover, Colonel Hamilton, Mr. Warde, Colonel Sewell, Mr. Thornhill, Mr. Bunbury, Mr. Prouse, Mr. Spier, Mr. Maxse, Mr. Petre, Sir Bellingham Graham, Marquis of Worcester, Mr. Clements, Sir Andrew Bannard, Mr. Blake, Mr. John Walker, Mr. H. Wombwell, the Honorable H. Scott, Mr. Charles Jones, Lord Anson, Mr. Applethwaite.

For sixteen years after this club was established, the members met two days in the year at the White Hart Inn, at Benson, in Oxfordshire, and two at the Black Dog, at Bedford, fourteen miles from London, on the great western road; but since the year 1823, they have confined themselves entirely to Bedford, it being a more convenient distance from London. In all, there have been seventy-six meetings of the B. D. C., and the anniversary is held on the 25th of February. No strangers are admitted.

I will proceed to some notice of the different members. Of Sir Henry Peyton little need be said. As a coachman he is as well known as any man upon the road, and his opinion is held in high esteem. His color has always been gray, as I his stable generally consists of ten coach horses. His pace is not fast, but it is well calculated to see horses work, and his are beautifully put together. I saw him pull back his team last spring in a crowd in London, and every rein told as true as if it had been single. He works regularly, summer and winter, though occasionally some of his coach horses are out in the latter season. He has, however, always one team up in the winter, and he often brings a load of sportsmen to the owner's side. From his house to Oxford—eighteen miles—is his favorite ground, and it is a good hard road for wheels. Sir Henry first introduced the ornaments, the cap and the thumb-fetters, on the four-horse whips, which we now generally see in the hands of our swell coachmen. That he may long live to enjoy his favorite amusements, is the wish of every man who knows him. Mr. Algernon Peyton, the baronet's brother, is a very capital coachman, but he has not had a team for some years—perhaps, not thinking it consistent with the fine church preferment he is in possession of. He was very good on the box when at Cambridge, and worked much on the road, which is the only education for a coachman. Gentleman's work, alone, will never do it.

"No man in England" is better horsed than Mr. Harrison, of Shelswell, in Oxfordshire, and he is a very good coachman. His color is brown; and when I inform my readers that he will go as far as three hundred guineas for a coach horse, the tale is told. His pace is quick, and his team can generally give most others the go-by, when their coachman gives them the office. I am sorry to say, Mr. Harrison's health has not been quite good of late years, which accounts for our not seeing him on the road so often as we could wish. His turn out is very prime.

Mr. Henry Villebois is younger brother to the gentleman of that name who keeps a pack of fox-hounds in Hampshire. He is a great agriculturist, and, having no regular team at present, is not often at work; but he is a very pretty coachman.

Mr. Okeover is well known upon the road, and a coach-

man of some standing. He is considered very good, but not often to be seen now on his own coach box. Colonel Hamilton is in the guards—very fond of the road, but in no great practice.

Mr. Warde is almost too well known to require a single line; but when he is the theme, I cannot put down my pen, he being certain to furnish me with something amusing. He is a coachman of at least fifty years standing; and, from having been always used to heavy work, knows his business well. As I before said, he worked a great deal on the Birmingham and Shrewsbury Old Prince, and the heavy Gloucester; and having, like myself, often had the sole charge of the coach, he is pretty well awake to most things. I have to record one feat performed by him, which has not often been exceeded, as far as personal exertion goes:—he drove the heavy Gloucester from London to that town, one hundred and ten miles; and after taking some refreshment, he turned back, and drove it into London. In those days there was no guard on this coach; so that, what with locking and unlocking wheels, and the regular business on the road, he had quite enough to do, having no one to help him.

Although a good coachman, Mr. Warde, like most of the old ones, is not without his fancies. He will not hear of the long wheel rein, neither will he bear up his horses. His cattle, however, are of the steady sort, and generally more calculated for strength than speed. He has also another peculiarity in his coaching system. He thinks beating horses on a journey does them more harm than good, therefore never stops them in their day's work, unless to wash out their mouths. When he hunted Northamptonshire, he always drove the same team to London in a day, the distance being full sixty miles. He still adheres to the same plan.

My readers will be glad to hear that Mr. Warde is not going to leave the road. He told me, a few weeks back, that he had reserved a team out of his hunters, and that he should soon be at work again. His present drag is rather of the funny order. It is a gig, upon very high wheels, and an outrigger on the rear side. As it is customary to put a horse of this description on the off side, I asked him his reason for changing his place, when he gave me two reasons for doing so. "First," said he, "when you meet another carriage, he is not in the way; and, secondly, if he should take to kicking, he hits your man, and not you."—"Good," said I.

The sporting world must also be rejoiced to hear that Mr. Warde has quite recovered his late illness, and is looking fresh and well. His spirits, however, never forsok him, and when at his worst, he had always a joke for a friend. I called upon him one day in London to ask him how he did. "Oh," said he, "I am as well as any man can be, who is allowed to drink nothing but lemonade and soda water; but my stomach thinks my throat is cut." He did not, as usual make one of us at Mr. Tattersall's dinner, the Sunday before last Epson races; but, "next year," said he, "I'll come to you, and eat and drink for two."

Mr. Warde scarcely ever misses a dinner at the B. D. C., and if he do not take a team of his own, he always is

to be seen on Sir Bellingham Graham's box; and it is needless to say that he adds greatly to the pleasure and jollity of the evening. He has, of course, several good anecdotes of the performances of the B. D. C., many of the members of which he might almost consider as his children. It happened at one meeting that he did not go down the road either with his own team or Sir Bellingham's, but with another friend, who must be nameless. The evening had been a merry one; and both himself and his brother driverman—in the language of the road—were sprung. As he mounted the box, his friend addressed him thus: "my horses have but two paces by lamplight—a walk and a gallop—which will you have?" "Oh, a gallop, by all means," answered Mr. Warde. "Now, where do you think we pulled up?" continued he, "Why, between the two last horses of an eight-horse Exeter wagon." It happened one night that his majesty changed horses at Bedford, soon after the club had dined. On being informed that his carriage was at the door, they drank his health with three times three. The king shortly afterwards saw one of the party at court, and acknowledged the compliment paid to him. "Was not old John Warde among you?" said his Majesty. On being answered in the affirmative, he replied, that he thought he knew his halloo.

Of Colonel Sewell I have seen nothing for some years past, having been much abroad—in India, I believe—but he is good on the box; and Mr. Bunbury has no team now. He had four clever chestnuts. I never saw Mr. Thornhill at work, so can say nothing of him on the coach.

The next member of the B. D. C. of whom I am enabled to say any thing, is that well known coachman, Mr. Prouse—also one of the old school, and a very entertaining companion. His scene of action has been chiefly confined to the great western road, on which, at one time, he worked almost as much as any regular man. In the evening he is a good bit of company. After five battles of hack, which he could put under his waistcoat at a sitting, without the smallest inconvenience, he has often been seen to fill a bumper, and place the glass on his head during the time he would sing a song, in which not only every coachman's, but every horsekeeper's name between London and Plymouth was introduced. At the same time also, he would go through the manoeuvres of luring whorler and leader, without spilling a drop of his wine; and after he had drunk it off, he would run the empty glass up and down the huge silver buttons on his coat, with very singular effect.

Mr. Prouse has seldom been without a team of his own; and though I have often seen him at work, I cannot say much in honor of his turn out. His steeds did not look as if they were "begotten of the wind;" but he always preferred heavy work—perhaps because he is a heavy man. He is now become the possessor of a fine estate in Gloucestershire, lately the property of an old friend of mine, now deceased, but I fear he is getting slack on the coach-box.

Mr. Prouse is a warm admirer of the road, and in the spring of the year, is generally to be seen leaning his

back against the window of the carpet shop in Piccadilly, whence he can see all the coaches that are leaving town by way of Hyde Park Corner. Numerous anecdotes are related of him, amongst which is the following—pretty strong of "the ruling passion?"—he was dining one evening in a party, when the French revolution became the subject of conversation. Listening to all that was said, without making any remark, Mr. Prouse at length took a letter from his pocket, and addressed his company thus:—"don't talk to me about your French revolution. Here's Bill Simmons—the first man that ever drove the Bristol mail out of Bristol, &c—a man, if they haven't turned him over to the heavy coach. Now that's what I call a revolution!"

Mr. Spicer always has a team. He is allowed to be a very good hand, and excellent judge; but Mr. Maxse is, what we "call on the shelf." The latter gentleman, however, gives a good reason for quitting the coach box. "I hunt in Leicestershire," says he, "all winter, and all summer I am in my yacht; so that I have no time to drive." I have been by the side of Mr. Maxse, and consider him a very good workman.

Mr. Petre is known by having driven a coach, nearly a fee simple of our mails, and he is never without a team. He has a large property in Lancashire, and was a member of the old club at Midson.

Of Sir Bellingham Graham as a coachman I have already spoken, and he stands very high in the list of good ones. His coach horses, which in London are well worth seeing, as every thing belonging to the drag is kept in apple-pie order, and he has always a strong stock of cattle. He has been for some time out of conceit with large horses, being of opinion that about fifteen hands one or two inches, with substance and action, is about the stamp for light work in harness.

The Marquis of Worcester is becoming a coachman of some standing and considerable experience, no exclusive of his own horses, he works a good deal on the road. His favorite coaches are the Southampton Telegraph and the Oxford Defiance, and here his leadership shows his taste. As for Peer, on the former, I have no hesitation in saying, that he is peerless—or, like Hunt's blacking, matchless; and Thomas, on the Defiance, is very good.

Of Colonel Clemence, I can say but little, never having seen him at work. He was, I believe, a long time in the 18th Hussars, and generally has a team. Neither did I ever see Sir Andrew Barnard on the coach, but he is very fond of the thing, and is what the world calls "a capital fellow." He has been a good deal at work in another line, with his Grace the Duke of Wellington, in the field of battle. Mr. Blake also has been some time abroad, but is a very neat coachman.

Mr. John Walker is well known to the public as having; hosed and driven a Beggar coach for the period of nearly two years. His brother—Mr. Richard Walker, of Mitchell Grove (once the property of Sir John Shelley, and pronounced by the late king to be the best house in England)—also hosed the same coach one side of the ground, but did not drive it; and they had separate stables and different changes on the road. This link, however, did

past was all forced with hard materials, and made nearly as good for a coach as it is now. Neither is this all. As I said before, the intercourse that has lately been carried on between proprietors of inns and of coaches, and gentlemen fond of road work, has greatly tended to direct the attention of the former to the accommodation and comforts of travellers; and the notice taken by gentlemen of coachmen who conduct themselves well, has worked the reformation we have of late years witnessed in that useful part of the community. I shall return to this subject presently.

Generally speaking coachmen are clean and neat in their persons. They plume themselves, as Geoffrey Crayon says, on having a good bit of broad cloth, a clean pair of boots, a well brushed hat, and a good tie to the cravat. This attention to their appearance never fails to have its reward, and particularly among the female part of the creation, who, I think are generally well disposed towards coachmen—probably on account of the hardships and risks they endure on the road. Coach proprietors are also well aware how much a well dressed and civil servant adds to the amount of the way-bill.

To such perfection is coaching advanced, that not only are noblemen and gentlemen of the first respectability now to be met with on the outside of our fast coaches, but ladies of fashion are occasionally to be seen inside them. I was surprised, a few years ago, by meeting a lady of family and fortune at Bath, who told me she had come thither from Cheltenham in a coach. "In a coach!" said I; "what coach?"—"By Captain Watson's coach," she replied: "I took places for myself and maid inside, and one for my man servant out, and travelled as comfortably as I should have done in my own carriage, and at half the expense. Every one patronizes Captain Watson's coach." The ladies, we know, are partial to the red coat, and those who have a penchant for a black one will find an excellent coachman in that toggery, on the Bath and London road, by the name of Dennis, who, my readers will remember, had the misfortune to have a thigh broken last winter by the upsetting of his coach in the town of Bredford.

"It speaks of the charms of Mr. JOHN LAWRENCE, that the market will be overstocked with anecdotes. I propose to circulate one of I think it may amuse your readers.—About fifteen years ago, a certain noble earl, a very intimate friend of mine, and very fond of the road, had been on a visit to the Marquis of Bath, and was taking a last, and might as well be the last, coach. When they arrived at Marlborough, the coachman thought he could not do less than perform the duties of the supper table, and a lady being of the party, of course he paid her the best compliment. "Well you allow me to send you some beef!" and my noble friend, No answer! "Permit me, madam, to help you to some beef!" repeated his lordship. No answer! Once more, and a little louder, "Shall I send you any beef?"—"I never speak to outside passengers!" said the lady with a condescending tone of her head. The noble earl rang the bell, and told the waiter to send his man into the room, when the following colloquy took place, to the great dismay of the fastidious lady:—

My Lord.—Oh, Mr. ———, order me a little supper at another table, and I find I am unworthy of a seat at this!"

Landlord.—God bless me, my lord, in your lordship's house? I am sure I did not know it. Back, waiter!—I hope your lordship left all the beefsteak and soup on the table. To be the coachman, I must be a little more than a waiter occasionally, and after taking his "allowance," I resumed the box, and drove as far as his coachman went. To keep up the joke, he spread the coach door to kick the passengers for the coachmen, when the old lady, not wishing to show her full fury, put five shillings into his hand!

The occupation of a coachman is, generally speaking, a very healthy one. In the old school, nothing could have preserved their lives to any tolerably long period, but the bracing effects on the constitution of passing rapidly through the air. They are for the most part of robust frames—the exercise on the box not being sufficient to keep down their flesh, when at all inclined to feed. Those who wish to keep themselves light, take walking exercise in their hours of rest from their road work. Although their pursuits are various, almost all of them are well inclined towards our different kinds of sporting, particularly the ring: many among the upper order are much attached to the drama; and some of the swells are often to be seen at the London theatres, very well dressed, with a bit of nice muslin by their side. The service of the coach-box, however, is apt to be injurious to the eyes—particularly so in very cold blowing weather. A coachman must keep his eye forward, and I have tried it, and found that the sight cannot be fixed upon any thing beyond the heads of the wheel horses, without raising the eyelid, (and not so far as this with short men,) and consequently exposing the eye to the weather. Six parts of cold spring water to one of French brandy, is the best lotion that can be used when the eyes suffer from weather.

Medical men are not averse to rheumism taking a fair allowance of vinous or spiritous liquors in very cold weather—sufficient, as they say, to keep out the weather; or, in other words, to promote the circulation of the blood. Although they recommend them to preserve their feet and bodies from cold, they are no advocates for their lapping up their necks with large short handkerchiefs; but, on the contrary, they attribute the illness and death of many of them to this cause alone. In cold weather the chin should be protected by a thin shawl, and the knees by good thick cloth knee caps. Leather waistcoats are excellent preventives of rheumatism; and in very severe weather the breast should be doubly protected; for which purpose hareskins are now manufactured, and getting much into use, on the road. The leather waistcoat is very strongly recommended as not being porous, and therefore warm. It is also asserted, but I have never tried it, that a sheet of brown paper, worn over the breast, is preferable to either. The recipe is simple and cheap.

Having mentioned the Driving Clubs as contributing so effectually to the improvements in roads and travelling, I proceed to a little account of their origin and proceedings. Frequent notices have been taken of them in previous numbers of the *Sporting Magazine*, but they abound in misnomers and misrepresentations, and were evidently from the pens of those who knew very little about them.

The B. D. C., or *Benson Driving Club*, was instituted on the 28th of February, 1807, consisting of twenty-five members, elected by ballot. There is no annual subscription, but each member pays the sum of ten pounds on his admission. Since its establishment the club has, of course, lost several members by death; but at present it is nearly full, and the following is a correct list:—

Sir Henry Peyton, Mr. Harrison, Mr. Henry Villebois,

not last two years, I conclude for the best of reasons. All those acquainted with coaching are aware, that where the returns are limited, expenses must be limited also, and that all above forty pounds given for coach horses is seldom seen again, as upon the average they do not last so long as it is. Messrs. Walker's Bognor coaches, however, were worked in most superior style, and it is allowed on all hands that they set the example of neatness and comfort to many others. Their outside seats were all furnished with easy cushions for passengers to sit upon, and the hoops of the box and the roof-iron padded, so as not to hurt their hips. All this, however, would not do. A coach is but a coach after all; and unless the expenses be turned into ninepences, it will not do for one proprietor to give sixty guineas for a horse, whilst his opponent gives but forty. Such, however, I have reason to believe, was a good deal the case with the two Messrs. Walkers, and such was one of the causes of their putting down their coaches. Their stock was sold by the hammer, last winter, for pretty good prices; and when I was with Sir Bellingham Graham, in Shropshire, Mr. John Walker made him a present of a favorite leader, by way of a keepsake from an old friend.

Mr. John Walker, who drove his own coach, (a neat little coachman by the name of Butcher driving his brother's,) is nothing less than a beautiful coachman, with the benefit of much experience to boot. He puts a horse to a coach in a particularly neat manner, and can drive him as well as most of the best of them when he gets him there. He has now a team of his own, and has taken to hunting again, having been last season in Warwickshire. He once had the Hambleton country, where he was considered a good sportsman; and his elder brother is well established as a judicious breeder of race horses, having produced Longwaist, a winner of the Oaks, &c. &c.

Of Mr. H. Worswell and the Hon. H. Scott I can say nothing, never having seen them on a coach box; but Mr. Charles Jones (brother to Sir Tyrwhitt) is a very neat performer, and quite in love with road work. Like the Walkers, he also had a bit of a turn in the public line; but his lack did not last long. He horsed and drove the Brighton Monarch coach for a few months only. Mr. Sumner, son of the late member for Surrey, was a member of this club, but has resigned, and his place is filled up by Lord Asson. Having never seen his lordship at work, I cannot speak of his merits or demerits in this line. Mr. Applethorpe was also elected last year. The Hon. Thomas Kenyon; Mr. Whitmore, of Apley Castle, in Shropshire; and Lord Southampton, were for several years members of this club.

The B. D. C. has been very liberal of its services in behalf of such coachmen, of good character, who, from accident or illness, have stood in need of pecuniary assistance.† The number of members who now have terms at work does not exceed twelve.

* There was also a strong opposition to contend with from the Golden Groves, and the Silver Groves.

† A friend of mine, to whom I wrote to know if he were now a member of this club, replied in the following words:—"I am not

Very shortly after the establishment of the B. D. C., another coaching club was formed under the auspices of that long established and very scientific coachman, Mr. Charles Buxton. This has been erroneously called the Whip Club, as also the Four-in-hand Club; but its real title was the Four Horse Club. Their first meeting was held in April, 1808, and they met every first and third Thursday in May, and the same in June, at the house of their president, in Cavendish Square, and drove to Salt-hill to dinner. They dined alternately at the Windmill and the Castle, and each house took in the horses which the other could not accommodate. Mr. Buxton, if present, always presided at the dinner table; and Sir John Rogers, vice. If these members were absent, the late Lord Hawke, and his brother, Mr. Martin Hawke, acted for them. Two guineas a-head cleared all expenses, save horses, to the *bono fide* members; and three guineas were charged to those who were honorary ones. As no strangers were admitted, I can only repeat what I have heard—namely that the utmost good fellowship prevailed at those periodical meetings, and from the present number of teams now going in the neighborhood of London—upwards of thirty—it is a matter of surprise that the club is not renewed.

The procession of this club in Cavendish Square was perhaps objectionable, as making unnecessary parade; and the B. D. C. managed the matter better; but the going down the road was good. Luncheon for thirty was always set out at the Park-house at Turnham Green, with cider cup, made with lock and burrage; and the same at the Magpies on Hounslow Heath, eight miles further down the road. Here also the horses were watered, but they ran the ground to Salt Hill, and back the next day, without being taken out of their harness—the distance, twenty-four miles from Cavendish Square. The number of teams generally amounted to about a dozen—each dragsman having an honorary member on his bench.

During the period of this club, my Lord Sefton was at work, and better horsed, perhaps, than any other man in England. His lordship neither belonged to this, nor to the B. D. C., but he was frequently in the habit of going down the road on the days of the Four Horse Club meetings, and used to amuse himself with giving them the go-by whenever he thought proper. It was vain to contend with him, as he was quite too fast for any of them. I often regret that Lord Sefton has taken off his bars, for we have lost one of our first-rate artists.

I only recollect the following members of the Four Horse Club, but perhaps some of your correspondents will favor me by adding to the list:—

Mr. Buxton. This gentleman is, as I before mentioned, very scientific, and supposed to be the best hand at breaking in young ones, and putting them well into harness, of any one going. His experience is great. The bit which takes its name from him, and is called the Buxton

new member of the B. D. C., but was for several years; and I can truly say, I never saw more good breeding and friendly amongst any set of men than existed among them. They annually relieved several coachmen who were in distress, and were the chief means of establishing the Benevolent Club, which I hope will long continue to prosper."

bit, has much merit. Exclusive of other advantages, it is a preventive of a horse getting the cheek into his mouth, when he becomes nearly unmanageable. The late Lord Hawke was a fair coachman, and had excellent taste in harness and carriages.* His head-turret has been generally adopted.

Sir Felix Agar is a beautiful light coachman, and distinguished by a certainly hitherto unrivalled exploit on the bench. He drove his coach, for a wager, in and out of, and around the Fox, in Messrs. Tattersall's yard, in a trot. The bet was a dinner to a large party, and the bettor on the other side the question was Mr. Ackers, who of course had the piper to pay. If either horse had dropped into a walk, the wager would have been lost; and it is wonderful this had not happened, when we consider the small space allowed the horses to turn in. Sir Felix did it with the short wheel-rein, and no breaching. Sir Bellingham Graham was also one of this club, as was also Sir Godfrey Webster; and Mr. Martin Hawke, clerks at any thing he undertook; Mr. McQuin; Mr. Humphrey Butler—the latter very fair on the box, and capital over the mahogany—chamant in the best style, and the evening never too long for himself or his company. Mr. Ackers is a coachman of great experience for his years, having never been without a team since he started in life. I have travelled some thousands of miles with him, and never saw him in a scrape. He is capitally bored at this time, and has just taken Sir Francis Burdett's fine place at Ramsgate, for the purpose of being near the Bath road. Mr. Ackers is a good judge of a carriage, and showed me an excellent improvement the other day in his coach. His sway bar is made to turn in a groove, so that in case of his perch-bolt wearing smaller—which it will do on gravel roads, by the friction of the gritty substances that get into the bolt-hole—the fore-wheel does not feel the effects of it, and therefore the pole is quite steady in the fuchella, which cannot be the case when the perch-bolt wears.

Mr. McQuin, Captain Murray, Mr. Sherrard, Major Pellew, Lord Clinton, Mr. Paul Methuen, Sir John Johnstone, Mr. Harrison, Sir John Broughton, Sir Charles Bamfylde, Mr. Oxbaldston, Mr. Morgan, and Mr. Stephen Atkinson, were also members of this club, but I cannot speak to their performances as coachmen. I have heard that Mr. Atkinson could drive four horses well. Mr. Oxbaldston's yellow coach—the original Canary—we all must remember; as also the late Sir Charles Bamfylde and his rooms; but Sir Charles' pace was much too slow for these times.

The pace, however, of gentlemen, as of all road work, has greatly increased since the period I have been speaking of, and a still greater change has taken place in the kind of horse. The coach horse of the present day, for any thing but a six inside coach, is a well bred, thick horse, of moderate size, who, though he may not make so

grand an appearance when standing still, as those of former figures, yet he can run his ground from end to end without a slack trace, and beat the big ones into fits.

Although I have been completely at a loss to reconcile the unbounded honors bestowed by the saccians upon those who could turn a corner neatly in their chariots at the Olympic games, (and, with exception of the nerve* required to force their way through the crowd, in this did their chief merit consist,) yet I am quite convinced that great benefit arises to the community from associations such as those I have been describing. Leaving out of the question the previous advantages that I have recorded, relating to roads and travellers, which have clearly sprung from this source, the good to trade is a great consideration. The common expenses of a gentleman's driving establishment are calculated at twelve hundred per annum, if he does the thing as it should be; but where there is a strong spirit of rivalry, a great deal more. This is not all: the constant circulation of money on the road does a great deal of good; and the probability is, that if there were not this strong temptation to spend it here, it might either be taken out of the country, or left in some gambling house in London. Nor indeed can there be a much more rational way of spending it by those who have it to spend. What can be more pleasant than the use many gentlemen make of their teams in the London season? Instead of stewing in the streets, or going through the same dull round of the Park, they drive their friends, male and female, a few miles into the country to dinner, and return in the evening—if they wish it—in time for the Opera, or any engagements they may have. Richmond is one grand rendezvous on these occasions, and Greenwich—to eat white bait—another; to each of which I have accompanied many pleasant parties. To prove, however, that the taste for this species of amusement is not much on the decline, I subjoin a list of no less than forty-six gentlemen who have teams, or who, in more technical language, are now at work.

Sir Henry Peyton, Mr. Annesley, Mr. Harrison, Sir Bellingham Graham, Mr. Ackers, Mr. Cox, Honorable Fitzroy Stanhope, Honorable Lincoln Stanhope, Honorable Leicester Stanhope, Mr. Arnold, Mr. Payne, (of Sulby), Mr. Loveborne, Mr. Pease, Lord Harborough,†

* According to Pausanias, forty chariots have been broken in one race, and Sophocles calls it "a shipwreck by land."

† Mr. Fitzroy Stanhope is one of the best gentlemen coachmen we have, a first rate man on his box, and an excellent judge of every thing belonging to a carriage. Messrs. Wright and Percell have just turned him out one of the best road coaches I ever saw, and finished in superior style. They have also just completed a carriage, called a bric-a-brac, for his brother, the Honorable Leicester Stanhope, the construction of which is most curious. By the movement of different parts of the body, it forms an admirable sport carriage by day, and a convenient and comfortable chamber by night.

‡ Mr. Lincoln Stanhope is in the 17th Light Dragoon, and has been several years in India, so it is not in my power to speak of his performance on the road.

§ Mr. Arnold was in the Blues, and used to work a good deal on the Windsor coaches, but I have not seen him at work of late years. Mr. Payne's turn-out is very good. His horses are well-bred and fast, but generally too large of flesh for coach horses.

¶ Mr. Pease drives a coach like a man, and is pretty well heard. Lord Harborough drives nothing that cannot trot fourteen miles an hour.

* Lord Foley was at work a good deal in these days, and is remarkable for the swiftness of his harness. I have at this time the receipt of Lord Selkirk's carriage for black leather—the best I ever met with. Patrick Hunter for pale and winkers was not known at this period.

Lord Mansfield, Mr. Congreve, Mr. Smith Barry, a Mr. Fletcher, b Lord Chancellors Sir John Broughton, d Lord Belgrave, Mr. Pauslet, Mr. John Walker, Mr. Applethorpe, Colonel Berkeley, Mr. Warde, Mr. Wadham Wyndham, f Colonel Clemens, Mr. St. George Caulfield, g Sir Laurence Palk, h Sir John Rogers, Mr. Holyoke, i Mr. Dolphin, j Mr. Henry Wumwold, k Mr. Stevenson, l Mr. Spier, Lord Anson, Honorable Thomas Kenyon, Mr. Musgrave, m Mr. Russell, Colonel Allen, Mr. Allen, Mr. Christmas, Mr. Claggett, Mr. Langston, Colonel Sibthorpe.

N. B.—Those gentlemen on whom I have here made no remarks, are either so well known as dragons of the first class, that nothing requires to be said; or, they are only known to me by name. NUNOO.

BLOOD HORSES

Of the other two—of late years—proceeding passion for breeding tall horses—their general superiority to others, as to List and action of the principal Arabian, Barb, Turkish, and other Eastern Horses, which have been brought to England—their intermediate offspring and descendants—their performance—comparison between the speed and durability of the horses of former years and those of the present time—superiority as to durability—as to the expediency or inexpediency of giving "crossing the blood" with native Arabian, Barb, Turkish, Circassian, or Danubian Horses, &c. &c.—Continued from page 102.

MARLEIGH was got by Sir Thomas Oglethorpe's Arabian, and greatly esteemed for running, as also for a stallion. He was sire of Sir Ralph Milborne's famous black mare, who was the dam of Mr. Harley's noted blood stallion. He also got the dam of Bay Bolton and

a Mr. South Barry has a very good team of grays, which he has driven seven years, and he is a very steady coachman. His coachman is one of the most careful and experienced servants, in his line, I ever met with; and, for cleanliness and preservation of his master's property, an example to all others.

b Mr. Fletcher resides near Southampton, and also drives grays.

c Lord Chancellors in became a steady good coachman.

d Sir John Broughton is never without a horse, and knows his business well.

e Mr. Applethorpe was elected a member of the B. D. C. last year, and has a numerous family.

f Mr. Wadham Wyndham resides in Wales, and was elected a member of the B. D. C. the same time as Mr. Applethorpe.

g Mr. St. George Caulfield turns out in top-top style, but is at present young in the art.

h Sir Laurence Palk—an experienced coachman for his age, and esteemed a very pretty workman.

i Mr. Holyoke drives, as he rides, with much nerve, and can put them pretty well together. He sold his grays last winter to Mr. Russell, for 300 guineas, but was repaid them.

j Mr. Dolphin has got, what may be termed, the grandest team of horses now going, though not the best of the present day. They are as handy as a fiddle, and will they may be, for Sir Belgrave Graham drove them four years before Mr. Dolphin purchased them. They are heavy colors, and Mr. Dolphin told me he would give 250 guineas for a match horse to enter of them. They are wonderfully fresh as they begin for exercise, and so far as crossing is concerned, Mr. Dolphin is devoted to the box, and a very few workmen.

k Mr. Henry Wumwold resides at Askerby, near Northallerton, in Yorkshire, and is much attached to the road.

l Mr. Stevenson has only lately left Cambridge University, but he took a good degree in his line, and is considered a very judicious coachman.

m Mr. Musgrave, younger brother to Sir Philip Musgrave. He has a beautiful new coach just turned out.

n Mr. Russell has two teams, and might have as many as King Solomon himself, if he were so inclined; for he has nothing to do but to dig for the material. I saw the first coach day in his stables last spring, that ever cost under my observation. Mr. Russell is fond of the road, and wishes to become a coachman.

o M. P. for Lancashire. Colonel Selkirk does nothing but grays, and purchases every gray horse likely to come in with his others, that is bred in his neighborhood.

Lamprie; the dam of Mr. Egerton's Counsellor, the dam of Mr. Crofts' Bustard, and grandam of his Flitishize Lady; the grandam of Old Carroux, &c.

The MIXTURE GALLOWAY was only 13 hands 2 inches high, and was one of the best runners of his time at low weights. He covered at the Oak-Tree, in Leeming-lane, Yorkshire. He was sire of Mr. Metcalf's Harlequin, that won the 40 pound Plate for six years old horses, &c. carrying 11st. at York, in 1725; and walked over for the Galloway Plate, at York, in 1726; he also won several other Plates.

OLD ROYAL, sire of Bald Charlotte, was bred by Captain Appleby's father. He was got by the Earl of Holderness' Turk; his dam by Blunderbuss, out of a D'Arvy Royal Mare. Old Royal got the dam of Mr. Read's Jack-come-tickle-me.

MR. PANTON'S CRAB, a gray horse, foaled in 1722, bred by Charles Pelham, Esq., and sold, when young, to Lord Portmore; and was the property, when in training, of Mr. Cotton. Crab was got by the Alcock Arabian; his dam by Basto, out of Partner's dam. Crab's dam was also the dam of the Earl of Essex's Bay Motte; the Duke of Devonshire's Blacklegs, Second, Hip, Palf, and Snip; also the great great grandam of Magnet.

At Newmarket, in April, 1728, Crab received 150 guineas from Lord Milbinstown's Wearer; and in October following, at 9st. 11lb. he beat the Duke of Bolton's Cleopatra, by Bay Bolton, 8st. 7lb. four miles, 500 guineas. At Newmarket, in April, 1729, he received 100 guineas from a horse of the Duke of Bolton's; and in the same month, he won the King's Plate there, beating the Duke of Hamilton's Victorious, and Mr. Williams' Spot, received 50 guineas from Lord Halifax's Favorite; and in May following, when running for the 80 guineas Plate at Stamford, he got lamed, and never started after.

Crab was a stallion, in Mr. Panton's stud, at Newmarket, in whose possession he died on Christmas Day, 1750, aged 28. He was sire of a great many eminent running horses, stallions, and brood mares, which will be found in the various pedigrees.

GENTLEMAN, a gray horse, foaled in 1723, bred by and was the property of the Duke of Ancaster. Gentleman was got by the Alcock Arabian, sire of Crab; his dam by Lord Heistall's, afterwards Moyston's, Grasshopper, son of the Byerley Turk.

At Newmarket, in April, 1728, Gentleman won the Wallacey Stakes of 300 guineas. In 1729, he won the King's Plate at Nottingham, beating, at three heats, Mr. Adams' Miss Vane, Mr. Shepherd's D'Arvy, Mr. Williams' Sloven, and distanced 5 others. At Newmarket, in April, 1730, he beat Sir Robert Fagg's Goldenlocks, 8st. 7lb. each, 4 miles, 300 guineas. In 1731, he won 50 guineas at Leighton; and 80 guineas at Stamford, beating Miss Neesham, and 8 others. In 1732 and 1733, he won 50 guineas in each year at Leighton; and in the latter year, he won 40 pounds at Huntingdon, beating Mr. Grosvenor's Diamond, and Mr. Fleetwood's Foxhunter; he also won 40 guineas at Burford, beating Mr. Major's Whitestockings. And in 1734, he won 40 pounds at Boston, beating Captain Appleby's Quiet Cuddy, &c.

Treason was also bred by Sir William Strickland. He was out of a daughter of Old Hautboy, which mare was also the dam of Mr. Greme's Champion, and Mr. Darley's Almanzor, he was sire of the Curwen Colt, that was bred at Hampton Court, out of Sophonisba's dam.

FRANKFORT, a dark brown horse, foaled in 1724, bred by Sir William Ramsden, Bart., of Byram, Yorkshire, and sold to the Duke of Bolton. Frankfort was got by Bay Bolton; his dam by the Lexington Gray Arabian, granddam by the Curwen Old Spot; great granddam by Old Spanker, out of a daughter of the Byerley Turk, which mare was the dam of Gray Ramsden, and full sister to the dam of Tantivy, a son of the Taffolet Barb.

At Newmarket, in March, 1729, Frankfort beat Mr. Coke's Hobgoblin, 8st. 10lb. each, four miles, 500 guineas. On the 21st of October, at 9st. he beat Mr. Pantons's Mowse, 7st. 5lb. four miles, 500 guineas; and on the 11th of November, he beat Moose, at the same weights, one mile, 500 guineas. On the 5th of October, 1733, at 9st. he beat Mr. Pantons's Smart, 7st. four miles, 500 guineas.

Frankfort appeared but very seldom in public, notwithstanding, he was allowed to be the best horse of his time at Newmarket.

He was a stallion in his grace's stud, but served few mares.

MORAT, a black horse, foaled in 1724, bred by Sir William Ramsden, Bart., and sold to the Earl of Godolphin. Morat was got by Bay Bolton; his dam by the Duke of Newcastle's Turk; granddam by the Byerley Turk, which mare was the dam of Gray Ramsden, and granddam of Lord Godolphin's Whitefoot, Wryfoot, and Bonnylass, the dam of Merry-Andrew, &c. Morat was own brother to the Duke of Bolton's Gipsy.

At Newmarket, in April, 1729, Morat won a match against Lord Halifax's Conqueror, 9st. each, 4 miles, 200 guineas; and at Newmarket, in April, 1731, he won the King's Plate, 12st. beating Lord Peetmore's, late Captain Appleyard's, Craftsman, and Mr. Shepherd's Tarsan.

TARRAN, a black horse, foaled in 1724, was bred by the Rev. Mr. Tarsan, and got by his Black Barb. In 1729, he won the Ladies' Plate of 30 pounds, at Epsum, beating Mr. Humberstone's Ladies' Tey, and seven others. In 1730, he won the King's Plate at Salisbury, beating the Duke of Bolton's Foxhunter, and Lord Oslow's Pantaloon; he walked over for the King's Plates at Winchester and Canterbury; and won the King's Plate at Lewes, beating Foxhunter, and two others; he also won the King's Plate at Newmarket, in October, beating Mr. Humberstone's Stump, and Mr. Coke's Hobgoblin. After which he won the Gold Cup, value 50 pounds, and a purse of 30 pound at Warwick; likewise the 25 guinea Plate at Lutterworth, Leicestershire.

ALZRO, a bay horse, foaled in 1711, was bred by Mr. Darley, of Aldby Park, near York, and got by his Arabian, sire of Childers, &c. At York, in 1716, Aleppo won the Ladies' Plate, for five year olds, 10st. four miles, beating Lord Chesterfield's King Fisher, stakes 13 guineas; Lord Lonsdale's Bess, Mr. Curwen's Ladylegs, and six others. He also won several other plates and

prizes. He was, when a stallion, the property of Mr. Bawtry, and was sire of Mr. Hensell's Scrutineer, &c. but covered very few well bred mares.

JUSTICE, a bay horse, foaled in 1724, bred by, and the property of the Earl of Halifax. Justice was got by the Hampton Court Litten Arabian; dam, Aldby Jenny, bred by John Brewster, Esq., by Leedes' Dragon, out of Sir Matthew Pierson's Rub.

At Newmarket, in April, 1732, Justice, at 8st. 12lb. beat Lord Portmore's Duffold, 8st. 5lb. four miles, 200 guineas; also in the same month, he beat Lord Howe's Miss Hoyden, 9st. each, four miles, 200 guineas. He only started two or three times besides the above.

Justice was sire of the dams of Atlas, Jack of Newbury, &c. He covered very few mares.

NANNY, a gray mare, foaled in 1724, bred by, and the property of John Egerton, Esq. of Cheshire. Nanny was got by the Pigott Turk; dam, Countrywreck, bred by Mr. Robinson of Easby, Yorkshire, by Saake, out of a daughter of the D'Arzy Hautboy.

In May, 1728, Nanny won the Wallacey Stakes at Chester, beating the Duke of Ancaster's Jig, and seven others; also the King's Plate, at Hambleton, beating Miss Stephenson, Polly Porch'ers, Miss Almihide, and nine others. At Newmarket, in April, 1730, Nanny won the King's Plate for Mares, beating Lord Halifax's Miss Halifax, and three others.

BESS was got by the Bloody-shouldered Arabian; and at York, in 1730, he won the Ladies' Gold Cup, value 60l., for five year olds, 10st., four miles, beating Mr. Benson's Johnson, stakes 15 guineas; Mr. Varnour's Mercury, by Almanzor; Mr. Hatten's Sloven, by his Gray Turk; and six others. In 1731, he won the King's Plate at Lincoln, beating Mr. Jackson's gray mare, Favorite; Lord Halifax's Justice, and seven others. He also won several other Plates.

FAVORITE, a gray mare, foaled in 1725, bred by, and the property of Mr. Jackson. Favorite was got by Mr. Bridgewater's (formerly Lord Widderington's) Gray Arabian, out of Miss Norham's dam.

In 1730, Favorite won the King's Plate for Mares at Hambleton, beating fourteen others; and won the 30 pound Plate at Bokerell, Derbyshire, beating three others. At Newmarket, in April, 1731, she won the King's Plate for Mares, beating the Duke of Bolton's Gipsy, Lord Haversham's Miss Sally, by Hartley's Blind Stallion; and the Duke of Rutland's gray mare, by Hall's Arabian. In the same year she won the King's Plate at Winchester, distancing three others; the King's Plate at Salisbury, distancing two others; and the King's Plate at Newmarket, in October, beating, at two heats, the Duke of Somerset's Graylegs, and Sir Nathaniel Curzon's Bess. She also won the King's Plate at Newmarket, in April, 1732, beating the Duke of Somerset's Graylegs.

FAUSTINA, foaled in 1725, bred by Ralph Jenison, Esq., of Walworth, Durham. Faustina was got by Capt. Hartley's Blind Horse; her dam by Blossom; granddam by the Palliere's Chestnut Arabian, out of the famous Vintner Mare.

In 1729, Faustina won 30 guineas, for four year olds,

9st. at Bishop-Auckland, beating Mr. Asenough's Charming Jenny, Mr. Tim's Almanac, and Mr. Wilson's Galloping Tom. 1730, she won 20 pounds at Morpeth, beating four others. In 1732, she won 50 guineas at Burnside castle; 40 guineas at Preston, beating, at four heats, the Duke of Bolton's Castaway, Mr. Rawlinson's Whittington, Mr. Bright's Emma, &c. In 1733, she won 50 guineas at Durham, beating, at two heats, the Duke of Bolton's Swerpsakes, and Mr. Pennymann's Thumper; and 20 pounds at Leeds, beating, at three heats, Mr. Darcy's Miss Norham, and the Duke of Hamilton's Mouse.

Gipsy, a black mare, foaled in 1725, bred by Sir William Ramsden, Bart., and sold to the Duke of Bolton. Gipsy (own sister to Mouse) was got by Bay Bolton; dam by the Duke of Newcastle's Turk; grandam by the Byerly Turk, a daughter of the Taffolet Barb, Place's White Turk, out of a natural Barb mare.

At Newmarket, in October 1730, Gipsy won a match against Lord Portmore's Daffodil, 8st. 7lb. each, four miles, 300 guineas; and in April following, she was second to Mr. Jackson's Favorite, for the King's Plate for five years old mares.

Gipsy was grandam of the Duke of Cumberland's Crab; Sir William Mordaunt's Childerkin; Mr. Shafto's Snap, Northumberland, Swiss, Legacy, &c., and grandam of Sleightly, Swift, &c.

Bay Children, a bay horse, foaled in 1726, bred by, and the property of Mr. Smalles, of Yorkshire. Bay Children was got by Bartlett's Childers; dam by the Byerly Turk, out of a daughter of Mr. Wilkinson's Whynot.

At York, in 1732, Bay Children won 40 pounds for six year olds, 10st., beating Mr. Greenwood's Marplot, and Mr. Routh's Chloa. Bay Children was rode by Robert Parkinson; Marplot by James Maskill; and Chloa by Thomas Jackson. He also won the 90 pound Plate at Lincoln, beating Mr. Williams' Whitehouse, Mr. Humberston's Blue Riband, and six others.

Hazard, a bay horse, foaled in 1726, bred by, and the property of the Duke of Bridgewater. Hazard was got by Leedes; his dam, bred by Mr. Curwen, by the Bay Barb, out of a Byerly Turk mare.

At Newmarket, in October, 1731, Hazard beat Lord Gower's Fielding, 8st. 8lb. each, four miles, 200 guineas. And at Newmarket, in April, 1732, he won the 500 guineas Stakes, for five year olds, 9st., four miles, beating the Duke of Ancaster's Crab, the Duke of Devonshire's Comical, and Lord Gower's Duchess.

Old Lady was got by the Pulcinna Arabian; dam by Rockwood, out of a daughter of Byerly. Old Lady, (grandam of Starling) was grandam of the Duke of Bolton's Patriot; and great grandam of Mr. Pratt's much-esteemed Old Spirit Mare, that bred Virgin, Miracle, Dido, Comedrum, Ranthos, Ænigma, Riddle, Miss Time, Pumpkin, Maiden, Russelas, Purity, and 5 others.

ANCASTER DRIVER, a gray horse, foaled in 1727, bred by, and the property of the Duke of Ancaster. Driver was got by Wyan's Arabian; his dam, called the *Loely Mare*, by the Ancaster Pert, out of a daughter of St. Martin.

At Newmarket, in 1731, Driver received a forfeit of

100 guineas. At Chester, in 1732, he won the Wallacey Stakes of 500 guineas, beating Mr. W. Wynn's Countrypeach, and four others; he also walked over for the Wallacey Stakes at Newmarket, in October. At Newmarket, in April, 1733, he won the Wallacey Stakes of 500 guineas, 9st., four miles, beating Lord Lonsdale's Top, and the Duke of Bridgewater's Radnor. At Stamford, in 1735, he won the 80 guineas Plate, beating Mr. Tuting's Archer, Sir Michael Newton's Brisk, &c. He afterwards broke down at Northampton.

Driver was a stallion in the Duke of Ancaster's stud, and was sire of his Grace's Frisky and Dirty, (dam of Mr. Chaplain's Dirty); he was also sire of Mr. Villa Real's gray mare, Pretty Belle, that beat Little Partner for the Give-and-Take Plates at Doncaster, in the years 1751 and 1752.

Pert (sire of the dam of Driver) was bred by the Duke of Ancaster, and got by the Ely Turk. Pert was also sire of his Grace's Ball, &c.

St. Martin, was bred by the Duke of Wharton, and got by Spanker, out of Mr. Burton's natural Barb mare.

Spider, a bay horse, foaled in 1728, bred by, and the property of the Earl of Lonsdale. Spider was got by his lordship's Bay Arabian; dam by Coneyskins; grandam by the Lowther Bay Barb; great grandam by Dedworth, out of a daughter of Spanker.

At Newmarket, in April, 1734, Spider beat Mr. Cotton's Firrill, 8st. 10lb. each, four miles, 300 guineas; he also won the Stakes of 700 guineas, 8st. 7lb., four miles, beating the Duke of Somerset's Chance, Sir Michael Newton's Miss Parrot, the Duke of Devonshire's Spot, and the Duke of Bolton's Patriot. At Newmarket, in April, 1735, he won the Wallacey Stakes of 500 guineas, 9st., four miles, beating the Duke of Bridgewater's Plover.

Spider only started once besides the above, when he was second to Lord Godolphin's Shock for the October Stakes, at Newmarket, in 1734, beating eight others.

Rosinante, a bay horse, foaled in 1729, bred by the Earl of Godolphin, and sold to Mr. Tuting of Newmarket. Rosinante was got by Commodore Matthews' Persian; his dam, the *Leedes' Mare*, by Leedes, out of Queen Anne's Moanah Barb Mare.

In 1735, Rosinante won 30 guineas at Stratford; 50 guineas at Warwick; and 90 guineas at Lincoln. In 1736, he walked over for the Town Plate at Newmarket. In 1737, he won 50 guineas at Marlborough; and 80 guineas at Oxford.

SHEPHERDESS was the property of Mr. Metcalfe, of Yorkshire, and got by the gray Barb at Hampton Court. In 1739, she won the King's Plate at Hambleton, beating Mr. Croft's Miss Cloudy, and fourteen others; she also won several other prizes. Shepherdesse, after winning at Hambleton, was sold to Mr. Fauquair, then to Mr. Tuting, and afterwards to Lord Mazarine.

Miss Doe, a gray mare, was bred by Mr. Lampton, of Durham, and got by Old Greyhound; her dam by Davill's Woodcock, out of the grandam of the Duke of Ancaster's Starling. She won a great number of Galloway and Aged Plates in the North of England; she also beat

the Duke of Bolton's Stabling, for the Four Years' Old Plate at Durham, in 1791. Miss Doe was sold into Ireland, and was a brood mare in Sir Edward O'Brien's stud, and was the dam of Miss Doe, &c.

A SKETCH OF NEWMARKET RACES,

BY A GERMAN PRINCE.

THE above titled personage, in his tour through England, in 1828, has recently published—thus remarks:—"These races begin pretty punctually at twelve o'clock. An interminable grassy plain, covered with a thick short turf, is the ground, where various distances, from a full German mile as a maximum, to an eighth or a tenth as a minimum, are marked for the course in a perfectly straight line. Near the end, this course is inclosed between ropes, on the outside of which rows of carriages, three and four deep, are drawn up, generally without horses, and covered within and without, from top to bottom, with spectators. At the goal itself, is a wooden house on wheels, very like those the shepherds have in many parts of Germany, so that it can be moved about in case the course is lengthened or shortened: in this sits the judge. Just opposite to him is a post fixed in the ground, by means of which he determines which horse's nose first appears exactly on a line with it; for an inch often decides the race; and it is a very skillful piece of policy and jockeyship of the riders here, to betray the real speed of their horses as little as possible, and to display only as much of it as is necessary to win the race. If they see they have no chance, they immediately give up; so that those who contend for victory to the last, are always very nearly together at the goal. The grotesque spectacle of a rider a mile in the rear, belabouring his horse with whip and spur, like a steam-engine, is exhibited only in France and Germany. If two horses reach the post exactly at the same moment, (which frequently happens,) they must run again. The judge is upon oath, and there is no appeal from his decision. The English jockeys (who are not, as foreigners think, little boys, but often dwarfish men of sixty) form a perfectly distinct class, and are the best practical riders I know of. You remember that I kept race-horses myself, and had a Newmarket jockey for a time in my service, who won a considerable bet for me at Vienna.

"I amused me greatly to see this fellow 'training' himself. After dosing himself severely, he would go out in the greatest heat, dressed in three or four great coats, ride a certain distance at a hard trot, till the sweat streamed off him in torrents, and he almost sank from exhaustion; 'mais tell étou son plaisir,' and the more completely good-for-nothing he felt, the better he was pleased. But there are bounds to this; for the man, by excessive training, may reduce himself below the weight which the horse is bound to carry, and thus subject himself to the inconvenient necessity of carrying lead in the girths. At a certain distance from the goal, about a hundred paces to the side, stands another white post, called the betting-post. Here the bettors assemble, after they have seen the horses saddled in the stables at the beginning of the

course, thoroughly examined into all the circumstances of the impending race, or perhaps given a wink to some devoted jockey. The scene which ensues would to many appear the most strange that ever was exhibited. In noise, uproar and clamor, it resembles a Jew's synagogue, with a greater display of passion. The persons of the drama are the first peers of England, livery servants, the 'lowest sharpers,' and 'black-legs'—in short, all who have money to bet, here claim equal rights; nor is there any marked difference in their external appearance. Most of them have pocket books in their hands, each calls aloud his bet, and, when it is taken, each party immediately notes it in his book. Dukes, lords, gentlemen and rogues, shout, scream and halloo together, and bet together, with a volubility, and in a technical language, out of which a foreigner is puzzled to make any thing: till suddenly the cry is heard, 'the horses have started!' In a minute the crowd disperses, but the bettors soon meet again at the ropes which enclose the course. You see a multitude of telescopes, opera glasses and eye glasses, levelled from the carriages, and by the horsemen, in the direction whence the jockeys are coming. With the speed of the wind they are seen approaching; and for a few moments a deep and anxious silence pervades the noisy crowd; while a manager on horseback keeps the course clear, and applies his whip without ceremony to the shoulders of any intruder. The calm endures but a moment—then once more rises the wildest uproar; shouts and lamentations, curses and cheers resound on every side, from lords and ladies, far and wide—"Ten to four upon the Admiral!" "A hundred to one upon Madam Vestris!" "Small beer against the field," &c., are heard from the almost frantic bettors: and scarcely do you hear a 'done!' here and there, when the noble animals are before you—past you—in the twinkling of an eye; the next moment at the goal, and luck, or skill, or knavery have decided the victory. The great losers look blank for a moment; the winners triumph aloud, many make 'bonne mine à mauvais jeu,' and dart to the spot where the horses are unsaddled, and the jockeys weighed, to see if some irregularity may not yet give them a chance. In a quarter of an hour the same scene begins anew with other horses, and is repeated six or seven times. 'Voilà les courses de Newmarket!'

EXCELLENCE OF YANKEE RIFLE SHOOTING.

It appears, in the *United States Gazette*, that Major G. W. Collamer, of Bazar, on the 14th of August, 1828, shot an apple from the bare head of Mr. H. Ingram, at the distance of twenty-seven yards, with a rifle. Mr. Collamer then took his turn, and Ingram, at the same distance, shot an apple from his head. It was done in the presence of a number of respectable gentlemen, who, after fruitless attempts to stop the parties, had the satisfaction to see them come off in safety. The apples were so handsomely cut by the ball, that the juice and pomace remained in considerable quantities on the hair of their heads.

THE LAWS OF THE TURF.

THE following trial between Mr. Jones and Mr. Bressy as well worthy the attention of sportsmen in general, which took place at the Derby Assizes; it was an action against the defendant, the clerk of the Derby race course, in his character of stakeholder, for money had and received to plaintiff's use. The facts were these:—at the last Derby races, which took place in the month of August, Mr. (now Lord) Cavendish, and Mr. Thornhill acted as stewards. When "The Dunnington Park and Pathcock Stakes" was run for, Mr. Thornhill told the jockeys, eight or ten in number, as they were about to start, that they must be ready within ten minutes after they were weighed to start for the second heat. The first heat was won by a three-year old horse of Mr. Beardsworth's, named "Champion." Few, if any, of the horses were ready at the appointed time for starting for the second heat. At nineteen minutes after the first heat Mr. Thornhill gave the word "off" there being then only five horses at the starting post. Of these the plaintiff's horse "Tommy Tickle," which was aged, came in first. Although the stewards are masters of the race, it is usual for the clerk of the course to start the horses, and it is also customary to allow an interval of half an hour between the heats, particularly for young horses, which take a longer time to recover their wind than aged ones. This heat, therefore, having been objected to as not being started, the defendant refused to weigh the rider of Tommy Tickle, and ultimately the stewards decided that it was no race, and must, therefore, be run again. The horses accordingly started a third time, when Champion came in first, and a mare named Gazelle came second, Tommy Tickle coming in third. Under these circumstances, it was contended that Tommy Tickle won the race, because the second start, it was contended, was fair; and neither Gazelle or Champion having run that heat, they must be taken to be distanced, and therefore disqualified from running the third heat, thus leaving Tommy Tickle the winner of the third as well as of the second heat. It was, however, admitted by plaintiff's witnesses that the usual and reasonable interval allowed between heats at all races throughout the kingdom was half an hour, and also that it was customary for the clerk of the course, and not the steward, to start the horses; besides which, it was stated that the stewards were the proper persons to judge of the fairness of a start, and in this case they had decided that the start was not fair, and that therefore the second heat should be run over again. Upon these facts, Mr. Baron Bayley was clearly of opinion that the plaintiff must be nonsuited. If the stewards deviated from the usual course, they were bound to give notice of such deviation to the owners of the horses; and they were, moreover, bound to allow a reasonable time for young horses as well as old to recover their wind. On the present occasion they had not done so, and they had subsequently decided that they were wrong, and that the heat must therefore be run over again. In any point of view, there was no pretence for saying that the plaintiff was entitled to the stakes. His lordship would therefore beg leave to suggest that the next person

called should be Mr. Michael Jones (a laugh.) Mr. Jones was accordingly nonsuited.

CRIB-BITING

Is a habit of continually biting the manger, and gnawing the wind. Mr. Yare, inventor of the anti-crib-biter, makes the following judicious observations on the subject in the Sporting Magazine of July, 1890.—"Crib-biting is often preceded by injudicious cleaning. It is a common practice, in racing and hunting establishments, to dress horses with an ash stick in hand, which is held at them in *terrorem* whilst undergoing that process, and occasionally applied to their bodies with rigor. This practice is not only foolish, but betrays a want of judgment which nothing can extenuate; for the unruly conduct of the animal is mainly attributable to mismanagement and ignorance on the part of the attendants themselves, who very unjustly make the horse pay the penalty of their own awkwardness, as I can easily show. Grooms and stablemen often disregard the irritation they cause to horses in passing too roughly with comb, brush, or whip, over the belly, flank, and under the web of the arm, which on these tender parts produces extreme titillation. The animal, unable quietly to endure this oftentimes prolonged excitement, in the agony of his suffering naturally enough resists, and evinces his displeasure of the treatment by reiterated attempts to kick and bite the party inflicting the torture, as well as laying hold of the manger with his teeth, which, in many instances, is undoubtedly the forerunner of crib-biting. On these occasions the ash stick is brought into unseasonable requisition, thereby spoiling the temper of many of our best and finest horses, who, compelled diurnally to undergo this teasing ordeal, generally become spiteful and ill-natured, and, in addition to other vicious propensities, imbué a mischievous habit of kicking out on the approach of any person towards them. Now, if the groom would only reflect for a moment, he would be immediately convinced that his own improper conduct was the cause of the trouble experienced, and that his irrational proceeding must ultimately ruin the most docile and quiet horse; but the despotic character of man misleads him to imagine that the brute animals must implicitly obey, and acknowledge his supremacy as a law of nature, and submit to his will subserviently, even though intimated to them in a somewhat ambiguous manner. I cannot with propriety be contradicted when I state, that so long as this baneful system of stable management and discipline be allowed to be pursued with impunity by servants, gentlemen may always make sure of possessing crib-biters and vicious horses.

The perception which I invariably observe is, never to dress, buckle, or unbuckle girth or roller, with the head to the manger, or, if in the open air, within reach of any thing the horse can snap at, or lay hold of; uniformly taking care that he be soothed or kindly used when undergoing the operation of cleaning; and, should resistance be opposed when passing even as lightly as possible over the parts abovementioned, I never allow any vio-

lence to be enforced. By this wage the animal is not only less troublesome to the attendant, but the kindness of his disposition is preserved unbroken.

Vicious habits may likewise be ascribed to imperfect training. For instance: a horse is entrusted for that purpose to the care of a person totally unacquainted with the manner of treating him, consequently incapable of judging whether the horse be qualified by nature to fulfil the intentions of the owner. The age and strength of the animal have not been taken into consideration; and his incapacity to undergo the fatigue allotted to him, although proceeding from weakness, has very incorrectly been ascribed to stubbornness and obstinacy. Resistance, as may be expected, has been the natural consequence; harsher usage has followed; the temper of the animal has become soured; and he has really imbibed a vicious character, which at the onset was only imaginary. The result has been open warfare between him and his rider; in which the latter seldom gained an ascendancy; and the former has never been duly trained for the purpose for which he was destined; indeed, he has frequently been rendered quite unserviceable, and become afterwards a drag in the market, though nature had intended him to be useful in many capacities, which, under judicious management, would doubtless have been realized.

The nature of instruction requires that he who teaches should be intelligent and know how to make himself understood by his pupils, otherwise little good can be attained. This is more essentially requisite in the rearing and tuition of an irrational animal. When the teacher knows but little himself, or has not the talent of imparting knowledge to his scholars, the design of education is not fulfilled, and coercive measures only aggravate the evil. A parity of reasoning will hold good with horses.

For a long series of years I have been in the habit of making observations on the errors committed in the usual treatment and training of horses; and I am convinced, from experience deduced by long study of the nature of horses, and continual intercourse with them, that mild discipline is the *sine qua non* of stable management, and it is the interest of every proprietor to see it enforced. Patience and good temper are cardinal requisites in a groom. Horses have very retentive memories, and seldom forget the unruly tricks or habits acquired from improper and hasty handling.

I have just observed that crib-biting is oftentimes caused by improper dressing. It also very generally dates its origin, according to the observations I have personally made, to want of employment, as well as to imitation.

Bad habits usually result from idleness. If we are inveterate smokers or snuffakers, let us ask ourselves the reason of our indulgence in these propensities? For the moment, probably, we cannot account for them; but, after a little reflection, are free to admit, that imitation and too much leisure are the causes; and custom has tended to root us so firmly to these habits, that to be deprived their indulgence would to many persons be downright misery. As with man, so it is with the horse.

A crib-biter, or wind-sucker, should never be turned out to grass promiscuously with other horses, for he most

assuredly will get at the lead marks and gates; and whilst indulging in his propensity, will naturally attract the notice of his companions. Imitation, as I said before, is one of the leading inducements to this destructive habit. I was once an eye witness to the fact of a horse, when in the field, drawing the attention of four others from amongst the number grazing to his actions. They alternately began, first to nibble at the place moistened by the saliva of their comrade, and, as I prognosticated at the time, became afterwards confirmed crib-biters.

A horse, from want of exercise, will often take to crib-biting from sheer idleness, or too much confinement in the stable; and the abominable practice of tying the head to the rack, produces, particularly in young high-spirited horses, an impatient restlessness. Some show their dislike of the restraint by continual kicking with one or the other of the hind legs; others by nibbling the rack or manger, till they imbibe a professed attachment to the vice, more especially if, in the adjacent stall, they have a companion addicted to crib-biting, and themselves a nice soft deal mucker, inciting them to enter upon their noviciate.

Confinement in the stable for too long a period has a similar effect on the horse, as too great an indulgence of bed has on the human frame—it produces general debility and weakness. My advice is, when the horse be not wanted for service, to give him walking exercise in the open air three or four hours a day, allowing him plenty to eat and drink; and if this do not keep him hale and fit for use, *why, get rid of him*, as, to borrow a stable phrase, "he must be rotten." When the weather will not permit of exercise in the day, put on a soft bit with players, for two hours in the morning and two hours in the afternoon; by an adherence to which rule digestion is promoted, the loss of exercise compensated, and, by the amusement the horse finds in the bit, he is not only kept out of mischief, but the carriage of the head is greatly facilitated. Exercise improves the appetite and strengthens the power of digestion in a surprising manner; hunger becomes keen; and food is taken with eager relish, which is well known to be one of the best signs of health.

I have occasionally excited the ire of grooms, by requesting them to abandon the practice of using the rack chain. These gentlemen, when interrogated as to the utility of attaching the head to the rack, usually answer, "to prevent the horse lying down and dirtying his quarters!" But the true reason is, they are fearful of a little extra trouble in case the animal should be wanted at a short notice. When I have inquired if the horse was habituated to lying down in the daytime, or whether he has been ever known so to do, the response given is usually, "No; we never actually saw him down during the day, but we have always been accustomed to tie him up." Therefore, according to their own showing, they give the poor beast his unnecessary restraint from no other cause but custom, which they blindly and implicitly follow, though they can adduce no benefit resulting from its observance. Custom and prejudice are most imperious tyrants, and rule triumphant over horse sense, as well as other classes of society. There are certain points estab-

blished, certain animals laid down, and the wise people out of ten, who never think for themselves, take every thing upon credit, and implicitly fall into the regulated course of opinion generally held, without stopping to inquire whether it happens to be just or unjust, tolerably right or entirely wrong.

If the horse be addicted to lying down in the daytime, I have generally found, on inspection, that he is either sick or lame, and consequently required immediate attention. Now, to tie horses to the rack under such circumstances, is obviously an act of cruelty. In my opinion, to attach any horse to the rack only serves to pave the way for the recurrence of those habits and vices which have for so many years baffled the attempts of horsemen to prevent, correct, and eradicate with certainty and permanency.

Many continue pertinaciously to assert that crib-biting is not injurious to the strength of horses. I am free to admit that they sometimes go through very arduous tasks and fleet performances, and may possibly occasionally win a race; but expability of exertion would be still more evident, and the rapidity of his course increased, if the malady were removed. But no positive reliance can be placed in the exertions of crib-biters or wind-suckers; for the natural power and ability of the animal must inevitably be weakened, and ultimately yield altogether to the ravages the indulgence of these propensities occasion on the frame of the animal, if persecuted for any length of time.

A horse may be addicted to cribbing, and yet its pernicious effects shall not be perceptible, except to those who are thoroughly acquainted with the symptoms incidental to, and which uniformly accompany, the practice of the habit. I have known many horses laboring under this malady, whose condition appeared so good to the casual observer, that their owners have doubted my allegations as to their weakness; but a little extra exertion, in company with a sound horse of apparently equal power and capability, soon convinced the party of their error; the strength of the crib-biter, after a short trial, proving very inferior to that of his opponent. I know well that horses indulging in the propensity must of necessity be injured or impaired in their stamina. Acting upon this calculation, when attending races, and accidentally discovering that any particular horse was either a crib-biter or wind-sucker, although he might be a "favorite," so to use a turf phrase, "I uniformly back him to lose, and am generally right."

I have no hesitation in saying that a crib-biter is *born* *sick* an unsound horse; and notwithstanding the warring litigations that may have occurred occasionally in consequence of the habit, when a totally opposite notion to mine has been entertained on the question, yet I cannot avoid urging my individual opinion in opposition to the fearful host of dissentients who may start up against me, when my assertion is perused. I *verily* believe that a crib-biter, sold with a warranty of soundness, is to all intents and purposes, *reprobate*: and I think I cannot be accounted unfair and erroneous in this position, founded

ed on the well ascertained fact, that "crib-biting horses are injured in their stamina."

That Nestor among veterinarians, Mr. Bracy Clark—to whom the horse is so greatly indebted, not only for his valuable publications, but likewise for the discovery of many parts and properties of the foot of the horse, and above all his perfection of the expansion shoe—observes very truly in his remarks on this subject, that "the crib-biting horse has generally a lean, constricted appearance, the skin being contracted about the ribs; or a sunken, watery eye, or else too dry; the muscles of the feet also, as well as the skin, drawn up with rigidity. When employed in racing, his almost constant amusement is to grasp the mill of the manger with his front teeth, then to draw himself up to it, as to a fixed point, by a general contraction of the head, neck, and trunk; at the same time the effort is attended with a grunting sound."

Now, many veterinary surgeons are of opinion that the particular noise made by the horse is caused by the expulsion of air, and that crib-biting is in fact nothing more than an effort at eructation, arising from indigestion or some viscid state of the stomach; whilst others pretend to say, that the habit is caused from pain in the feet. If either of these opinions were correct, to remove this destructive propensity, recourse must necessarily be had to the *Materia Medica*, and the animal should be treated according to the rules of veterinary science. That these judgments must be erroneous, I prove clearly by the system I have established, which enables me to eradicate crib-biting and wind-sucking without the aid of medicine.

My attention, as I have before stated, has been directed to the prevention and cure of this destructive malady during a long period; and although I may dissent from many very respectable authorities, I must remark that, during the whole course of my experience, I have uniformly observed that a crib-biter (as well as wind-sucker) inhales air into the stomach, which, from its constriction, he cannot exhale or degurgitate; for horses, unlike dogs and many other animals, can neither belch nor vomit, consequently, in its progress through the stomach and bowels, the oxygen, or elastic property of the air, is taken up by the system, which causes a redundancy of fixed air in the abdominal parts—hence arises flatulency, which of course produces indigestion, general debility, and an impaired stamina; and these alarming effects, if not attended to and removed, must naturally lead to disorders of dangerous tendencies.

To breach an opinion of this import is, I know, in opposition to the sentiments entertained by many hippologists; and that I may be clearly understood by every reader, I have purposely avoided the use of scientific words or technical phraseology, and expressed my meaning in plain unassuming language.

Others, however, of acknowledged skill and ability in their profession, have lately had the liberality to confess, that, on mature consideration of the subject, they considered I was correct, and encouraged me to proceed in my course.

With much labor, patience, and perseverance, I aimed at the discovery of the proximate cause of crib-biting.

My studies have been practical, for I could meet with no satisfactory information in books. I made experiments of various kinds, repeated and improved them, and thus approached nearer to my object, till at length I had the pleasure of perceiving that I was in the right track.

That the crib-biter inhales mere air into the stomach than he can exhale, I am convinced; and on that conviction have founded my system for the treatment of the malady; the application of which, I may assert without presumption, cannot fail of success, if attended to with sincerity and good will on the part of grooms and other stable domestics.

A crib-biter of any standing becomes sour in temper; his natural strength soon gives way; weakness more or less ensues; and he is rendered unfit for a proper day's work: yet horses laboring under the effects of this propensity are expected by their proprietors to perform the most violent exertions, and the fleetest and most rapid efforts are required of them! Hunting, racing, in short every duty is imposed indiscriminately with sound animals, till the poor beast sinks prematurely under his accumulated misery, and is thus rendered unserviceable many years before his natural term. Under kind and judicious treatment, the horse would be much longer lived than is generally supposed, as existing facts testify.

Various remedies, purporting to be infallible, for vicious horses have of late years been put forth to the world, but nothing has in reality been gained by them. I allude to touting straps, bands, and other vexatious applications, which only tend to sour the disposition of the animal, and on their removal leave him more inveterately addicted to his evil habits. Others, from want of a better remedy, have recourse to loathsome and nauseous experiments, which are as futile as they are disgusting, and cannot possibly be expected to produce any permanently good effects; for as the matter or ordure employed dries and hardens, it naturally loses its effluvia, and consequently requires repetition to make the process adopted effectual, even if it were proper to pursue it. An accumulation of filth on the manger is the result; and we all know that that utensil should be kept particularly clean. I have no patience when I reflect on such proceedings. It is obvious to any one conversant with horses, that a filthy stable is the forerunner of disease. The only consequence emanating from conduct so inconsiderately ignorant is, that the silly attendant, for his own convenience, is soon compelled to remove the dirt, gaining nothing but additional labor for his assumed sagacity.

He who pretends to correct the horse, by inventing apparatus with that view, should previously study the nature and character of the animal, in addition to the contemplation of his own emolument. To exemplify this observation, let us consider for a moment the fate of the straps with the spring and spikes. They were introduced under the protection of weighty patronage; and all that influence could do was adopted to facilitate their reception in the highest quarters, and render their adoption general. They were predominant for a time, and were probably esteemed by persons unacquainted with the matter, who received the *ipse dixit* of others as truth "soured as Holy

Wells;" and accordingly the straps were considered and recommended by many persons as a certain cure for crib-biters. However, when essayed by those whose knowledge and intelligence could be relied on, it was discovered that they could never fulfil the object promised to purchasers, and not the most distant prospect of efficacy could be entertained. Their application only served to alarm, irritate, and tense the horse, without producing any beneficial effects; and, on their removal, he was generally found as inveterately addicted to his propensity as ever. A horse will never become tractable under fear, which is soon excited, as his timidity is proverbial. What is rational can only be attained by rational ways; and in nature an object cannot be compassed but by means consistent with nature. The straps were invented without adherence to this maxim; hence their instability and consequent downfall.

Covering the top of the manger with a sheepskin, the woolly side outwards, is a remedy still in vogue amongst persons who act and move upon second-hand information. This insignificant process continues a favorite, and is very angely recommended as a preventive in many of the provinces. I have more than once seen it used as a precaution, and in London too, above all places!

The execrable and infamous custom of burning the palate of the mouth as an antidote to crib-biting, cannot be too strongly reprobated, and must not be passed over in silence; but, without stopping to dwell on the cruelty of this practice, I have merely to observe that the peccolutes to it gained very little by their barbarity; as the horse is only checked so long as the soreness and tenderness caused by the cauterising exist, and no sooner has the pain subsided than he recommences operations. Should a gentleman discover the wound, the indicators, ashamed of their proceedings, take special care not to divulge the real cause, but quibble and pervariate, till at length I have known them hit upon the expedient of informing an inquirer that the poor thing had been *soured for the lampas*, evincing by the subterfuge, as much ignorance as they possess want of feeling.

Before we conclude the present article, it becomes necessary that we should say something respecting Mr. Yare's anti-crib-biter; and it would have given us the utmost pleasure could we have thought as well of the anti-crib-biter as we do of that gentleman's judicious observations, quoted above. But our duty to the public compels us to state, that the anti-crib-biter is not what it professes to be; it is not "an infallible remedy for the above vicious and destructive habit in horses." The anti-crib-biter is merely a muzzle; so formed, however, that the horse is enabled to use his lips and tongue, and thus to draw hay or corn to his mouth, without being able to lay hold of the manger with his teeth; while, therefore, the muzzle is on, it acts as a preventive from biting the manger, and nothing more!—and this, in fact, amounts to little. It does not prevent the animal from *sucking his wind*, (as it is called;) nor indeed, in the instances which have fallen under my observation, does it prevent the animal from performing a sort of intended apology for crib-biting. Take off the muzzle, and the horse immediately goes to

his old work quite as eagerly as ever. Every attempt to remedy the disgusting vice of crib-biting is praiseworthy; and it is laudable in Mr. Yare to introduce his new invented muzzle; but when the instrument is represented as "an infallible remedy for the above vicious and destructive habit in horses," the assertion or statement is grossly erroneous, to say the least of it. If it is to be useful, the horse must constantly wear it; and even in this case, its utility is very doubtful. In a few years, I have little doubt, it will be entirely laid aside, if not altogether forgotten.

SINGULAR AFFECTION DISPLAYED BY A GREYHOUND.

SOME time since, Mr. Smith's men, of Ross Cottage, near Ashbourne, turned up a rabbit's nest with the plough, containing four young ones. Being too young to stand the least chance of surviving, in their exposed situation, they took them home as a treat for a greyhound bitch that was suckling a litter of six puppies. To their surprise, instead of greedily devouring the rabbits, as they expected, she carried them tenderly and carefully in her mouth to her nest, and seemed to consider them a most welcome addition to her family, bestowing upon them the same fondling caresses, and offering them a share of the same support which nature had furnished for her own offspring. This poor rabbit did not refuse, and there appeared to be no doubt of their doing well. Unfortunately, however, they were doomed to suffer death from their young companions, though not exactly in the manner that greyhounds generally kill rabbits. One after another got overladen by its rude and robust foster-brother and sister, and the poor mother, with evident reluctance and regret, saw them carried away, and did not part with them, even when dead, without remonstrating against it as much as she dared.

ORIGIN, LAWS, AND RULES OF COCKING.

Men have long availed themselves of the satigaphy one cock shows to another, and have encouraged that natural hatred, for the purpose of producing diversion. The origin of this sport is said to be derived from the Athenians, on the following occasion.—When Themistocles was marching his army against the Persians, he, by the way, espousing two cocks fighting, caused his army to behold them. "Behold, these do not fight for their household gods, for the monuments of their ancestors; not for glory, not for liberty, not for the safety of their children, but only because the one will not give way unto the other." This so encouraged the Grecians, that they fought gallantly, and obtained the victory over the Persians; upon which cock fighting was, by a particular law, ordained to be annually practised by the Athenians.

The inhabitants of Delos were great lovers of this sport, and Tamagra, a city of Bœotia, the Isle of Rhodes, Chalcis in Eubœa, and the country of Media, were famous for their generous and magnanimous race of chickens. It appears they had some method of preparing the birds

for battle. Cock fighting was an institution partly political, at Athens, and was continued there for the purpose of improving the seeds of valor in the minds of their youths.—But it was afterwards perverted and abused, both there and in other parts of Greece, to a common pastime and amusement, without any moral, political, or religious intention, as it is now followed and practised amongst us. It appears that the Romans, who borrowed this, as well as many other things, from Greece, used quails as well as cocks for fighting. The first cause of contention between the two brothers, Bassianus and Geta, sons of the Emperor Septimius Severus, happened, according to Herodian, in their youth about fighting their quails and cocks. Cocks and quails, fitted for the purpose of engaging one another to the last gasp for diversion, are frequently compared in the Roman writers, and with much propriety, to gladiators. The fathers of the church inveigh with great warmth against the spectacles of the arena—the wretched shedding of human blood in sport. One would have thought that with this, cock fighting would also have been discarded, under the mild and humane genius of Christianity; but it was reserved for this enlightened era, to practice it with new and aggravating circumstances of cruelty.—The Shrove Tuesday massacre is now, indeed, abolished; but that monstrous barbarity, the battle-royal and the Welsh-mania, still continue amongst us—a striking disproof to the manly character of Britons.

It is probable that cock fighting was first introduced into this island by the Romans. The bird itself was here before Cæsar's arrival.

William Fitz Stephen, who wrote the life of Becket, in the reign of Henry II., is the first of our writers who mentions cocking, describing it as the sport of school boys on Shrove Tuesday. The theatre (the cock-pit) it seems was the school, and the master was the comptroller and director of the sport; from this time at least, the diversion, however absurd, and even culpable, was continued amongst us. It was followed, though disapproved and prohibited, (39 Edward III.) also in the reign of Henry VIII. and A. D. 1569. It has by some been called a royal diversion, and every one knows the cock-pit at Whitehall was erected by a crowned head, for the more magnificent celebrating of the sport. It was prohibited, however, by one of Oliver's acts, March 31, 1654.

AN ORDINANCE PROHIBITING COCK MATCHES.

Fryday March 31, 1654. Ordered by His Highness the Lord Protector, and his Council, That this Ordinance be forthwith printed and published.

HENRY SOMERELL, Clerk of the Council.

London, printed by William du-Gard and Henry Hills, Printers to his Highness, the Lord Protector, 1654.

Whereas, the Publique Meetings and Assemblies of People together in divers parts of this Nation, under pretence of Matches for Cock-fighting, are by experience found to tend many times to the disturbance of the publique Peace, and are commonly accompanied with Gaming, Drinking, Swearing, Quarrelling, and other dissolute practices, to the dishonor of God, and do often produce the ruine of Persons and their Families: For prevention

thereof, Be it ordained by his Highness the Lord Protector, by and with the advice and consent of his Council, That from henceforth there shall be no publique or set meetings of Assemblies of any persons within England or Wales, upon Matches made for Cock-fighting; and that every such meeting, and assembly of people for the end and purposes aforesaid, is hereby declared to be an unlawful assembly, and shall be so adjudged, deemed and taken to be, and punished; and all Sheriffs, Justices of the Peace, Mayors, Bayliffs, Constables, and Head-boroughs, within their several Counties, Cities, Limits, and Jurisdictions, are hereby required to suppress, hinder, and disperse all such meetings and assemblies.

Fryday, March 31, 1554. Ordered by his Highness the Lord Protector, and his Council, That this Ordinance be forthwith printed and published.

Henry Scobell, Clerk of the Council.

There is always a great secret made amongst cock-feeders, of their arts of training; being an amateur of the cock-pit, and having seen the management of many different feeders, I am really inclined to deny them the greater part of the merit they would arrogate to themselves. I am convinced that a great deal depends upon breed, and nearly all the rest upon the cocks being well walked, and in good condition, both of body and plumage.

A well walked cock will strike harder, and fight in steel, with more vigor and success when he has been taken from his walk for three or four days, than one that has been ill walked, but has had all the improvement that feeding can give. For fighting in silver, moss trim, exercise, and physic are required.

A very proper and indispensable prelude to feeding of any sort, is the breeding up of cocks that will bear such a course of training as they are usually subjected to. Corn of the finest quality and of the easiest digestion—that which has been housed the ripest, presents itself as the food best adapted to the whole feathered tribe, though the habits of some lead them to devour animal food, fish, and other substances. But what is the condition of such birds? what their propensities? We need scarcely bestow a single thought upon the appropriate answer; and in that answer, will be found the impolicy of bringing up game chickens, as of training game cocks, upon raw meat, according to the general practice, (it is apprehended,) when worms are obtained with difficulty. Much better would it be to convert the meat into gruel, by means of artificial heat, in the same manner as anglers procure such worms, by the heat of the sun and the blowing of flies. For this purpose, (seeing that the worms would be mostly acquired early in the year,) some large blow-flies may be put away in autumn, and be raised from the dormant state by heat, so as to impregnate, (or blow,) animal matter in abundance; nor will they readily leave the genial retreat provided for them, though left at large, if they are sheltered from the action of the boisterous winds that prevail early in the year.

Exercise and good water appear to us primarily essential requisites in training cocks; and the walks provided for them should possess the means of obtaining both. As, in attaining the first mentioned, frequent runs will be re-

quired, the advantage of a field adjacent would mainly conduce thereto, so also conveniences should be provided for separating the quarrelsome from each other. This latter more especially, since the practice of permitting the stags and younger chickens to spar occasionally, will improve their wind, try their pluck, and reduce the quantity of fat which gathers round the gizzard, the heart, &c. in highly fed animals; beside, that when these bouts are over, if one does not give in or run under the other, they will be always at it, and must be separated.

Wherever the convenience exists of making a small streamlet of fine clear water, this course should be adopted in preference to using shallow pans that require frequent filling, which soon get muddied by the fowls walking over them, and the readiness of attendants to replace clean water instead, seldom keeps pace with the exploitation and wants of the game animals, which stand in need of much drinking.

Rules and Orders for Cocking, at the Cock-Pit Regal, Westminster.

"On the weighing morning, the person whose chance it is to weigh last, is to set his cocks and number his pens, both main and bye, and leave the key of the pens upon the weighing table, (on the other party, if he pleases, may put a lock on the door,) before any cock is put into the scale, and after the first park of cocks are weighed, a person appointed by him that weighed first, shall go into the other pens, to see that no other cocks are weighed but what are so set and numbered, provided they are within the articles of weight that the match specifies; if not, to take the following cork or cocks, until the whole number of main and bye cocks are weighed. And after they are all weighed, you are to proceed as soon as possible to match them, beginning at the least weights first, and so on; and equal weights or nearest weights to be separated, provided by that separation a greater number of battles can be made, and not otherwise; and all blanks, that is, choice of cocks, are to be filled up on the weighing day, and the battles divided and struck off for each day's play, as agreed on, and the cocks that weigh the least are to fight the first day, and so upwards.

"At the time agreed on by both parties to begin fighting, the cocks that are to fight the first battle are brought upon the pit by the feeders, or their helpers; and after being examined, to see they answer the marks and colors specified in the match-bill, they are given to the setters-to, who, after chopping them in hand, give them to the gentlemen who are called masters of the match, (who always sit opposite to each other,) when they turn them down upon the mat; and the setters-to are not to touch them, except they either leap in the mat, in such other, or get close to the edge of the pit, until they leave off fighting, so long as a person can count forty.

"When both cocks leave off fighting, until one of the setters-to, or a person appointed for telling the law, can tell forty gradually; then the setters-to are to make the nearest way to their cocks, and as soon as they have taken them up to carry them into the middle of the pit, and immediately deliver them on their legs, beak to beak, and not touch them any more till they have refused fight-

ing, so long as the teller of the law can count ten, unless they are on their backs, or hung in each other, or in the mist; then they are to set to again in the same manner as before, and continue it till one cock refuses fighting ten several times, or after another, when it is that cock's battle that fought within the law.

But it sometimes happens that both cocks refuse fighting while the law is telling; when this happens, a fresh cock is to be hoveled, and brought upon the mat as soon as possible, and the *setters-to* are to toss up which cock is to be set to first, and he that gets the chance is to choose. Then the other which is to be set to last, must be taken up, but not carried off the pit; then setting the hoveled cock down to the other, five separate times, telling ten between each setting-in, and then the same as the other cock; and if one fights and the other refuses, it is a battle to the fighting cock; but if both fight, or both refuse, it is a drawn battle. The reason of setting to five times to each cock, is, that ten times setting-to being the long law for one cock only, so on their both refusing, the law is to be equally divided between them, as they are both entitled to it alike.

Another way of deciding a battle is, if any person offers to lay ten pounds to a crown, (that is, if he is a person thought capable of paying when he loses, or one who stakes his money upon the mat,) and no person takes it until the law-teller tells forty, and calls out three separate times, 'Will any one take it?' and no one does, it is the cock's battle the odds are laid on, and the *setters-to* are not to touch the cocks during the time the forty is telling, without either cock is hung in the mat, or on his back, or hung together.

If a cock should die before the long law is told out, although he fought in the law, and the other did not, he loses his battle; for there cannot be a better rule for a cock winning his battle than killing his adversary in the limited time he is entitled to by cock laws.

There are often disputes between the *setters-to*, as also with the spectators, respecting their counting the long law, for often both cocks refuse fighting until four or five, or more or less times, are told; then they begin telling from that cock's fighting, and counting but once refused, but they should continue their number on, until one cock has refused ten times; for, when the law is begun to be told, it is for both cocks: for if one cock fights within the long law, and the other not, it is a battle to the cock that fought, counting from the first setting-to.

All disputes about bets, or the battle being won or lost, ought to be decided by the spectators; for, if the bets are not paid, nor the battles settled according to judgment then given, it will be good evidence in law, if an action is brought for the recovery of such bets. The crowing and mantling of a cock, or fighting at the *setter-to's* hand, before he is put to the other cock, or breaking from his antagonist, is allowed no fight.

The cocking season usually begins about Shrove-tide, and has an equal duration with that of racing; races being seldom held without the addition of cock fighting. There is, perhaps, scarcely a county in England, in which this sport does not prevail in some degree; but the Cock-

pit Royal, Tufton-street, Westminster, is the grand theatre. The battles commence there, each night, throughout the season, at a quarter before six o'clock precisely. We have had, in all times, some men of quality and distinction attached to this sport.

The fighting principle is by no means confined to the domestic cock, since other birds partake of it in a proportionate degree; for example, the pheasant and partridge, and even the sparrow and diminutive tom-tit! There is considerable analogy between the sports of the turf and the cock-pit. They are both derived from classical antiquity, and have, together, been patronized and perished for centuries, in this country almost exclusively; the chief exception, perhaps, being the native Hindoos, or inhabitants of India, who have, from the early ages, practiced this sport with their large breed of cocks. The game cock, like the race horse, is a fine boned, clean shaped, and symmetrical variety of the species, discovered by man from those outward and visible signs, to be properly adapted to those purposes to which they were consequently applied. Game fowls and race horses are kept rigidly apart from commixture with any other variety, since they being possessed of a peculiar intrinsic superiority, any alien or inferior cross must necessarily have the effect of destroying the integrity of the breed; in fact, of rendering it totally incompetent to its intended purposes. In one respect, there is a difference of opinion between the cock walk and the breeding stud. In the former, they make no scruple to breed in and in, that is, from the nearest affinities, putting the game paillets to their own use.

An aspirant of the laurels of the sod and cock-pit, when, from his natural penchant for strife and contention, for battle, murder, and sudden death, we can do no less than dub a *hero* by nature, born to defend his own dunghill,—must adopt the following fundamental rules, if he would ensure success and not subject himself to the painful and disgraceful necessity of retracting his steps. Let him seek and practice the best advice, provide the best breed of cocks, the best breeders and trainers, (houses, if he can find such;) and, without sparing any necessary expense in keeping, feeding, and training, let him bring them to the pit at the best age, and in the most blooming condition.

In the days of Charles II. and old Frampton, the get of Sotcract were all the ton. So many new best breeds, that is, fashionable changes of color succeeded, from that early period to the time from which we can date our first reckoning, that our allotted space would be insufficient for the bare catalogue.

Black cocks formerly contended for popular favor awhile, but without success; they have, however, bequeathed the legacy of a portion of their blood to the pit, as is proved by one of the present favorites, the black-throated red cock. This color has, however, found a rival in the Norwich or Gurney pied cock. Both colors have proved successful in country moines, and at the Cock-pit Royal, in the metropolis. Cocks are hoveled for battle with steel or silver spurs, and much, or by chance every thing, may depend on the judicious fixing of these spurs;

a thing to be determined by the mode in which a cock uses his natural weapons. An experienced cocker only, of course, can be on foot at this critical business, and his lesson will not be quite learned, unless he has witnessed a trial of the cock, and his peculiar mode of striking. Young cocks are called *stags*, and the bird is in his prime at two years old. A *Welch* main, in which the survivors continue to fight to the last gasp, until the last have no fellow combatant surviving to do him the final charitable office, must needs gladden the most heroic thirst of blood, even that of Cadwallader himself, were he in existence.

ST. GILES.

A chestnut colt, foaled in 1829, the property of R. Ridsdale, Esq.—*St. Giles* was got by *Trump*, out of *Arctot Lass*, by *Androssan*, son of *John Bull*; grandam by *Cramlington*, son of *Pigot*; great grandam *Floyerkin* by *Suide*; great great grandam by *Javelin*; g-g-g grandam, sister to *Toby*, by *Highflyer*—*Matchem*—*Dainty Davy*—*Sea of Mogul*—*Crab*—*Bay Bolton*—*Curwen Bay Barb*.

Trump was got by *Dick Andrews*, dam by *Gohanna*; grandam *Fraxinella* by *Trentham*; great grandam by *Woodpecker*; great great grandam *Everlasting* by *Eclipse*; g-g-g grandam *Hymus* by *Snop*; g-g-g grandam *Miss Belsea* by *Regulus*—*Barley's Childers*—*Hoaywood's Arabian*—*Dam of the two True Blues*.

PERFORMANCES.

NEWMARKET SECOND COLOUR MEETING, 1831.

Tuesday, October 18.—(First Class.)—Fifty pounds for two year old colts, 8st 4lb, and fillies, 8st 2lb.—T. Y. C.

Sir R. K. Dick's b. f. *Miss Mary Ann*, by *Truffle*, out of *Bella*, by *Brougham*—*Robusta* 1
Lord Chesterfield's br. f. *Katums* by *Alper*, dam by *Filho da Posa* 2

The following also started, but were not placed.

Mr. Ridsdale's ch. c. *St. Giles*, by *Trump*, out of *Arctot Lass* 4

Mr. Arnold's b. c. by *Truffle*, dam (*Clansman's dam*) by *Andrew* 0

Mr. Gratwicke's gr. f. by *Middleton*, out of *Jest*, by *Waxy* 0

Mr. Dilly's b. c. *Gratis*, by *Middleton*, out of *Lamia* (sister to *Quail*), by *Gohanna* 0

His Majesty's ch. c. by *Waterloo* or *Middleton*, dam by *Gohanna* 0

Lord Lowther's ch. f. *Mersey*, by *Partisan*, out of *Rivulet*, by *Rubens* 0

Mr. Batson's b. f. *Harquet*, by *Truffle*, out of *Saffi*, by a son of *Dick Andrews* 0

Colonel Peel's br. f. *Excentricity*, by *Bedlamite*, out of *Lady of the Lake*, by *Sorcerer* 0

6 to 2 against *St. Giles*, 3 to 1 against *Kittums*, 7 to 2 against *Gratis*, 10 to 1 against the winner.

BOUGHTON MEETING.

November 4th.—The Nursery Stakes of 25 sovereigns each, for two year olds.—D. M.

Mr. Dilly's *Gratis*, by *Middleton*, Set.—*Connolly* 1

Sir R. K. Dick's *Miss Mary Ann*, 8st. 3lb. 2
Lord Jersey's b. c. by *Middleton*, dam by *Merlin*,

—*Oscar*, 6st. 13lb. 2
Mr. Ridsdale's ch. c. *St. Giles*, by *Trump*, 7st. 8lb. 4

The following also started, but were not placed.

Duke of Rutland's br. c. by *Truffle*, dam by *Williamson's Dine*, 6st. 13lb. 0

Lord Chesterfield's br. c. (leather to *Nervus*) by *Centaur*, dam by *Eagle*, 6st. 10lb. 0

2 to 1 against *Lord Chesterfield*, 5 to 2 against *Lord Jersey*, 5 to 1 each against *Miss Mary Ann* and *St. Giles*, and 10 to 1 against *Gratis*.

NEWMARKET CRAGEN MEETING.

April 24th, 1832.—*St. Giles*, 8st. 2lb. (*Wheatley*), beat *Captain Ross*' br. f. *Lioness*, by *Tiresias*, out of *Emma*, by *Orrville*, 3 years, 9st. 6lb. R. M. 100, h. ft.

7 to 4 against the winner.

April 27th.—Handicap Sweepstakes of 10 sovereigns each, for two year olds.—D. M.

Mr. Ridsdale's ch. c. *St. Giles*, by *Trump*, 8st. 5lb.—*Wheatley* 1

Mr. Gratwicke's gr. f. by *Middleton*, out of *Jest*, 7st. 8lb. 2

Duke of Richmond's gr. c. *Canadian*, by *Middleton*, out of *Duchessie*, 7st. 12lb. 3

The following also started, but were not placed.

Mr. Thornhill's b. c. by *Emilius*, out of *Sal*, (sister to *Sam*), by *Scud*, 8st. 5lb. 0

Lord Lowther's ch. f. *Mersey*, by *Partisan*, 7st. 3lb. 0

Lord Exeter's ch. c. by *Mountebank*, dam by *Wesol*, 7st. 3lb. 0

Sir R. K. Dick's b. f. *Miss Mary Ann*, by *Truffle*, 8st. 10lb. paid

6 to 4 against *St. Giles*, who won easily.

EPSON.

June 7th.—The second year of a renewal of the Derby Stakes of 50 sovereigns each, h. ft. for three year olds; colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb. Last mile and half. The owner of the second horse received 100 sovereigns out of the stakes, and the winner paid 100 sovereigns towards the expenses of the police.—104 Subscribers.

Mr. Ridsdale's ch. c. *St. Giles*, by *Trump*, out of *Arctot Lass*—*W. Scott* 1

Mr. Vansittart's ch. c. *Perion*, by *Whisker*, out of *Darioletta*—*Boyce* 2

Mr. Ridsdale's ch. c. *Tristram*, by *Cannon*, out of *Emma*—*G. Edwards* 3

The following also started, but were not placed.

Mr. Gully's ch. c. *Margrave*, by *Muley*, dam by *Election*—*S. Day* 0

Lord Chesterfield's ch. c. *Non Compos*, by *Bedlamite*, out of *Zora*, by *Selim*—*Connolly* 0

Mr. Mills' b. f. *Kate*, by *Lapdog*, out of *Effie Deans*, by *Ashton*—*Paria* 0

Lord Exeter's ch. c. *Beirani*, by *Sultan*, out of *Miss Cantley*, by *Stamford*—*W. Arzoull* 0

Mr. W. Chifley's ch. f. *Emilius*, by *Emilius*, dam by *Whisker*—*S. Chifley* 0





M. GILES,

Mr. Blinn's b. c. Mixbury, by Catton, out of Harriet, by Pericles.—T. Lye..... 0
 Lord Mountcharles's b. c. Minister, by Catton, dam by Oreille.—H. Edwards..... 0
 Mr. Shad's b. c. Revealer, by Reveller, out of Enchantress, by Sorecerer.—S. Jaques..... 0
 Mr. Porth's b. c. Grant, by Middleton, out of Laminia, (sister to Quail,) by Gubanna.—Poeth..... 0
 Lord Exeter's ch. c. Spencer, by Salton, out of Dulcinea, by Cervantes.—Darling..... 0
 Lord Worcester's b. c. Haymaker, by Wrangler, out of Isabella, by Comet.—J. Robinson..... 0
 Lord Portmalington's b. c. Bedouin, by Trump, dam by Camillus.—F. Burkle..... 0
 Lord Lowther's b. c. Messenger, by Partisan, out of Nina, by Selim.—W. Wheatley..... 0
 Lord Lowther's b. c. Lazarus, by Partisan, out of Tricorne, by Dick Andrews.—J. Chapple..... 0
 Mr. Hunter's b. c. by Partisan, dam by Oreille, out of Fox Blossom.—S. Robinson..... 0
 Mr. West's ch. c. by Claude Lorraine, out of Angella, by Fyldener.—Callaway..... 0
 Lord Orford's ch. c. by Whisker, out of Selma, by Selim.—Kant..... 0
 Sir G. Heathcote's br. c. Damascus, by Reveller, out of June Shore, by Woful.—Wright..... 0
 Mr. Garratt's b. c. Wallace, by Sir Haldibrand, out of Birmingham Countess.—(Carried Set. 6th.)..... 0
 3 to 1 against St. Giles, 4 to 1 against Perion, 6 to 1 against Margrave, 15 to 2 against Affinity, 12 to 1 against Kate, 25 to 1 against Trustee, 25 to 1 against Affinity, 30 to 1 against Belram, 25 to 1 against Grant, 30 to 1 against Non Compos, and 50 to 1 against Damascus.
 After eleven attempts, the field, consisting of twenty-two horses, started, and, as soon as they were a little settled, George Edwards, as Trustee, took the lead, which he spiritedly maintained to Tottenham Corner; Kate second, Perion third, and Belram fourth, with St. Giles and Margrave at hand, Non Compos and two or three others tolerably well up. Here George Edwards took a glance of the race, and (finding that St. Giles was going the pace well) laid the whip into his horse, and brought them into straight running at a severe hot, thereby preventing any of his opponents from waiting upon St. Giles, and beating him for speed. This order of things went on to within a distance and a half, when Scott took a gentle and judicious pull, with which he went in a clever winner by a length and a half. Perion was second, beating Trustee about a neck, third.

THOUGHTS ON BLOOD HORSES.

(Continued from page 125.)

Subtle Management in general.—Owing to confusion—Trustee for the Telf.—Difference between the American and English Modes.—Racing—Bringing a horse round after a hard day.—Race Riders, hints to—Their different positions in the middle of the race or less distant to the hare, and an addition or diminution of weight—Showing and Placing—Proportion—Hedging—Hedging themselves and defects, &c.

It is to be presumed that the hair upon his body, neck, &c.

is by this time perfectly dry; this being the case, strip him, and with a currycomb (of the fine short tooth kind) go over his neck, body, arms, and thighs, as far down as the knees and hocks; next, wipe him well over with straw—now take your currycomb and brush, and brush him briskly all over, and lastly, rub and wipe him well with a clean dry woollen or linen cloth; (I prefer woollen cloths as rubbers even in warm weather, though many use linen;) now throw over him a sheet or blanket, as the state of the weather or season of the year may be, and lead him out to where there may be some litter thrown out near the stable, and turn him round upon it once or twice, to induce him to stale or make water, which the stable boys soon teach colts to do by whistling to them, and moving them a little too and fro; this done, take him back to his stall, put on his clothing, and secure them with a good body roller, and take off his bridle; now give him his breakfast, or 9 o'clock morning feed, and while he is eating it, chaff or rub his legs from the knees and hocks downwards, with a clean cloth or the naked hand, not omitting also to rub the knees and hocks; the skin on the knee pans and ceps of the hocks ought to be rendered pliable and free from adhesion. As soon as he has finished his feed of grain, shake up his bedding, give him his accustomed allowance of hay, and lastly, stuff his feet with a mixture of clay and fresh cow dung, equal parts, this is the common stuffing, but what I conceive equally efficacious and cooling, and much more convenient and cleanly, is to take wads of tow, wet them, and press them into the hollow parts of the feet, take a flat splinter of wood and lay across the foot, outside of the tow, letting the ends catch under the edges of the shoe, which will prevent the tow from washing out; it can be replenished with water as often as you please, and taken out without trouble whenever the horse goes to exercise, and as moisture is all that is to be required by stepping the feet, I consider it to be preferred; shut up the stable and leave him to rest quietly. This ceremony ought to be got through with, and the stable shut up by half past 8 o'clock in the morning, or 9 at latest.

About half past 11 o'clock return to the stable, put on the bridle, and lead him out to walk, and after walking about 10 or 15 minutes upon clean ground, give him, at once or twice, some water, keeping him walking while giving the water, and for about 10 minutes after it—this will occupy about half an hour—now take him back to the stable, strip him, brush him well all over, and rub his body well with a clean dry cloth—now put his clothes on again, and secure them well with the body roller; give him his noon feed of grain, and during the time he is eating it, occupy yourself by rubbing down his legs, and chaffing his knees and hocks—then give him his usual allowance of hay, and again shut up the stable. At 3 o'clock return to him, take off his clothes, give him a light rubbing, and wipe his body over with a cloth, now put on the blankets or sheet, (as the case may be,) which he wears during exercise, and his body cloth, or body part of his dress, and breastpiece, and throw the saddle on his back, give him his feed of grain, and chaff his legs while he is eating it; this finished, put on his hood and bridle, draw

the girths of the saddle sufficiently tight, and go out to exercise, allowing him to walk a full hour as already recommended, before you strike into a gallop, giving the same as also the other part of his exercise, with very little deviation from that of the morning, with this difference only; should the afternoon be warm, the length of the gallop may be curtailed a little, and the pace moderated. The walking exercise, and the process of watering must be gone through, as also the operations of washing legs and feet, cleaning, rubbing, currying, and brushing the body, rubbing and chaffing legs, &c. &c. without any variation from that of the morning, after which, and he has had his feed of grain, a good bed of straw given him, and his allowance of hay, shut up the stable; this ought to be done by 6 o'clock, or half after at latest. About 9 o'clock return to the stable, give him his feed of grain, and while he is eating, chaff his legs as usual, then give him his allowance of hay, shake up his bed, see that his body clothes are all in their proper place, and properly secured by the roller, and lock up the stable for the night. You ought to be in the stable a little before the break of day, when the first thing to be done, is to take off his night clothes or dress, then wash him well over, wipe his head and neck well; and put on the clothes he wears in morning exercise, regulating the warmth thereof by the weather, now give him his feed of grain which ought on no account to exceed two quarts; if a colt not to exceed one, or one and a half; rub his legs while he is eating, put on his hood and bridle, and the moment it is light enough to distinguish objects, go forth to exercise, and proceed in the same way you did the day previous, which continue for six or seven days, when you ought to give a sweat, for which you ought the day previous to prepare him, adhering to the following directions:—The morning of the day preceding that on which he is to sweat, let him have his usual exercise, and feeds of grain and hay, until his noon feed at 12 o'clock; after which give him little or no hay, to supply the place of which, and by way of relaxing partially the indurated contents of the stomach, send the afternoon and evening feeds of grain, and add some wheat bran, forming the same into mashies; let him have *nothing but exercise only in the afternoon*, as it is advisable not to heat him, or create thirst; shorten his usual allowance of water about one half this evening, and when you shut the stable up for the night, put on the setting muzzle to prevent his eating his litter. The next morning be with him as usual, before the break of day, and after brushing him over and adjusting his body clothes, give him a small feed of oats, and let him go out and walk for an hour or an hour and a half; when he returns to the stable, let him have his usual rubbing, currying, brushing, &c.; and after that, give him a little water, about a gallon, and another small feed, about two quarts of oats, (but no hay,) and put on the setting muzzle again, and leave him until about 10 o'clock. If you have other horses in train, you will before this hour have got through with the attention of the morning to them, and can take their groomers to assist, moreover, the sun will by this time afford some warmth to aid in your operation. Now after having swathed your horse's neck with four or

five yards of flannel and put another six or eight yards in length round his body or waist, put on two, three or four blankets, or more, according to the state of the weather; over these a large wrapping blanket, the ends or corners of which draw round the horse's breast and secure; over all these put on a body dress, breast-piece, and hood, generally reserving an odd one for this purpose, and finally, saddle him, and send him to the ground, (which ought to be soft, and if a little heavy, so much the better,) where let him walk for three quarters of an hour, or an hour; now, with a light weight on his back, let him strike into a slow gallop, and let him proceed at a gentle rate for three, four, or five miles, as may be required, until he sweats kindly, and you perceive it run down his arms and thighs, and drop under his belly freely, when, stop him, let the boy dismount, and lead him instantly into some building, or if none is at hand, under the lee side of some hedge or clump of trees, where he can be sheltered from the wind or cold air; take off his saddle, raise up his clothing, and with flat smooth pieces of wood, called scrapers, quickly scrape off the sweat, froth, and scum from his back, shoulders, hind quarters, and under the belly; wipe him over with a dry woollen cloth, and if you can draw out the blanket which was next his skin, and which must be wet, and supply its place with a dry one, it will be well. The execution of this job will require either five or three hands, viz.:—one to hold the horse by the head, and either one or two on each side to scrape and rub, and the whole operation ought to be finished in about three minutes. If you think he has not been sufficiently sweated, or if gross and short of work, you may let him go on again at a gentle rate, until he again sweats freely, after which, strip him, scrape him, and quickly wipe him over as before, put on his clothes, with a dry blanket or two next his body, and walk him home to his stable. It is much better to give him his sweat, provided he requires much, in two heats in this way, than to give it all at once, without stepping him in his gallop,—for two reasons; the one, that he will obtain relief as to his respiration or breathing; the other, that the hot perspiration, if allowed to remain on the surface of the body too long during the exercise, will (as also the blanket next the skin) become so over heated as to raise little blisters, or pimples over the whole body, and will have partially the effect of scalding water, so far at least, as to cause the hair in many places to peel off and create little sores. The mode of treatment which I have pointed out is not liable to this evil, and with proper care, is unattended with any danger of catching cold. Under an apprehension of the evil arising from catching cold, and the danger of exposing a horse by stripping him when in a state of perspiration, and throwing the same back upon the system while the pores were open; I ventured in several instances to differ from the common practice, and deferred stripping off his cloths until the perspirable matter ceased to flow and began to dry up; but experience convinced me that I was wrong; the consequence was, that in several instances the skin was in spots here and there scalded, and full of little blisters or eruptions, and generally clapped down tight, as though hide bound, indicative of in-

flumination. Under these considerations, and the experience which I have had of both modes of treatment, I recommend that the scalding perspirable matter be scraped off with a smooth wooden scraper, and the body wiped over with a dry woollen cloth, as soon as possible, after the horse is stepped in his gallop. When then home to his stable, let his legs be well washed as far up as the knees and hocks, or even above them, with warm water, nearly hot, or as much so as the horse can bear without scalding, and then wiped downwards a second or twice with a sponge. Let them instantly be swathed with flannel band-ages, from the hocks as far up as washed. He will exhibit signs of great thirst; therefore gratify him at once with half a pailfull of tepid water or gruel, or what is called by some white water; and after his head and body have been well rubbed dry with woollen cloths, put on him a set of dry clothing; give him a mash composed of oats and scalded wheat bran, equal parts. After he has eat it, you may give him another half pailfull of tepid water or gruel. Now litter him well down, give him a small lock of hay, shut up the stable, and leave him to rest quietly for two hours; at the expiration of which time his groen should return to him. The bandages should now be taken off, his legs well wiped and hand-rubbed, and a dry set of bandages put on. A lukewarm mash, composed of wheat bran or shorts, with a small portion of oats, (or what is much better, bran and barley meal scalded, less which has been put about a table spoonful of flour of sulphur, and about an ounce of pulverized niter,) should now be given him; another half pailfull of tepid water may also be offered him. And after his body has been well brushed over, lead him out of the stable upon some litter, and try if he will stalt or make water. Then take him back, shake up his bed, give him a little more hay, and again leave him to rest until it is time to give him his next feed, when he ought to have the bandages taken off his legs, and they well hand-rubbed. Then lead him out of the stable, and let him walk for nearly an hour. When he returns, give his head, neck, and body, the usual carrying, brushing and rubbing; wipe his legs well down, and hand-rub them, and put dry flannel bandages on them again. And should he exhibit any symptoms of fever, heaving in the flanks, or unusual difficulty of respiration, take two quarts of blood from the neck vein, and give him another mash, with another ounce of niter dissolved in it, or in his water. On the other hand, if nothing appears to be the matter, omit bleeding, and discontinue the mash; give in place of it his usual feed of grain, offer him a pail of tepid water, give him a moderate allowance of hay, and shut up the stable. About 9 o'clock, or just before you go to bed, return to him, and observe attentively whether he has any fever. Should symptoms appear, you must adopt the remedies which will be hereafter prescribed in such cases, when I come to speak about bringing a horse round after a hard day, or one that has been overworked; but if all appears well, you may give him a small feed of grain and a lock of hay, or whatever you think he requires to make him comfortable. Shake up his litter, and leave him for the night.

You may now be said to have fully entered upon your work, in the judicious administration of which consists the chief art of training. I shall, therefore, proceed to detail the mode and progress thereof, at this day most generally practised by those whose reputation stands high; and also endeavor to point out what I consider prevalent errors, and suggest some improvements.

On the morning following the day on which he was sweated, the present prevailing practice is to give him, at the termination of each of his gallops, what is called a *run*; that is, to let him come the last 400 yards, or about a quarter of a mile, at nearly the top of his speed, and in the afternoon of the same day, to give him nothing more than a walk, or at most a light canter. The second day after the sweat, to give his gallops at an easy rate, and on the third day to resume his full work, both as regards rate and distance. On the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh days, the same; (unless it be near the termination of the train, or the day of the race, when it is the practice of some to give these short runs every other day, but, generally speaking, they ought to be given every third day;) on or about the eighth day another sweat. This is the general routine of work, commencing with the first week's galloping exercise at a very moderate pace, and in distance not to exceed a mile; after which pull him up and walk a mile; then resume the gallop about another mile. These gallops are increased gradually, week after week, both as to rate and distance, until the first is extended to two or two and a half miles, and the second to about two miles; which is the longest distance deemed necessary for a horse intended to run heats of four miles, unless he be one of those requiring an extra portion of work.

It would be absurd to suppose that all horses are to be treated alike, in point of either work or food, or that they require to be sweated with equal severity, or to have the same as often repeated. This must depend on the age, constitution, and inclination to acquire flesh. I have known some, with whom it was absolutely necessary to go through this process of sweating every fifth or sixth day, and others that did not require it oftener than once in ten or twelve. How common it is to see every horse in a stable, whether young or old, craven, free going, washy and flighty, made to undergo the same daily exercise. Is it, then, a matter of wonder that one half of those put in train are knocked up and laid aside? But whatever be the extent of the exercise, let me remind you that feed must be proportioned to work, and work to feed, and that in regulating and ordering these necessary concomitants, the judgment and skill of the trainer is put to the test; for without the one, it is of no consequence how well he may be supplied with the other; and we may just as reasonably expect to see a dwarf surpass a giant in strength, as to see a race horse in condition without a long continuance of good food, good grooming, and strong work.

I have stated that the general practice is to give a run on the morning following the day on which the sweat was given; and although I have witnessed this custom to prevail with trainers, some of whom were men of science,

and very successful in their surf operations, I must nevertheless leave to differ with these gentlemen; while I at the same time admit that their long experience and success is entitled to the highest consideration. I will first state how far, or in what I differ, and then assign my reasons.

Instead of giving this run, as it is termed, the morning after the day on which the sweat took place, I would only give a walk (that meaning) for the space of two hours. In the afternoon of the same day give a light and easy gallop, the accustomed distance, such as would neither heat or cause him to sweat in the least. I would give a less portion of both water and hay that evening, and put on the setting muzzle when I locked up the stable for the night. The next morning, (which would be the second after the day of the sweat,) allow him but half a feed of grain, previous to going out; when I would give him at the termination of each gallop a run or brush in, of about a quarter of a mile, at something more than three quarters of his speed. In the afternoon of the same day his exercise should be confined chiefly to walking. If a gallop is given, it ought to be very light; but I should omit it unless he was short of work. The day following, which will be the third after that of the sweat, give his regular work. On the fourth, in the morning, the same. In the afternoon of this day you may give, if full of flesh or short of work, a fogging; that is to say, somewhat quicker work than usual, under an extra blanket; or you may, if the weather is warm, reverse it by giving the fogging in the morning, with light work in the afternoon. On the fifth, his usual exercise. On the sixth, the same, with this difference only, if near the latter part of his train, that you may let him go a little brisker occasionally, by way of a brush. On the seventh, his regular full exercise in the morning; but in the afternoon let his gallop be light, by no means such as to heat him or create thirst, as he is to undergo a sweat the day following, which will be the eighth day from that of his last sweat. Shorten his allowance of hay in the afternoon, and in the evening allow him rather a scant portion of water, and put the setting muzzle on when you leave him for the night. The next morning, being the eighth since the last sweat, treat him as already directed as to feed, water, walking, exercise, &c., and proceed to give his second sweat, adhering strictly to the instructions given.

The reader will readily perceive, that in what I differ from the present general practice, most essentially is, in not giving the run the morning succeeding that of the sweat, but deferring it until the second day thereafter; and in this deviation I cannot but think I am correct. If otherwise it remains to convince me that it is proper to give a sharp gallop, nearly, if not quite at the top of speed, with a horse's bowels relaxed and distended, the day and evening immediately preceding, with bran mash and a plentiful supply of gruel or tepid water; in one of which one or two ounces of nitre has in all probability been dissolved, and the like means used to allay thirst and guard against fever, which, after heavy sweats, sometimes shows itself. Every common groom knows that giving quick work or severe exercise to a

horse who has had his fill of water the evening previous, is contrary to season, and in direct contradiction of all rules and the general received idea of proper stable management. And there is no doubt, but that many a horse, by adhering to this method, has been hurried into a run, early on the morning following that of his sweat, not only with his belly full of water and soft feed, but before it was ascertained whether the sweat given the day previous was productive of any indisposition or loss of appetite. Whereas, had one day been allowed to intervene, any inconvenience resulting therefrom would have had time to show itself, and this run consequently omitted. Every man, the least conversant with training, or the care of horses subject occasionally to hard duty, knows that sudden and severe exertion is apt to throw the animal off his feed, if too often repeated, or carried beyond his constitutional stamina, or ability to undergo, from the want of being in sufficient condition; and that it often requires both time and skill to bring him again to his appetite, without which all quick and long work must cease. That heavy sweats are sometimes productive of this state of things, when injudiciously given, or to too great an extent, or the animal improperly treated during the same, or after having undergone it, cannot be denied. Such is the difference in the constitution and hardness of horses, that what would operate as a severe shock to one, would be met by another without the slightest inconvenience. If, then, the sweat from any cause has been productive of fever, loss of appetite, debility, or any other unwelcome result, can it always be discovered by break of day the next morning?—I judge not. How absurd, then, to give a repetition of exercise, and that, too, of the most violent kind, before ascertaining the effect of the potion already and so recently administered. Under these considerations, I must continue to believe it a more prudent course to defer giving this run, or any further violent exercise, until the second day. So much for sweats and runs.

We will now return to where I left the horse about taking his second sweat, on the eighth day, after that on which he had received the first. This having been gone through without any inconvenience, you may now, on the second day thereafter, (being the day on which you are to give the run,) increase the length of the first division of his gallop to a mile and a half, both morning and evening, continuing the second part of the gallop, as heretofore, to a mile. In other respects, give his work throughout the week as heretofore directed. On the afternoon of the seventh day prepare him for a sweat, and on the eighth day sweat him again. This third sweat being given, on the second day after it, give his run as heretofore, and increase the length of the second division of his gallop also to a mile and a half. Go on with his work throughout the week without any other deviation. On the afternoon of the seventh day again prepare to sweat, and on the eighth give it to him, which will be the fourth time of his having gone through this process; and the perspiration, which at the commencement was thick, frothy, and of a gammy adhesive nature, will now have become thin, and run off nearly as clear as rain water. Give

him his run on the second morning, and increase the first division of his gallop, morning and evening, to two miles. Let him have his usual routine of work throughout this week. On the seventh day prepare him again, and on the eighth give him his fifth sweat. He will now have been five weeks in galloping exercise, and if all has gone well, will be in condition to enable you to form some opinion of what is to be expected from him in point of speed, but not as to continuance, for he has as yet had nothing like a sufficiency of long and strong work to enable him to go distance; and hereafter bear in mind, that if you ever attempt to give a horse a trial of any distance like two, three or four miles, before he is in condition to undergo it, that you may despair of getting a good run out of him during that trial. Nothing is so destructive; and after being disappointed in the result, as you certainly will be, you may keep on with your training, and give trial after trial, and the odds are a hundred to one that he progressively falls off, in place of improving, unless he is one of those hard, iron-like craven animals, whose constitution is proof against every thing. But, to return to our horse. On the morning of the second day, after this fifth sweat, in place of giving the usual run, I would give him a trial of a single mile. It is to be presumed that you have other horses, or at least one other in train; (for it is dull business, as also attended with inconvenience on many accounts, training one alone); if not, procure one, and of that character that might serve as a trial horse, provided your own is young or untried. Now, after having allowed them to walk for about an hour, strip them naked, saddle them as for a race, put up their due weights, give them a fair start, direct the riders to do their best, and let them go a mile. You ought to be provided with a good stop watch, with second hand, and take the time correctly. If he performs in not to exceed two minutes, in this first trial, you may have hopes of him, as it is to be presumed he had on his common shoes; and the difference as to time, between shoes and racing plates, is, according to the best calculations and experiments, three seconds in a mile in favor of the latter; therefore, this would give him time with plates, 1 m. 57 s.—at which he could not be calculated upon as a winner, did you not expect him to improve; as it is done in these days in 1 m. 48 s. and 1 m. 49 s.; but this is very rare;—1 m. 50 s. 1 m. 51 s. and 1 m. 52 s. are more common, and will win four times out of five even upon courses noted for giving the quickest time. As you may calculate the time of your horse, supposing he had plates on, at 1 m. 57 s. you may reasonably look for him shortly to improve, (when he comes to have more quick work.) five or six seconds in a mile, and therefore consider him as worthy of further attention. In the afternoon of this day (having had his mile run) you give only walking exercise. His treatment, after this trial, need not differ from what you have been accustomed to give after his usual brushing gallops, except that you must remember to wash his legs with warm water, and swabbe them with flannel bandages; giving him some gruel or tepid water, and a single mash of steamed bran and oats, equal parts. Now increase the length of the first division of his gallop in the morning

to two miles and a half, leaving the second part, as also his afternoon gallops, as during the last week, at two miles each; and go on throughout the week with the same routine of work, and in the same ratio as heretofore directed; not omitting to give occasionally, on or about the fourth day after the sweat, a fogging, or a little brisker work than that of his every day exercise, and on the eighth day let him again have a sweat. He will now have been six weeks in galloping exercise, and will have had six sweats, and in condition, as we may suppose, to take a run of two miles, which ought now to be given, for the double purpose of putting him upon his wind, (or, as the English trainers would say, of "getting the length into him,") and of ascertaining whether he improves and what he is made of. Therefore, again on the second day after the sweat, having prepared him for a trial by currying his bay, lessening his feeds of grain after 12 o'clock one half, as also his water, give him, on the morning of the run, not more than two or three swallows of water, no hay, and only half of his usual feed of grain. Send him with your trial horse to the ground, and after they have walked an hour, strip them, wet the saddle cloths a little with a sponge, saddle them, put up their due weights, bring them up cool and evenly to the start, and let them go their best pace for two miles. If he performs it, with his common exercise shoes on, in four minutes, (the ground being in good order,) you may consider him as a horse of good promise; but I should have hopes of him should he even occupy 4 m. 4 s. this being his first run of so great a length. When he has been walked until cool, treat him as you would a horse after a race, in conformity with the instructions which I shall heretofore give. In the afternoon of this day you will, as heretofore directed after a run, give him only a walk. His exercise, throughout this week, ought to be similar to that of the last, with this difference only, that you may increase the first division of his afternoon gallop to two and a half miles also. Your daily work will now be carried up to the full extent given to a horse calculated to run heats of four miles, viz:—In the morning, after having walked an hour, gallop two and a half miles; then stop and walk one mile; next proceed with the second division of the gallop, two miles. In the afternoon the same, unless the weather should be very warm, when, in that case, you may curtail each part of his gallops half a mile, or allow him to go at a very moderate pace.

You have now arrived at full work, and by persisting in it with care and attention, for two weeks longer, your horse will be in order to engage in any race—even should it be one of three or four mile heats. Your exercise must now occasionally be given somewhat quicker. About every third day you ought to give a brushing gallop of about a quarter of a mile, up the stretch or straight run-in. This is the prevalent practice. But what I like better, especially for a horse calculated to run long distances, is, to let him go off moderately the first mile, at a common exercising pace, also, round the first turn or quarter of the second mile at the same rate; and as soon as he enters upon the back side of the course, or training ground, (which generally is nearly a straight line for a

quarter of a mile,) let him out, and cause him to go his best pace. As you enter upon the last turn or sweep take him again in hand, until he gets round it; and as soon as he enters upon the stretch or straight run-in, let him come home at a telling pace. I am satisfied that this mode is better calculated to give him wind, (and wind is strength,) and to teach him to go along at a steady rate, collected and regular in his stride, than when merely giving one of these short quick spurts of only 400 yards, which put every sinew to the test.

Should you find, that notwithstanding the exercise and sweats, (regularly given as directed,) your horse continues above himself in condition, and is too gross and full of flesh, and you are afraid to give him more severe exercise, on account of injuring his limbs, or taking away his speed, (things worthy of consideration,) give him one of the following alterative balls every week:

Take cinchona of antimony,.....	3 ounces.
Balsam of sulphur,.....	2 do.
Nitre in powder,.....	4 do.
Campdor,.....	1 do.

To be divided into ten balls. It also acts as a febrifuge after a severe day's work. Or you may take—

Floor of sulphur,.....	half an ounce
Liver of antimony,.....	do.
Nitre in powder,.....	do.

Mix and give for one dose daily for a few days, with occasional mashes. Its good effects will be soon visible.

After having been at work for seven or eight weeks, and we will say ten or twelve days after this last run or trial of two miles, you may want to ascertain whether you dare venture to back your horse in a race of four miles; or, should you be a subscriber to a poststake of that distance, you ought to find out if it will do to rely upon him. For whatever your opinion of his good qualifications on the score of endurance is, it may turn out erroneous—the only sure criterion is actual test. Therefore prepare him for the trial, as though for an actual race, as follows, which ceremony is known by the appellation of *setting a horse*.

I would deal out his hay with a spring hand for two days previous to the race, and on the morning of the day immediately preceding it, his exercise ought to be very light, and on the afternoon only a walk. I would not give him more than half of his accustomed allowance of hay during this day. At noon of this same day I would allow him his usual feed of grain; (but be sparing with water;) and when the stable was shut up, put on the scolding muzzle. At the next feeding hour, (which would be 3 in the afternoon,) let him have only about two thirds of his usual feed, and only a few bites of hay, given out of the hand. When he returns from his afternoon walking exercise, give him about half his usual quantity of water only; and after he has been rubbed and well cleaned, only about half his regular feed of grain, and two or three mouthfuls of hay. Put on the muzzle, and leave him until about 9 o'clock; now return to the stable, and let him again have about the half of a regular feed of grain, and after it, give from your hand, a few mouthfuls of hay;

put on the muzzle, be sure that it is securely fastened, and leave him for the night. The next morning, be with him a little before daybreak, give him about two quarts of grain; and after his legs have been well hand-rubbed, and his body also well wiped off, let him go out and walk for about an hour and a half—when he returns, and has been well cleansed and rubbed, give him about a gallon of water, and one quart of grain; we will suppose that your race is to take place at 1 o'clock, therefore at 11 o'clock, take him out of the stable, lead him round for about 10 or 15 minutes, take him back, now strip off his clothes, and rub and wipe him over with dry cloths, and put on the clothing and dress in which he is to appear on the course; give him another quart of grain, and after it one or two swallows of water, and no more. Now lead him out upon some litter, and endeavor to induce him to make water; take him back to his stall, and hand-rub his legs; after which, wait until it is time to go to the course, where you ought to arrive 15 minutes at least before the hour of starting, that you may lead him about and walk a little, and let him view the crowd, by which means, if a young horse, he will get over any agitation or alarm, which so great a concourse of people might at first occasion. We will now suppose, that in preparing your horse for the intended trial of four miles, that you have strictly adhered to the foregoing instructions, and with your trial horse, or the one calculated to run in company, are on the ground—all things being in readiness, and the due weight of each horse adjusted, strip and saddle without delay; give the riders orders not to wait for each other, but to make their best play; let them mount, and your stop watch being in readiness, give the word; his trial being over, treat him as you would, had he actually been engaged in a race, according to the instructions hereafter given. If he runs the four miles in 8 m. 8 s. in common shoes, equal to about 7 m. 50 s. with plates, this being his *first trial of four miles*, you may be proud of him, as he will doubtless improve with proper care and management; but should he take 8 m. 15 s. or longer, recollecting that he did his two miles on a former trial in good time, you may with propriety conclude, that the distance of four miles has proved too much for him; and that in all probability the falling off was in the last mile. Under these considerations it would not be advisable for him to engage at present in a race, beyond heats of three miles. I have now carried you through all the minutiae of a long and tedious training, according to our American system, with the exception of instructing you how to treat a horse after a hard day, or when over-worked, which I shall treat of when I come to speak of racing; and shall presently show in what the English mode differs from the American. But having introduced *planned bandages*, *hot water for legs*, and *gruel*, (things not used by any of our trainers,) I must first be permitted to make some observations upon their utility.

In America, the use of flannel bandages, when applied with hot water to legs, are scarcely known; and it is only within a few years past, that they have been brought into use in England. So great, however, has become the sense of their utility, that they are at this day

not only applied to the race horse, but have become an appendage to the clothing of hunters.

A writer in the English Sporting Magazine, over the signature of Nimrod, whose productions are entitled to the highest consideration, and attentively read by the whole sporting community, says:—

"When I first began to keep hunters, we knew nothing of those great restoratives in the stable, flannel bandages, hot water for legs, and grael; except in case of illness they were never thought of. An old writer on farrery, the Sieur Le Fosse, speaks of 'the great advantage of keeping horses' legs warm as preventing glanders and other accidents.' But it is only within these few years, that bandages have been applied as part of the clothing of a hunter; the benefit of which is in my opinion incalculable. By their use, circulation is kept up in those parts where it is apt to be most languid; and the practice of washing legs in very warm water, and swathing them in very large folds of muslin, takes off soreness and inflammation from blows and other injuries, which all hunters are liable to in a run over a strong country. Another advantage attending them is, that they admit of a horse being shut up in half the time it formerly required to mend him, which enables him to lie down and toll, which he will always do, if in a loose house before he gets stiff from his work."

If then, the use of these bandages and hot water, are of such essential service to the limbs of a hunter, how much more requisite must they be for the race horse, who is kept at galloping exercise, morning and evening every day, with little intermission, and sometimes put to quick and severe trials. Every person who has had to do with training for the turf, is sensible of the frequent and numerous occurrences which injure the limbs, and but too often render horses of the greatest promise useless as racers. Independent of permanent injuries, we may take into the account, windfalls, puffed and swelled locks, legs rendered sore to the touch, strained or swollen back sinews, and that kind of soreness, sometimes distinguished by the appellation of back-skin; all or a greater part of which, would in a great measure be prevented, or yield to the application of bandages and hot water, as prescribed. I do not wish to be understood, as directing their constant application, night and morning after the usual exercise, but when a horse has undergone a sweat, a buck-and-sharp run, trial gallop, race, or any extra work, I would on no account omit them, being sensible, that the greatest benefit is to be derived from their application. Experience having taught me, that they (as Nimrod says) "promote circulation, take off soreness, and prevent legs from swelling;" so all which, horses at high keeping, and strong work are liable.

While speaking of swelled legs, I will give you a remedy in case you should ever be so unfortunate as to have a horse in that predicament near the day of his race. I first met with it in a book published in England, in 1814, written by that celebrated sportsman, Colonel George Haager. For an account of this medicine, which in its nature is simple and innocent, and its effect quick and certain, I shall give Col. Haager's relation:—

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"About thirty years ago, when I was confederate upon the turf with my friend Mr. Robert Pigott when his celebrated horse Shark was at his best, Mr. Pigott trusting the whole conduct of his stables to me, I came some days before the meetings to try his horses and my own, and to see his horse Shark take his last sweat, before he ran with Lord Abington's Leviathan—for a very large sum of money we both had depending on that race. Shark went through his sweat, at the dawn of day, very well, and to my perfect satisfaction; after which he was taken home, fed, and locked up till 12 o'clock at noon.—At 12 o'clock when the trainer, Thomas Price, and myself came into his stable, we found all his legs swelled, his hind legs very much indeed, quite up to the hocks, and his fore legs considerably. I was much alarmed, and told Thomas Price to keep the door locked, 'that none of the boys might see the condition he was in, and that I would send a servant to Mr. Pigott to inform him, that he might get his money off.' Price said, 'sir, you are alarmed at that which is of no consequence whatever; horses' legs, after sweating, frequently fly, and I assure you I have had many horses more swelled than Shark is. Provided his legs are not fine by to-morrow night, I will suffer death—and to prove to you my sincerity, I will, if you will allow me, stand every shilling you have on the race, and I know you have a very large sum depending. I will give him something, which, by to-morrow night, shall make his legs as fine as they were yesterday.'

"You shall give him nothing," said I, "unless you tell me what the medicine is composed of."

"It is the most simple and innocent of medicines, sir; I will write it down for you, and you shall go yourself to the apothecary's and have it made up, and see it given to him yourself. It is this; one pound of nitre and a half pound of sulphur, [fear of brimstone,] mixed up into a noise with molasses."

"For Shark, I had it made with honey, being so valuable a horse, but I have never given it to any other horse except made up with molasses, and I look upon the honey and molasses to be as only vehicles to give the nitre and sulphur."

"Before one o'clock, I gave Shark a ball of it as large as a good sized hen's egg; at night another; the next morning another; and in the evening, about 5 o'clock another. At night when we shut the stable up, we could scarcely perceive that his legs were at all swelled, and at daybreak the next morning his legs were as fine as they ever had been."

"He had two balls given him the first two days, but only one every day after, until the day he started for the match, which was seven days after he had taken his sweat. His exercise was stopped only two days, during which time he was only walked, which I am convinced benefited him, for he was a delicate horse."

Col. Haager goes on to say, that he has since given these sulphur and nitre balls to some hundreds of horses both of the turf and road, with similar success; and I can with confidence assert, that, in the course of my practice, I have administered it to many of all classes, with the most beneficial effect.

Before I take leave of our American system of training, there is one practice I shall note, the discontinuance of which, I am led to believe, would be a further improvement. It is that of *harrassing* the horse at noon, when watered, with a walk of twenty minutes or half an hour. I say *harrassing*, as I am confident that between his morning and afternoon exercise, he requires every moment's quiet rest that the space will admit of, and were the time taken up by this walk, occupied in brushing him over, and hand-rubbing his legs while eating his grain, it would, independent of the unnecessary annoyance, be so much saved. I will be answerable, no doubt, that the horse requires to be stirred about to prevent the water, given him at this time, occasioning cold chills or the like. If the weather and water, are both cold, the chill ought to be taken off the latter, by the admixture of a little warm water. If on the other hand, the weather is warm, and you are compelled to resort to a cold spring or well, (which ought to be avoided if possible,) set a pail full of the water in the sun for half an hour previous to watering time, and every objection on the score of cold, or cold chills, will be removed. I would lead the horse out of the stable at noon, more to induce him to stale upon some later contiguous, than for the purpose of offering him his water, which may be given him if you please, while out, but the walk I would omit, if only on account of its inutility.

AN OLD TURFMAN.

(To be continued.)

THE ENGLISH TURF.

Having received accounts of some of the late meetings in England, we now give in detail those upon some of the principal courses.

LATEST STATE OF THE ODDS.

April 7.—The business since our last quotation has been principally on the Riddlesworth and Outlands, the interest on which is very considerable. For the Riddlesworth, the changes in the course of the week have been important. On the first, Lord Jersey's mare, Joanna, had taken the lead of Angelsea, and was backed with spirit. It would appear, however, that there is a "screw loose," for, on the fourth, she fell back to 3 to 1 and 7 to 3, with plenty of betters and no takers; in fact, she was only nominally in the market. Angelsea resumed his lead, and had lots of supporters at 2 to 1. Silvertail was also backed. The field for the Outlands is large, and the speculation extensive. Consol, Berium, and Lady Fly, are in most request; but Argent, Holce Poker, and the Mouse colt, are in favor with a numerous party; the handicapping is allowed to be very fair. Betting on the Derby has been confined to a few horses. Prince Llewellyn is now in W. Chifney's stable; a Mr. F., who is known to be in some way connected with the horse, took 2600 to 400 on the fourth, and offered to go on. Glascus, however, is so close on his quarters, that anybody will take 6 to 5 between them. Neither Revenge, Forester, nor Moses has been backed this week; nor has Emeline or Beave been mentioned for some days. The Landscape

colt is quoted at 20 to 1, and Nonsense has found several backers at 25 to 1. Nothing fresh on the Oaks, beyond a marked improvement in Weeper. No betting on the St. Leger. The odds up to the fifth were as under:—

RIDDLESWORTH.—2 to 1 against Angelsea, taken freely; 7 to 2 against Silvertail colt, taken; and 7 to 2 against Joanna, nominal price.

OUTLANDS.—7 to 2 against Consol, taken; 6 to 1 against Berium, taken freely; 6 to 1 against Lady Fly; 7 to 1 against Holce Poker, taken; 7 to 1 against Argent, taken; 7 to 1 against Mouse colt, taken; and 10 to 1 against Rounceval. 7 to 4 against Consol and Lady Fly, taken; and 2 to 1 on Consol against Lady Fly, taken.

DERBY.—6 to 1 against Prince Llewellyn, 13 to 2 taken; 7 to 1 against Glascus; 8 to 1 against Revenge; 11 to 1 against Forester; 15 to 1 against Moses' dam; 20 to 1 against Landscape; 23 to 1 against Twany; 25 to 1 against Nonsense, taken; and 25 to 1 against Beave. 600 to 400 on Revenge against Moses; 1000 to 25 against Glascus and Weeper winning Derby and Oaks, taken; 1000 to 30 against Llewellyn and Weeper for the same events, taken; even between six and the field.

OAKS.—8 to 1 against Weeper; 12 to 1 against Octave; 14 to 1 against Fanny Grey; 17 to 1 against Deception; 20 to 1 against Manilla, taken; 30 to 1 against Diversity; 25 to 1 against Tartarella; and 30 to 1 against Sister to Augustus, taken.

CHESTER TRADE CUP, P. P.—4 to 1 against Her Highness; 9 to 2 against Pickpocket; 5 to 1 against Clarion; 8 to 1 against Chester; 8 to 1 against Independence; and 14 to 1 against Giovanni. 7 to 2 against Mr. Beardsworth's two.

NEWMARKET CRAVEN MEETING.

Friday, April 12.—The Craven Meeting brought together a strong muster of the higher class of sportsmen, but not so full an assemblage of the "middle men" as might reasonably have been expected—in fact, the company was essentially aristocratic. This can only be accounted for by the general depression of the times; for, even with those who were present, the want of spirit and money was sufficiently manifest. Other things contributed to give a character of dullness to the races—the stakes, with scarcely an exception, were entirely destitute of interest beyond the moment; the three-year-olds mostly cut up indifferently, and the weather, to be in keeping, was any thing but favorable. The Craven Stakes on the Monday was conclusive of the extraordinary goodness of Camarine: she made running, and beat a field of eight horses without difficulty; it then turned out (thanks to the regulations for starting) that Fang (of whom the public heard enough last year) and Lady Charlotte had remained behind, and that consequently it was a false start—how easily the mare disposed of these poor creatures may be collected from our returns of the week. Our readers may probably recollect, that at the close of the racing season last year, we pointed out the exceedingly imperfect manner in which starting was managed at Newmarket. Something was done by the Jockey Club, with the intention (certainly not the effect) of improving it, for we find in the very first race a proof of the inefficiency either of the

starter or the rules by which he is or ought to be guided. According to the present system, if it be a false start, the starter has to ring a bell; now, every body knows, that in a short race the horses get away as fast as possible, and that if a strong wind meet them, they cannot hear the bell—such was the case on Monday with all but the two that remained behind. The only way to avoid a difficulty of this kind, is to let the starter have a flag, (as at Doncaster,) which he will hoist in case of a false start, to be answered by another, placed some distance in advance of the horses—thus, at times, when hearing would be out of the question, their eyes would enable the jockeys to ascertain whether the start was effective.—The RINGING-WORTH was of little interest, either intrinsically or relatively; the field was bad, and the winner (a gelding) is scarcely thought of for the Derby—it was the same last year and the year before. Weeper made some impression by her running on Monday, which she neutralized in her match with Clearwell on the following day; Clearwell's form is greatly improved, and the perfect ease with which he won makes Glaucus look uncommonly well for the Derby; it must not be forgotten that Weeper had run rather a severe race on Monday, and had done a good deal of work in private. Up to Tuesday night Glaucus had been backed strongly, and had taken precedence of the Welch horse; Revenge and Fosterer were in *stafos*; Landscape in advance of Moses, and Twatty in some force at 20 to 1. Nothing had been done on the Oaks or St. Leger. The COLUMB STAKES brought out a field of bad horses; it was a sharp race between Revvry and Durce, the former winning by only half a length; she is half sister to that "flying" nag Malibran, and probably has about as much chance for the Oaks as he had for the Derby; the race altogether does not say much for Lucius, nor, in fact, does it enable us to form a very high opinion of any of the three-year-olds that have yet appeared. Emeline won the ANDER DINNER STAKES in a canter, but the pace was so bad that we are unable to gather from it any opinion of his merits; he is a very fine colt, and goes well. In the course of this afternoon, the tenth, Emeline was backed at 16 to 1; Nonsense and Twatty were also in force. For the Oaks, Batton's mare jumped from 20 to 1 to 10 to 1; Weeper, Octave, and Deception declining; Malibran and Durce were talked of, but not backed. Blunderer was engaged in a plate on the 10th; no declaration of his being drawn was made till the ring was formed, and business done under the impression that he would start; there was, naturally enough, some grumbling at this; and we have no doubt that, had it occurred with "little people," some notice would have been taken of it, but "what in the captain is a cholerick wind, is in the corporal rank blasphemy." We have more than once alluded to occurrences of this kind; the evil is easy of cure, and ought to have been noticed by the Jockey Club before this. On the 11th, Lord Verulam's Derby colt, out of Tredrille, won his race very cleverly; he is remarkably neat and well shaped, and was much admired by some very good judges. Gen. Grosvenor's Falerina ran well in both her races; she is in the Oaks, and will, no doubt, be backed. The FOURTH CLASS of the Oaks had a se-

cond edition of the Blunderer business, with this difference—that it was still more outrageous.

On the 12th, a long afternoon's racing showed us a little more of the Derby favorite that had appeared in the earlier part of the week. Emeline was beaten, not very cleverly, by Angelsea, and an hour after beat the Pledge colt in a canter; as Pledge beat Angelsea in the Column Stakes, we are left in the dark as to the actual comparative merits of these horses—of their real merits there cannot be two opinions. At the same time, it should be borne in mind, that the heavy rains in the course of the meeting made the ground very sticky, and unfavorable for light or leggy horses. The two Oaks mares, Weeper and Octave, ran a close race the early part of it, they finish very quick; it was so near a thing, that we are induced to suspect neither has much chance for the stake at Epsom. Another filly in the Oaks, Tarantella, made a better out of it, and will no doubt be backed.—The Foar was a shocking burlesque on racing; Galata jumped off at a muddle, cut down her horses in a double quick time, and came in by herself, while the rest were scrambling along fifty yards astern. Galata at weight for age would be a troublesome customer for Camarine. The effect of this day's racing was to send Emeline from 14 to 1 with backers, so the outside; Angelsea obtaining so little credit by his victory that a great "book-maker" betted 1000 to 20 against him after the race. Weeper, Fanny, Grey, Octave, and Blue Eyes are out of the market. At the close of the week the odds averaged as follows:—

Derby.—6 to 1 against Glaucus, taken; 15 to 2 against Prince Llewellyn, taken; 9 to 1 against Revenge, taken; 10 to 1 against Forester, taken; 14 to 1 against Moses, taken; 14 to 1 against Triun, (Landscape colt,) taken; 20 to 1 against Twatty; 40 to 1 against Bravo, taken; 30 to 1 against Tredrille; 50 to 1 against Angelsea, taken. No prices quoted against Lucius or Emeline.

Oaks.—9 to 1 against Revvry, taken; 14 to 1 against Vell, taken; 15 to 1 against Falerina; 16 to 1 against Deception; 20 to 1 against Diversity, taken; 20 to 1 against Tarantella.

Of the many horses entered for the various stakes at the last Newmarket Meeting, twelve had "dead" added to the nominations.

Monday, April 8th.—The CHAUVEN STAKES of 10 sovereigns each; 2 years, 6et.; 3 years, 8et. 4lb.; 4 years, 8et. 13lb.; 5 years, 9et. 5lb.; 6 years and aged, 9et. 9lb.; A. F.—12 Subscribers.

Sir M. Wood's Camarine, 4 years, (James Robinson.) 1

Mr. M. Stanley's Lark, champion-like Camarine, 2 years, 2

Mr. Wagstaff's Fang, by Langar, 3 years, 3

4 to 1 on Camarine, who won in a canter by 4 lengths.

Previous to this there was a false start, in which Camarine and the following ran the whole distance: Mr. Vansittart's Rubini, 4 years, came in second; Colonel Peel's Malibran, 2 years, placed third; Lord Berners' Beother to Chapman, 3 years, placed fourth; Lord Exeter's Mizana, 2 years, placed fifth; Duke of Portland's Theban, 6 years; Mr. Hunter's Volage, 5 years; Mr. Cooke's

Driver, 3 years; and Mr. T. Wood's c. by Filbo, 2 years; Camarine won by a length easy. Lady Charlotte and Fang not having started, a fresh race was ordered, when all were down but these two and the winner; any odds on Camarine after the false start.

A HANDICAP of 10 sovereigns each, for 3 and 3 year olds; A. F. 22 Subscribers, Mr. Forth's colt by Whisker, out of Scandal, 3 years, 8st. 11lb. 1

Mr. Wood's Ambrosia, 3 years, 8st. 2

The following were not placed:—Lord Exeter's Byzantium, 3 years, 8st.; Mr. Mill's Kate, 3 years, 8st. 11lb.; Mr. Chifsey's Emilianna, 3 years, 8st. 10lb.; Sir M. Wood's Amesbury, 3 years, 8st. 10lb.; Sir R. Dick's Miss Mary Anne, 3 years, 8st. 5lb.; Mr. Houldsworth's Lady Barbara, 3 years, 8st. 2lb.; Lord Chesterfield's Olga, 3 years, 8st. 2lb.; Mr. Bateson's Banquet, 3 years, 8st.; Mr. Ley's The Hermit, 3 years, 8st.; Mr. Orville's Sister to Tom Thumb, 3 years, 7st. 11lb.; Lord Verulam's colt by Truffle, out of Tredrille, 3 years, 7st. 9lb.; Mr. Riddale's b. g. by Lottery, out of Swiss' dam, 2 years, 7st. 4lb.; Lord Berner's c. by Oscar, out of Tippettywitchet, 2 years, 7st. 4lb.; Mr. M. Stanley's ss. Lady Charlotte, 2 years, 6st. 12lb.; Colonel Peel's Frailty, 2 years, 6st. 12lb.; and Duke of Richmond's f. by Wambo, 4 by Marmion, 2 years, 6st. 9lb. carried 5lb. over weight.

5 to 1 against Kate, 5 to 1 against Scandal, 6 to 1 against Emilianna, 6 to 1 against Miss Mary Anne, 8 to 1 against Byzantium. Won easy by a length.

Forth's colt and Ambrosia made all the play, and finished first and second; Emilianna was third, and Lord Verulam's colt fourth. Winner rode by C. Edwards.

THE HOULDSWORTH STAKES of 200 sovereigns each, h. ft.; colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.; A. F. M.; 17 Subscribers.

Lord Jersey's c. Lucius, by Emilius, 8st. 4lb.; J. Robinson, 1

Lord Tavistock's c. Angleson, by Sultan, out of Mona, 8st. 7lb. 2

The following were not placed:—Mr. Wilson's c. by Chateau Margaux, d. by Partisan, out of Silvertail, 8st. 2lb.; was third; Mr. Houldsworth's Blank, by Lottery, 8st. 4lb.; fourth; and Lord Jersey's Joanna, by Sultan, 8st. 4lb.; 5th.

Betting—6 to 4 against Silvertail, 2 to 1 against Angleson, and 3 to 1 against Lord Jersey's two.

The only horses fancied were the Silvertail colt and Angleson, Lord Jersey having very few friends, and Blank none at all. The latter made the running at a good pace as far as the bushes, where he gave way; Angleson took it up, and with Lucius well laid up, kept his place till some one hundred yards from home, where the latter challenged, shook him off, and won in rather a slovenly manner by a length. There certainly was nothing like Derby running in it; Silvertail was a good third, but the other two were completely miled off.

THE DUNSTON STAKES of 100 sovereigns each, h. ft.; colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.; A. F.; 5 Subscribers.

Lord Chesterfield's f. Weeper, —Consolly, 1

Mr. Payne's c. by Wrangler, out of Miss Stephen-

son, 4

Lord Conyngham's Brother to Blythe, 3

Duke of Richmond's c. Ketchup, by Masses, out of Mactroun, 4

6 to 4 against Weeper, 6 to 4 against Brother to Blythe—won by a length closely.

SWEETSTAKES of 200 sovereigns each, h. ft.; colts, 8st. 4lb.; 7 fillies, 8st. 4lb.; D. M.; 6 Subscribers.

Lord Chesterfield's Brother to Marcus, walked over.

Match—100, h. ft. Duke of Portland's c. by Lottery, out of Pledge, 8st. 10lb. received from General Grosvenor's f. Pelucca, 8st., R. M.

Match—300 sovereigns, h. ft. Lord Litchfield's Mount-eagle, 8st. 4lb., received from Lord Jersey's Ishmael, 8st. 7lb.; R. M.

Match—200 sovereigns, h. ft. General Grosvenor's Glaucus received from Lord Chesterfield's Elvaston, 8st. 7lb. each; D. M.

Match—200 h. ft. Lord Litchfield's f. by Sligo, out of Portrait's d. received from the Duke of Grafton's Cymbal, 8st. 4lb. each; D. M.

Tuesday, April 9th.—SWEETSTAKES of 100 sovereigns each, h. ft.; for colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.; foaled in 1830; R. M.; (3lb. allowed, &c.) 6 Subscribers.

General Grosvenor's b. f. Palerina, by Chateau Margaux, 8st. 4lb. 1

Duke of Grafton's ch. c. Fidalgo, by Sultan—Trotter, 8st. 4lb. 2

Mr. Mallon's Bessie to Kitchin, Loping, 8st. 4lb. 3

Lord Jersey's c. January, by Partisan, 8st. 4lb. 4

2 to 1 on d. 3 to 2 on Fidalgo—won by a length—Trotter.

A severe race between the first three, and won by a head only. The winner was bought at Mr. Angenstein's sale for less than 200. J. Robinson rode the winner.

SWEETSTAKES of 150 sovereigns each, h. ft.; colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.; R. M.; 3lb. allowed; 6 Subscribers.

Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. Despot, by Sultan, 8st. 4lb., T. Robinson, 1

Mr. W. Chifsey's f. by Emilius, out of Shoreiller, 8st. 10lb. 2

Lord Exeter's b. c. by Sultan, out of Marinella, 8st. 4lb. 3

PRODUCE SWEETSTAKES of 100 sovereigns each, h. ft.; colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.; D. M.; 3 Subscribers.

Mr. Stoebeher's ch. f. Chamilly, by Gustavus, out of Vell, 1

Lord Exeter's c. by Sultan, out of Maximella, 2

6 to 4 on Chamilly. Won by a length—rode by Robinson.

THE OATLAND'S STAKES of 50 sovereigns each, h. ft.; D. 1.; 15 Subscribers.

Mr. Heaster's Rosencival, 3 years, 6st. 12lb., Nat. 1

Duke of Cleveland's Trustee, 3 years, 7st. 9lb. 2

The following also started:—Mr. Walker's Consul, 4 years, 8st. 10lb.; Lord Exeter's Boissac, 3 years, 8st. 11lb.; Mr. Gully's Lady Fry, 3 years, 7st. 3lb.; Lord Burlington's br. c. by Bizarre, out of Mouse, 3 years, 7st. 6lb.; Mr. Wilson's Argent, 3 years, 7st. 2lb.; Mr. Gully's Hoker Puke, 3 years, 7st. 2lb.

After repeated fluctuations, the odds at starting, averaged as follow:—7 to 2 against the Mouse colt, (taken;) 9 to 2 against Hoker Poker; 5 to 1 against Trustee, (taken;) 5 to 1 against Consul; 6 to 1 against Beirum, (taken;) 10 to 1 against Rouncival, and 10 to 1 against any other. After the first quarter of a mile, Lady Fly made running, if running that can be called which scarcely amounted to a gallop; Rouncival was pretty handy till near the turn of the lands, where he went to the front at an improved pace; at the Duke's Stand his success was certain—Beirum, Consul, Mouse, Lady Fly, and Trustee, severally making an ineffectual attempt to get up. Trustee stood the longest and came in second; Consul, notwithstanding the great weight he carried, was close on the quarters of the latter; Lady Fly being also so well up with him, that the judge could not place a third; the others were terribly astern. Mr. Hunter is a great winner, having backed his own horse, and betted against the others to a large amount.

Sweepstakes of 100 sovereigns each, h. ft.; colts 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.; A. F.; rising 3 years, and got by stallions which never covered at a higher sum than 10 guineas, gross, the fee excepted.—7 Subscribers.

Mr. Hunter's gr. c. Forester, by Gustavus,—received forfeit.

Of the six that paid, two were by Gustavus, one by Catton, one by Camel, one by Chateaux Margaux, and one by St. Patrick.

Match—200 sovereigns, h. ft.—T. Y. C.

Lord Orford's gr. c. Clearwell, by Jerry, 8st. 7lb.

W. 2 to 1

Lord Chesterfield's f. Weeper, 7st. 11lb. 2

6 to 1 on Weeper.—Won by a length easy.

This match showed a considerable improvement in the horse, and neutralized the mare's race on Monday; we should suppose that her forte is a long distance rather than the T. Y. C.

Wednesday, April 18th.—The Column Stakes of 50 sovereigns each, h. ft.; colts 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.; R. M.; (3lb. and 5lb. allowed, &c.)—15 Subscribers.

Mr. Batsen's f. Reveller, by Reveller—Hamlet, 8st. 4lb.—Nat. 1

Lord Chesterfield's f. Dircé, by Partisan—Antelope, 8st. 4lb. 2

Mr. Stoneybrow's c. Toby, by Tarnar—The Witch, 8st. 4lb. 3

The following were not placed: Duke of Portland's c. by Lottery, out of Pledge, 8st. 4lb.; Lord Exeter's f. Mantilla, 8st. 4lb.; Lord Tavistock's c. Anglesa, 8st. 7lb.; Mr. W. Chifney's h. f. by Emilius, out of Shorel, 8st. 4lb.; and Mr. Wilson's c. by Chateaux Margaux, dam by Partisan, out of Silvertail, 8st. 2lb.

3 to 1 against winner, 7 to 2 against Dircé, 5 to 1 against Anglesa, 6 to 1 each against Toby and Pledge colt, and 10 to 1 against Silvertail.—Won by half a length.

Subscription Plate of 50 sovereigns, for two years old, 7st.; three, 8st. 7lb.; four, 9st.—T. Y. C. Subscribers paying 4 guineas, non-subscribers 6 guineas entrance.

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Sir M. Wood's ch. c. by Partisan, Sister to Scheme, 2 years.—Paris. 1
Lord Berners' ch. f. by Oscar, out of Camerine's dam, 2 years. 2

The following were not placed:—Mr. Gully's Ceres, 2 years; Mr. Robert's h. c. by Sultan, out of the Whig's dam, 2 years; and Lord Exeter's brother to Beirum, 2 years.

6 to 5 against winner, 2 to 1 against Ceres, and 8 to 1 against Lord Berners' f. Won by a head. Ceres broke a blood vessel in running. Winner named Contriver.

The Aston Dinner Stakes, of 200 sovereigns each, h. ft.; colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 5lb.; A. F.—Those by untried stallions, or out of untried mares, allowed 3lb.—9 Subscribers.

Lord Exeter's c. by Sultan, out of Emeline, 8st. 7lb.—Darling. 1

Lord Litchfield's f. by Sign, out of Miniature, 8st. 5 to 2 on the winner. Won by a canon.

A Sweepstakes of 30 sovereigns each, 20 ft. for two year olds.—D. M.

Col. Peel's Malibran, 6st. 12lb.—Nat. 1

Mr. Turner's Lady Charlotte, 8st. 5lb. 2

Mr. Ridsdale's Emperor, 6st. 10lb. (carried 2lb. over weight) 3

Eens on winner, 7 to 4 against Emperor, and 4 to 1 against the Lady. Won by half a length. Two paid.

Bildesdon Sale Stakes of 100 sovereigns each, h. ft.; colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.; bred by Mr. Wilson. D. M.—5 Subscribers.

Colonel Peel and Mr. Payne divided the forfeits; Mr. Heary withdrew his stake.

Sweepstakes of 100 each, h. ft., for colts, 8st. 7lb.; and fillies, 8st. 5lb.; out of mares that never bred a winner. D. M.—3 Subscribers.

Col. Peel's h. f. Malibran, by Whisker,—received forfeit.

Match—200, h. ft. Gen. Grosvenor's Glascus received from Lord Exeter's c. by Mountbank, out of Ada, 8st. 7lb. each.—R. M.

Thursday, April 11th.—Sweepstakes of 100 sovereigns each, h. ft.; colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—5 Subscribers.

Mr. Stonebrow's Toby, and Mr. Thornhill's f. by Merlin, out of Surprise, divided the forfeits.

Match—200 sovereigns, h. ft. D. M.—Lord Tavistock's c. by Sultan, out of Phantom, 8st. 7lb., received from Lord Chesterfield's f. (dead) by Whisker, out of Chapeau de Paille, 8st. 4lb.

Match—100 sovereigns, h. ft., R. M.—Gen. Grosvenor's Palerina, 8st. 3lb., (Arnall,) beat Mr. Crosby's Temperance, 8st. 7lb., easily.

5 to 4 on Palerina.

Sweepstakes of 200 sovereigns each, h. ft.; colts 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 5lb., D. M.—5 Subscribers.

Lord Verulam's c. by Sultan, out of Tredrille—Canaally. 1

Lord Worcester's c. by Zealot, dam by Canterbury. 2

Duke of Grafton's b. c. Fidalgo, by Sultan, out of
Toucan

6 to 5 on *Tredrille*, and 7 to 4 against Fidalgo. Won
by three quarters of a length.

Sweepstakes of 30 sovereigns each, 20 ft., for two year
olds.—T. Y. C.—6 Subscribers.

Gen. Grosvenor's Falcena, 6st. 7lb. (carried 6st.
12lb.)—N. A.

Mr. Payne's c. by Wrangler, out of Whiteboy's
dam 6st. 10lb.

Sir M. Wood's Drumhead, by Camel, 7st. 12lb. 3
2 to 1 on Mr. Payne's colt. Won by a length clearly.

Handicap Sweepstakes of 15 sovereigns each, 10 ft. for
two year olds.—T. Y. C.—5 Subscribers.

Duke of Richmond's Ketchup, by Moses, 7st. 12lb.
Pavis.

Mr. Cosh's Temperance, 7st. 12lb.

General Grosvenor's Felucca, 7st. 6lb.

Mr. Fort's c. by Sultan, d. by Wobab, 6st. 2lb.
5 to 4 against Ketchup, 2 to 1 against Mr. Fort's, 3 to

1 against Temperance, 4 to 1 against Felucca—won
by three lengths.

Match—200, h. ft. 8st. 3lb. each.—T. Y. C.—General
Grosvenor's f. Blue Eyes, J. Day, beat Lord Verulam's f.
by Sultan, out of Manille, in a canter.

The forfeit Class of the Oaks, of 10 sovereigns each—
D. L.—13 Subscribers.

Mr. Kirby's Dinah, by Champagne, 4 years, 7st.
12lb.—Connolly

Duke of Grafton's Oxygen, by Emilia, 4 years, 8st.
7lb.

Chiffney weighed for Emancipation, and went to the
stable to saddle—the ring was formed, and a good deal of
business done at even on Emancipation; 2 to 1 against
Oxygen, and 5 to 2 against Dinah; nor was it known
that Emancipation would not start till the race had actually
commenced! The odds were then in favor of Oxygen.
There was some confusion and not a little grumbling.
A fine race, and won by a neck. The winner is a York-
shire bred mare of feeble pretensions.

The Claret Stakes of 200 each, h. ft.; colts, 8st. 7lb.;
fillies, 8st. 2lb.—D. L. The second horse to save his
stake—8 Subscribers.

Duke of Cleveland's Trustee—Chiffney.

Lord Conyngham's Minister..... 1
Lord Exeter's Beiram..... 2

Mr. Gullis—Margrave..... 3
New on Twister, 3 to 1 against Beiram; 5 to 1 against

Margrave, 7 to 2 against Minister.

The Claret was not more remarkable for the beauty of
the race, than for the extraordinary skill displayed by
Chiffney and Robinson. The running was chiefly made
by Beiram at a good pace, till just past the Duke's stand,
where Robinson, on Minister, who was then lying second,
drew upon him, Chiffney hatching close at their heels; at
the ropes the three were together, and here Chiffney, by
one of those formidable rushes for which he is so celebrated
(and which, owing to the delicate manner in which he
may be said to nurse his horse, are so frequently success-
ful) obtained a slight advantage over his opponents, main-

tained it, and won a short neck, but not without a pretty
liberal use of the spur. Margrave was amiss before the
race, and was only started *pro forma*. Beiram was not
beaten half a length.

Produce Sweepstakes, of 100 sovereigns each, h. ft., for
foals not born on the 16th February, 1835. Colts, 8st.
7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb. (Untried mares or untried stall-
ions allowed 3lb, but only one allowance.) No Course
mentioned.—3 Subscribers.

Mr. Scott Stobbever and Mr. Thornhill divide the
foetus.

Friday, April 12.—Sweepstakes of 25 sovereigns each.—
T. Y. C.

Lord Verulam's Tredrille colt, 3 years, 8st. 7lb.—

Connolly..... 1
Mr. Coby's Giantess, 3 years, 8st. 1lb..... 2

2 General Grosvenor's Blue Eyes, 2 years, 8st. 12lb. 3
Won by two lengths.—4 to 1 on Blue Eyes.

Sweepstakes of 100 sovereigns each, h. ft., for fillies, 8st.
4lb.—D. M.

Duke of Richmond's, by Whalebone, out of Miss
Craven's d. Bona..... 1

Mr. Vanstatter's Elisena, by Whisker—Darioletta... 2

Lord Lowther's Scary, by Partisan, out of Scorch 3
Won by a head.—Even on the winner.

Handicap Stakes of 10 sovereigns each, for two and three
olds.—T. Y. C. The winner to be sold for 50 sove-
reigns if demanded, &c.

1 Duke of Richmond's f. Sierra, by Wamba, 2 years,
7st. 10lb.—Pavis..... 1

Mr. Coby's Giantess, 3 years, 8st. 7lb..... 2

Duke of Portland's Will Scarlett, 3 years, 8st. 12lb. 3
2 to 1 against Sierra, taken; 3 to 1 against Will Scar-

lett; 4 to 1 against Giantess. Won by a length.

Subscription Plate of 50 sovereigns for 2 year olds, 8st. 7lb.;
3 years, 8st. 5lb.; 4 years, 8st. 13lb.; 5 years, 9st. 4lb.;
6 years and aged, 9st. 8lb.—D. M.

Lord Litchfield's Gab, 4 years—Amull..... 1
Mr. Gardner's Ida, 4 years..... 2

The following also started: f. by Breeze, out of Har-
ross, 2 years; Cedipus, by Emilia, out of Pastille, 2
years; Alice, 2 years; Landrell, 5 years; Brother to
Kate, (5lb. over weight,) 2 years; Coroner, aged; Mini-
ma, 2 years; and Diana, 4 years. Only two placed; won
by a length.

4 to 1 against Gab; 4 to 1 against Landrell; 5 to 2
against Diana; 5 to 1 against Alice; 7 to 1 against

Minima.

The Post Stakes of 100 sovereigns each, h. ft., for colts
and fillies not named in the Claret; colts, 8st. 7lb.;
fillies, 8st. 4lb.—T. M. M. The owner of the second
horse to withdraw his stake.

Lord Exeter's Galata—Darling..... 1

Sir M. Wood, ns. Emilia..... 2

Lord Stradbroke, ns. Archibald..... 3

Mr. Batson's Mixbury..... 4

Lord Lowther's Messenger..... 5
7 to 2 against Galata; 7 to 2 against Emilia; even
on Archibald; 5 to 1 against Mixbury. Won by
twelve lengths.

Sweepstakes of 100 sovereigns each, h. ft., for colts, 8st. 7lb.; and fillies, 8st. 4lb.; rising 3 years old.—D. M.
 Lord Tavistock's ch. c. Anglers, by Sultan, out of

Monna—Robinson 1
 Lord Exeter's c. by Sultan, out of Emeline 2
 Duke of Grafton's b. c. Diana, by Sultan, out of d. of Derris 3
 Lord Chesterfield's c. Elvaston, by Sultan, out of Piquet 4
 5 to 2 on Emeline. Won by a neck.

Sweepstakes of 100 sovereigns each, h. ft., for fillies, 8st. 9lb.—D. M.

Mr. Cooke's ch. f. Tarentella, by Trump, out of Katharine—Wright 1
 Lord Exeter's b. f. by Sultan, out of Augusta 2
 Mr. W. Chifsey's b. f. by Emilius, out of Shovel 3
 Won by a neck. Won in a canter by three lengths.

Sweepstakes of 100 sovereigns each, h. ft., 8st. 6lb.—D. M.

Lord Exeter's by Sultan, out of Emeline—Nat. 1
 Duke of Portland's c. by Lottery, out of Pledge 2
 5 to 4 on winner. Won by two lengths.

Sweepstakes of 100 sovereigns each, h. ft., 8st. 4lb.—D. M.

Lord Chesterfield's f. Weeper, by Wolf, d. by Cervantes—Nat. 1
 Duke of Grafton's f. Octave, by Emilius, out of Whizig 2

The Ale Stakes of 100 sovereigns each, h. ft.; colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—D. L. The winner to be sold for 400 sovereigns; the owner of the second horse, &c.

Lord Berner's br. c. by Emilius, out of Rotterdam—J. Day 1
 Lord Lowther's Lazarus 2
 Lord Exeter's Spencer 3

Won by half a length; the winner claimed for the Duke of Rutland.

Match. Lord Orford's gr. c. Clearwell, by Jerry, received ft. from Lord Chesterfield's Brother to Marcus, 8st. 7lb. each—R. M.—200, h. ft. Lord Verulam's f. by Sultan, out of Manille, rec. ft. from Mr. Vassian's b. f. Raffle, by Lottery, out of Slight, 8st. 4lb. each—D. M.—100, h. ft.

CATERPILLER BRIDGES.

Wednesday, April 10th.—The Craven Stakes of 10 sovereigns each; two years, 8st.; three, 8st.; four, 8st. 9lb.; five, 9st.; six and aged, 9st. 4lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3lb.; mile and three furlongs.—7 Subscribers.

Lord Kelburne's ch. f. by Whisker, out of Pa-celle, 2 years 1
 Mr. Walker's b. f. Lestre, by Swiss, 2 years 2
 Hon. T. O. Powlett's br. f. by Whisker, 3 years 3

The Richmond Club Stakes of 20 sovereigns each, 10 ft. for yearling fillies, 8st. each one mile.—5 Subscribers.

Sir R. K. Dick's b. f. Miss Margaret, by Acton, out of Bella 1
 Mr. Smith's br. f. the Window Seat, by Jerry, out of Decision 2
 Mr. S. L. Fox's ch. f. by Blacklock, out of Mrs. Fry 0

Mr. Salvin's b. f. Isabella, by Lottery, out of Pri-cera, by Comet 0
 Produce Stakes of 25 sovereigns each, h. ft.; colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.; 3lb. allowed, &c.; two miles.—12 Subscribers.

Mr. S. L. Fox's b. f. Tesane, by Whisker, (3lb.) 1
 Mr. Stephenson's br. c. Roussea, by Blacklock, (3lb.) 2
 Mr. Jaques' ch. f. by Swiss, out of Comedy, by Comet 3

Thursday, 11th.—The Old Stakes of 10 sovereigns each, for three year olds; two miles.—5 Subscribers.

Mr. W. Crampton's br. c. Satan—Johnson 1
 Mr. Metcalfe's b. c. Partner, by Whisker 2
 Sir R. Dick's Allegro, and Mr. J. Mills' b. c. by Trump, not placed.

Two year Old Stakes of 25 sovereigns each; colts, 8st. 3lb.; and fillies, 8st. Y. C.—12 Subscribers.

Mr. Whitlock's b. c. by Lottery, (allowed 3lb.) 1
 Duke of Leeds's b. c. by Blacklock, dam by Octavian, (3lb.) 2

Mr. S. Fox's b. c. by Figaro, (3lb.) Mr. Harrowsmith's Riddman, and Mr. Jaques' f. by Wanton, were not placed.

The Yearling Stakes of 20 sovereigns each, weights as last; one mile.

Mr. G. Crampton's br. c. Mellenstein, by Cori-thian—Johnson 1
 Mr. Metcalfe's b. c. Monitor, by Wanton 2
 Sir R. Dick's Miss Margaret 3

ENGLISH SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

UNPARALLELED STEEPLE CHASE,

OVER SIX MILES OF THE WARWICKSHIRE COUNTRY, BETWEEN MR. GERALDINSON'S GREY GELDING, GRIMALS, AND COLONEL CHARLIE'S GREY GELDING, NAPOLEON, FOR ONE THOUSAND POUNDS.

Sir,—I shall endeavor to describe to you, for your Sporting Magazine, the history of one of the most finished performances, in the way of steeple chasing, that I ever yet witnessed—and over the most brilliant and happy country that could possibly be presented to the eye of a sportsman—a country replete with every description of fence—very tastefully watered with most magnificent brooks—one of which, at all events, I believe, impracticable to any horse, that ever wore a bridle—but certainly, so formidable to face, that nothing but a right good man (and he must be a very audacious one, and a glutton) would have looked at it.

It was really phizic, for the more you looked at it, the nastier it was.

It may not be amiss to observe, for the instruction of some of your readers, not quite so experienced as the rest in sporting lexicography, that in speaking of a good man, I mean anything but a moral man, and that they will bear in mind, when we talk of a good man, we mean an out-and-outer, or a trump.

To return to the brook. The result of the last, (the river Lem,) though only looked as a brook, will carry

with it a pretty convincing proof of the nature of this aquatic expedition; but I must refer you to the two gentlemen themselves, Mr. Osbaldeston and Captain Becker, who rode as gallantly as ever two men did, for any information respecting the quality of the water, whether saline, mineral, or sulphurous. All I can say is—it was certainly a cold bath.

Before I enter on the detail of this steeple chase, I must hasten to express my unqualified admiration both of the men and of the horses.

Grimaldi's speed was too evident, to admit of Napoleon's having a chance, unless by superior fencing. That the latter is as formidable in the one as the other is in pace, is beyond the possibility of a doubt. Mr. Osbaldeston was quite awake to this, and, like a skilful general, judiciously availed himself of it, for he waited the whole way upon Napoleon, and could only at the end come in, a clear length, in front, always keeping his horse within himself, and capable of going by Napoleon at will, though the audacious manner in which Napoleon took his fences, rendered the speed of Grimaldi necessary to compete with his opponent.

I consider the riding of Captain Becker in this match to have been, without any exception, the most masterly performance ever exhibited in this country; and the gallantry displayed by this gentleman in charging the river, knowing, as he did, that he must be buried for a time with his horse, stands without a parallel.

Napoleon and he were out of sight for several seconds, and, of course, both completely under water. They both rose and got to the bank; the captain half drowned to appearance, mounted in a trice, and was at work again in a very few seconds.

Shakespeare, speaking of Harry Monmouth, then Prince of Wales, says:—

"I saw young Harry with his beaver on,
His carver on his thigh, gallantly armed,
Spring from the ground like leader'd Mercury."

Were I permitted to attempt a parody of these lines, I should say—

"I saw stout Becker, with his beaver off,
Snaking his drooping locks—gallantly soaked,
Spring from the bank like Neptune's minister!
Then, vaulted with such ease into his seat,
I thought that Cæsar had appeared again,
To guide Napoleon through his wild career,
And with the world, with noble harnessmanship."

The circumstance of the gentlemen, who were acting the lead, to sound the shore for Mr. Osbaldeston as he came up to take the river, prevents me from sounding the squire's praise so loudly as I might otherwise do. For, although no man could come more nobly to the charge—no modern or ancient Nimrod force his horse with more determined resolution into the stream, I consider that his friends have won the laurel from his brow, by standing at a particular spot, on the opposite bank, to show him the point of attack.

I beg leave, Mr. Editor, to submit to your consideration whether this proceeding of sounding the river for Mr. Osbaldeston, although very Christian like, was not excessively uncharitable. Of course I do not mean to be personal to Mr. Dick Christie. The country was selected by the umpires—T. Crommelin, Esq., for Colonel

Charlie, and Mr. Kench for Mr. Osbaldeston. The start took place precisely at one o'clock, in a field near to Berlingbury wharf, and the winning post was a red flag near to Danchurch windmill. The line was nearly a semi-circle, at the commencement, from the wharf to Gibraltar farm—which they were to leave on their left hand—thence to the village of Broadwell, across the brook, close to Hardwick bridge—thence to Bratt's farm, where they had to jump the river Lem. When the horses came to Broadwell, the last four miles were straight—the windmill being a conspicuous point throughout.

The conditions of the match were—that the riders might pass on either side of the white flags which were placed in the direct line; but that Gibraltar farm, where a red flag was placed, should be passed on their left. That at each of the two brooks two blue flags would be planted, between which they were to be taken.

Captain Becker's horse fell at the first fence, but he quickly recovered his seat, and took his line to the left, while Mr. Osbaldeston went away to the right. About three quarters of a mile from home they were close together, and on crossing the high road, Mr. Osbaldeston went away to the left, to avoid a double fence, which was in the line. Napoleon cleared this fence very cleverly, as he did everything in the race, with the exception of the first. Grimaldi refused several times, one near Gibraltar farm, when Mr. Osbaldeston was leading, (a double fence,) and with his chest knocked down the rail; Napoleon cleared it in his stroke. On coming out of the orchard, near to Broadwell, Mr. Osbaldeston had the lead, and maintained it, but his horse refusing a low stile, and afterwards some hurdles, allowed the captain to get away.

The superior speed of Grimaldi enabled him quickly to recover his last ground, and both horses cleared the fence together into the field, where the first brook was to be taken. Here, Mr. Osbaldeston, instead of passing between the flags, left them both on his right hand. Napoleon topped the whole in very grand and superior style, for independent of the brook, there was a hedge on the opposite side. At the place where Mr. Osbaldeston took the brook, a large gap was observed, and it was a matter of surprise to every one, why Mr. Osbaldeston should make this his point, and distinctly leave both flags on his right, (in defiance of the conditions of the match,) when there was plenty of room between the flags for fifty horses to pass abreast of one another. In about half a mile the river Lem crossed their line, where the majority of the spectators placed themselves.

To the infinite amusement of all assembled, both horses jumped into the middle of the stream, and for a few seconds were invisible. Captain Becker was the first remounted, though the last in, and the advantage he gained was considerable. He rode gallantly to maintain it, taking his fences without at all deviating from his line, but the superior speed of Grimaldi, and the easy line he took, close to the rode side, avoiding three or four very heavy fences, enabled him to win the race a clear length.

Napoleon proved himself, throughout the contest, the

better fence; but the very superior speed of Grimaldi always gave him the opportunity of recovering his ground. Much discussion took place at the conclusion of the race, in consequence of Mr. Osbaldeston's umpire asserting that Captain Becher had also passed on the wrong side of the blue flag. But this assertion was unsupported by evidence. Whereas the referee, Mr. Henry Robins, on returning to the brook, quickly established the fact, and stated it to both umpires publicly, that Captain Becher had taken the brook conformably to the conditions of the match, and that Mr. Osbaldeston had gone on the wrong side of the flag. The number of fences in the six miles was forty-four; the first brook was the thirtieth, and the river Lea the thirty-eighth. The whole distance was performed in twenty-one minutes. I cannot conclude my letter without observing, that it was a most unwarlike set on the part of Mr. Kenrick (Mr. Osbaldeston's umpire,) after the statement of the referee, to prevent Captain Becher from going to scale, unless Mr. Osbaldeston was permitted to do the same—because no ground of complaint existed against Captain Becher, whereas it has been indisputably proved that Mr. Osbaldeston was distanced. It was finally agreed that it should be a drawn battle, and that each should take back his stakes, and all bets on the match declared void—

"Post primum, rest in curiam."

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

AN EPISTOLARY OBSERVER.

Leamington, April 9.

STEEPLE CHASE AT OLNEY.

The pleasant little town of Olney was all bustle and confusion at an early hour on the 11th of April, to witness the steeple chase for fifty sovereigns, given by the gentlemen in the neighbourhood, added to which was a Sweepstake of £l. each. At the start, nine horses were entered; although there was not much betting, Mr. Bolton's was the favourite. Amongst the numerous groups of sportsmen were the Marquis of Abercorn, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Magnus, the Hon. G. F. Berkeley, Mr. Lorraine Smith, P. Brook, Esq., and numerous others. The thing was exceedingly well arranged by J. W. Talbot, Esq., and T. Hall, Esq.; the former selected the ground, and a more beautiful line of country could not have been chosen—the distance, four miles, was all grass, except one small ploughed field. At one o'clock, all being in readiness, they started from Herdend Green, and went to end in the beautiful meadows adjacent to the new bridge at Olney. The following started, and came in as follows:—

- | | |
|---|---|
| Mr. W. Price's br. h. by Filho da Pata. | 1 |
| Mr. J. Whitworth's ch. h. Magee. | 2 |
| Mr. L. Price's ch. h. Ringtail. | 3 |
| Mr. Moxey's bk. h. | 4 |

The following started, but were not placed:—Mr. Bolton's ch. h. Pigeon; Mr. Brook's h. h. Mr. Knight's bk. h. the Keeper; Mr. J. Whitworth's ch. h. the Miller; Mr. Herring's ch. h.—Mr. Herring rode the winner throughout with great spirit and judgment, and landed over both brooks safely, without a fall. Mr. Price's horse won from his amazing strength and power, and

will prove a dangerous customer to those who attempt to follow him for a day through. After the race, Mr. Berkeley took his hounds to Yardley Chase for the amusement of the greatest field of sportsmen that ever met, but unfortunately they had very little sport. A few of the right sort sat down to a most excellent dinner at the Ball Inn, provided in very fine style by Mr. Baker, the worthy landlord. Articles were entered into for a steeple chase next year, which is likely to become very attractive.

STEEPLE CHASE OF THE ATHERSTON HUNT.

On the 1st of April the prizes given by the Atherton Hunt were contested for by a good field of sixteen horses. The prizes were—40 guineas for the first horse, 10 guineas for the second, and two dozen of wine for the third. The day proved very wet, but the meeting (at Shuttlington Bridge, near Tamworth) was pretty well attended, and after a smart contest the race was won by a horse belonging to Mr. Borch, Oakley.

GREAT STEEPLE CHASE.

A SWEEPSTAKE, which had for some time been on the tapis, came off on the 30th of March, in the neighbourhood of Amersham, in the presence of a numerous assemblage of the higher class of sportsmen. The race was for 25 sovereigns each, 12st. each. The horses came in thus:

- | | |
|--|---|
| Mr. Anderson's gr. g. Arbutus, Mr. W. Weston rode. | 1 |
| Mr. Kent's gr. g. Jerry, Capt. Becher. | 2 |
| Mr. Fairlie's b. g. Antelope, Mr. W. Bea. | 3 |
| Lord Pembroke's b. g. Peveril, Mr. Anderson. | 4 |
| Mr. Munroe's g. m. Nell Gwynne, a noble lord. | 5 |
| Mr. Horn's ch. g. Zigzag, Mr. Mason. | 6 |
| Mr. Caldecott's ch. g. —, Mr. Fielding. | 7 |

Mr. Salloway's ch. g. the Daring Ranger, owner, came in second, but ran on the wrong side of the flags. The line of country selected, commenced in a field belonging to Mr. Allen, usually opposite the Pheasant Inn, at Chalfont; leaving Mr. Allen's house to the right, it crossed the road leading from Chalfont to Amersham, about a mile from the former place, into the valley; crossed a shallow brook, and, turning short to the right, ran alongside it up the valley, ending in a field close to Amersham. The last half mile was across a long meadow, without a single fence; the ground was light, the fences easy, the distance short, and the affair altogether more like racing than steeple chasing. The running, for the early part, was made by Nell Gwynne, which was admirably jockeyed; Jerry and Antelope next her; Bea making rather too free, and overrunning his horse. About half the distance, the winner and the Daring Ranger came to the front, Arbutus winning in the end cleverly. He was ridden with great coolness and judgment. Peveril was not far off; he was outpaced on the turf; but if the ground had been heavier, he would have been in better place. Antelope was the winner of the St. Alban's Sweepstakes, two or three weeks back; and the Daring Ranger bent a good field, in a similar contest, at Northampton, on the 23d ult.

The original place mentioned for this steeple chase was the rule of Aylesbury, but this was changed for Besconfield, and the place was admirably chosen by Mr. Medcalf and Mr. Stobbs, the umpires. The fixture was Chalfont, near the seat of Mr. Allen, who gave a hospitable luncheon to a large party of sportsmen and gentlemen.

TREMENDOUS RUN WITH THE BELVOIR.

Sir,—Being an admirer and supporter of your book, and living in a sporting country, I shall be happy now and then to give you a little sporting news, respecting the different parks I am in the habit of going out with: they are the Belvoir, the Borton, and the Collesmore. I believe no hounds in England, have had so good a season as the Belvoir hounds, and this is even admitted by the Miltonsians.

Lord Forrester is a first rate rider, and always with his hounds; and by his mild gentlemanly conduct, is a very popular sportsman. He has had perhaps three of the most extraordinary runs that were ever heard of. One of them occupied between three and four hours, in which they went from forty to forty-five miles, the greatest part of it in deep fen country. A friend of mine has procured me a copy of the different points, with some remarks from Mr. Willerton, of Swineshead, (one of the best and hardest riders in England,) who was the only gentleman that lived with the hounds during the whole of the day, the rest of the field, with myself, being beaten off the first hour. His supposed by sportsmen who know the country, that hardly another man and horse could do what Mr. Willerton and his horse did that day. I heard Goosey, the huntsman, speaking of it as the greatest feat that was ever performed, the distance run over, the nature of the country crossed, (it being all deep fen country, with about twenty of the enormous fox drains, measuring from forty to fifty feet across, with muddy bottoms and steep banks,) being all taken into consideration. I understand he swam the south Fort's-foot river, at a place between fifty and sixty yards across, and forty feet deep, with bad landing on the far side. I will now proceed to give you the best account that I can, of such part of the run as I saw, to which I will add such further particulars as I have been able to gather from Mr. Willerton's report, and on reading it, I think you will say, it was one of the most extraordinary affairs ever known in the sporting world.

On Tuesday, December 18th, 1832. The Belvoir or Lord Forrester's hounds, as they are generally called, met at Newton toll-bar, at 11 A. M., with a south-west wind, but rather inclining to cold. A numerous field was in attendance, it being the day of the county election, which had drawn the gentry together at Sleaford. A little before twelve the hounds were thrown into Falkingham-gorse, which, this morning held a celebrated varmint old fox, that for three seasons has beat this pack over the same line of country, and still lives to beat them again. Almost at the first dash of the hounds into cover—the cry, "away! away!" rang from all parts, and this gallant fellow (almost half as big again as any fox I ever saw, and very dark indeed) was viewed with his head set in the old line, and caused a cry of "now for the fens!" from

every one who viewed and recognized him. He went away at a rattling pace, with the hounds almost close to his magnificent brush, and all the field in ecstasies of delight, and passing Tharackingham-town-end, near the Lincoln road, on to Spanby and Swanion-bridge-end, turned by Thory Latimer for Cardike, up to which point Lord Forrester, Messrs. Charles and Robert Mannors, Mr. Hozam and a few other dashing riders were well up with the hounds, but the duke proved a stumper. Great was the consternation, when we came to look upon the muddy water, and contemplate. The hounds streaming away on the opposite side, running away from us like lightning. "Oh dear, what shall we do?" said one. "Is there a bridge near?" said another. "How shall we get over?" said a third. "How," says Mr. Willerton, as he dashed up, "why, I will show you," and before the words were well out of his mouth, his horse and he were floundering away in the middle. This was well enough to get in, but now that they had reached the opposite side, the thing was, for the gallant steed to extricate himself from the clayey bottom and rise the steep bank, which, after several desperate efforts, Mr. Willerton found he was unable to do; so throwing himself off, and keeping hold of the bridle, he managed to help him out, which having done, he remounted, leaving us all dumb-founded on the other side. Having seen the difficulty, no one attempted to follow; but we all made for a place that was fordable, and after losing a considerable space of time, we got round to the line, when divers were the inquiries as to which way the hounds had gone. "Straight away, and only one gentleman with them," was the answer; and we all put forward at the best pace, in the hopes of a check causing them to throw up an instant, so as to let us get up. A more formidable place than ever Cardike, however, shortly presented itself—neither more nor less than Helpingham Eau, a deep, bottomless drain, some fifty feet across. As we came up to the bank we saw Mr. Willerton cross this also, but the hounds were then out of sight. The second whip was the only one who followed Mr. Willerton's example, and with the exception of Goosey, and Mr. Tindie, who after riding some two hours and a half in the direction of Boston, came upon the hounds at last, none of us saw any more of the run.

Goosey just arrived as it was getting dark, and his hounds being then thirty-four miles from home, and in a strange country, he thought it prudent to whip off, which he did, and reached the kennel about half past one the next morning. The whip's horse came to a stand still, with his mouth open, shortly after crossing the Eau, a good deal of the steam having been pumped out of him, before he took it; during the last half hour, the fox was never more than ten minutes before the hounds, and latterly, they were frequently in the same field together. He is one of the coolest hands that was ever known; and after crossing one of the fen-drains, he was seen to go into a stock yard and rub his sides against a stack, starting off as soon as the hounds came within hearing. When they whipped off, he was not above five minutes before them, and took up his quarters that night, within two hundred yards of that place. He has been seen in

his old district since, and will doubtless catch it some of these odd days. I will now give you the different bearings of the run, as procured from Mr. Willerton.

Falkingham Course to Thackingham,	1
Thackingham to Spanby	11
Spanby to Swaton,	21
Swaton to Bridge End,	12
Bridge End to Thorp Latimer,	2
Thorp Latimer to Gorrick,	1
Gorrick to Home-house,	1
Home-house to Littleworth bank	12
Littleworth bank to Decoy House,	21
Decoy House to Six Hundreds,	21
Six Hundreds to Skerth,	1
Skerth to South forty-foot-bank,	14
Along the South-forty-foot-bank,	15
Cross the South-forty-foot to Swineshead North End,	14
Swineshead north-end, to Hammond-leek bridge,	2
Hammond-leek bridge to Hubbard bridge,	1
Hubbard bridge to Hammond-leek bridge,	1
Hammond-leek bridge to Baker's bridge,	1
Baker's bridge to Frampton End, within two miles of Boston,	1
Frampton End to Kirtan End,	1
Kirtan End to Swineshead Fen houses,	14
Fen houses to Pippen hall,	24

Miles 37

These thirty-seven miles are from point to point, without any turnings or crossings. The run was for three hours and thirty-seven minutes, with only three or four short checks; and considering all things, it could not be less than forty-five miles.

On Saturday last, I went to see a bet decided, between Captain Whyte, of the Ten Hazards, now stationed at Boston, and Mr. Willerton, the hero of this day, who had bet Captain Whyte, that his horse (South Hallander) would jump without hounds, over a fence (post and rails) four feet high, with a sixteen feet drain on the other side, the horse having to clear twenty-eight feet. The leap was to be taken out of a high road; and though the horse went at it in good style, and with even over apparent intention of taking it, yet when he came into the run, (there being a great number of horses, and foot people upon it,) he made a stop and took it standing, clearing the fence and water, but not getting upon the bank, and consequently lost his wager. He had been ridden over a double fence three times half an hour before, and at the first leap he cleared twenty-five feet, the second, twenty-seven feet, two inches, and the third, twenty-six feet, four inches.

CAPITAL RUN WITH THE WARWICKSHIRE HOUNDS.

On the 1st of April, this crack pack met at Wimpstone Bridge. The snow lying thick on the hills near the residence of the gallant master of the hounds, excited fears that the weather would not admit of hunting; and a strong muster of Nimrods assembled at the place of meeting, were for some time in a state of anxious suspense. About 12 o'clock, however, their apprehensions were dissipated by viewing Mr. Russell at a distance, hastening

at the rate of one hundred miles an hour (by comparison) to the appointment, and his arrival soon relaxed the chilly countenances of the field, into a bland smile of anticipatory enjoyment. The order was given to draw Galley Oaks; but not finding there, recourse was had to Preston Bashes, and in about five minutes as good a fox was found as ever crossed a country; he went away like a good one, continued his career like a good one, and died the same. His course was as straight and unflinching as it was fast: he went by Mickleton at a slapping pace; and although everybody got a good start, there were many absenders even at that place; and at Baker's Hill, about seven miles from the Bashes, the field became very select. Here there was a check for two or three minutes, which was most acceptable to every one. From Baker's Hill they went direct for Weston Park, which the fox ran through, and made an attempt over the stone walls in Gloucestershire; but his fiat was sealed; poor Reynard was obliged to return to the wood. As a last chance, he passed through a corner of Weston Wood a second time; and the hounds finally ran into him at Newcomb's White House, after a run of one hour and three minutes, as good and as fast as any sportsman could wish. There were about twenty-five up at the death—a most gratifying and rather surprising number in such an out-and-out run; the distance, as the crow flies, could not be less than fourteen miles; for the last five of which, some of the leading men rode without their hats. On the whole, the run forms a brilliant close to one of the most brilliant seasons of the Warwickshire hounds. The season commenced with some excellent sport, and within the last month this gallant pack has killed eleven out of fourteen foxes. Will Beall, as a young huntsman, deserves great credit, no man having brought a pack into a finer state of preservation than he has done the Warwickshire. Captain Russell will retire from the management with the esteem and respect of the whole hunt: his urbanity of manners, with the liberal spirit which has distinguished all his hunting arrangements, left nothing to be desired; and we cannot indulge in a happier aspiration than that the gentlemen of the Warwickshire Hunt may enjoy as much good sport under the auspices of the gallant captain's successor as they have done under his.

PIGEON SHOOTING.

THE great pigeon match for 100 pounds between Mr. Edge of the Manchester club, and Mr. Division of the Sheffield club, commenced at the Hyde Park Cricket Ground, Sheffield, on Monday last, 8th of April. There are to be two days shooting at a hundred birds each day. The first hundred birds were shot on Monday and Tuesday last, and the remaining hundred will be shot at the Enclosure, Hulme, near Manchester, on the 22d and 23d of April. The first day Mr. Edge was a-head six birds, having killed 21, and Deaton 15, out of 25 birds each. On the second day the shooting was excellent by both, Mr. Edge killing 24, and Mr. Deaton 23 out of 25, leaving Mr. Edge 7 birds a-head towards the next two days' shooting. Betting at Sheffield, before the match commenced, even, after the seventh shot, the

odds turned in favor of Mr. Edge, in consequence of Deaton having missed four and Mr. Edge only one out of the seven. Mr. Edge kept the lead to the last, and concluded the two days' work with seven killed birds more than Deaton. Betting on the event of the match, 2 to 1 on Edge. The weather was very favorable, and the ground was well attended by all the sportsmen in the neighborhood.

The match for the silver cup and cover (which was remarkable for its elegant workmanship) came off on Thursday, at the Red House, Battersea, and notwithstanding the storm, a large number of sporting men took place. The match was remarkably well contested, and eventually the prize was gained by Mr. Bloodworth killing all his birds but one. Between forty and fifty gentlemen afterwards sat down to a dinner. Previous to shooting for the cup, a match took place between an amateur and Mr. Gaynor, which seemed to excite a great deal of interest, and was decided in favor of the former.

GALLOPERS, the property of the late Mr. Riddell, was sold at Tattersall's on the 1st of April, for 1500 guineas, and will go to Mr. Day's stables at Ascot Heath, where he will doubtless be found a better trial nag for the Beave than either Temperance or Non Compos. He will be entered for the Eclipse Foot at Ascot, and the Cup at Goodwood. Last year he won the cups at Manchester, Leeds, (the Turcas at the same meeting,) and Doncaster, and was not beaten. He is likely to prove a formidable competitor for the cups, to Sir Mark Wood's famous mare, Camarine.

Lord Berners' horse in training will be sold in the Crimea and Spring Meetings at Newmarket. There are fifteen lots.—Mr. Beardsworth's stud will be sold at Birmingham, on the 17th April, Mr. B. declaring positively that he shall quit the turf. There are 17 horses altogether, seven of which won upwards of 20,000 pounds in stakes, in the course of three years.

COCKING.

A main of cocks will be fought at the Liverpool Spring Meeting, Maghull course, between Captain Hawkins, (Hines, feeder,) and Dr. Belyse, (Davies, feeder,) for ten sovereigns a battle, and five hundred the main.

A main of cocks was fought between Sir H. Goodricke, (Weighman,) and G. Walker, Esq., (Randall,) last week, which was won by several battles by Sir H. Goodricke. The main is renewed between the parties for Croston Park Meeting, 1834.

To be fought at the Royal Cock Pit, Little Grosvenor-street, Milbank, on the 10th of April, and three following days, a grand main of cocks between the gentlemen of Northamptonshire, (Potter, feeder,) and the gentlemen of Kent, (Shaw, feeder,) for 20 sovereigns a battle, and 500 the main; to commence fighting each day at 12 precisely. There will be a double day's play on Saturday; to commence at 12.

CANINE FANCY.

A MATCH took place at Redmond's, in the Borough, April 6, between two 9lb. dogs, for 5 pounds a-side.

One dog was well known.—Snapping Jack, who has won several matches, owing to the disagreeable curish way he has of snapping the dogs off; the other was a red pied dog, called Royal, the property of a Surrey fancier. After our hour's fighting, or rather snapping, the owner of the red pied dog gave in, not wishing to have his dog spoiled by such a *turnout* as Jack. The red pied dog proved himself an out-and-outter, for not one dog out of twenty would have stopped one quarter of the time, or have taken half the punishment he did from Jack.

On Tuesday next, at Roach's Pit, Crib and Turk will contend, at 34lb. each, for 10 sovereigns. This match excites considerable interest amongst the fancy.

On Tuesday last, the Spectacle dog, which was waited on by Roach, defeated the shaming Oxford dog Dick, attended by Mansfield, to the great astonishment of all present.

The second deposit for the match between the red pied dog, Buckley, and the Birmingham dog, Snaps, was made good on Tuesday, at the Sun and Sword, Cannon-street-road. The match will come off at Roach's Pit, on Tuesday fortnight.

NEW YORK RACES.

SPRING MEETING—UNION COURSE LONG ISLAND, 1833.

May 27th.—The concourse of people upon the Course, this day, was great, but I beg leave to differ altogether, with the representation made in some of our public prints, as to the number, more especially that of the New York Traveller, Spirit of the Times, and Family Journal, who says, "since the memorable contest which took place exactly ten years ago, this day, between *Eclipse* and *Henry*, there has not been known such a numerous attendance, and many estimated the crowd on Monday, as even greater than on that occasion." I had the pleasure of witnessing the race on 27th May, 1823, and am fully of the belief, that the spectators on that day were at least quadruple in number. And in October, 1825, at the great match between *Flirtilla* and *Ariel*, the attendance was also more numerous. At the *Eclipse* and *Henry* match the number on the ground was computed at not less than 50,000, at that between *Flirtilla* and *Ariel*, from 25 to 30,000. On Monday, the 27th May, 1833, there were about 1750 on the public stand, (we said the tickets sold,) and about 200 more on the Club Stand, to which add 50 for those at the Travellers or Club House, would give the number on all the stands 2000. It has heretofore proved, that the receipt of the stand, and that for the admission to the interior of the course, including carriages, horsemen, and foot passengers, have amounted to nearly the same sum; the charge for the admission of carriages and saddle horses, being so regulated, as to tax those whom they conveyed, about the same price as though they had gone upon the stand; for foot passengers half that price. If then the receipts on this occasion turned out in these particulars the same, or even near the same, which I

well know and have the best reason to know, they have heretofore passed, the number who passed through the gates to the interior of the course could not have exceeded 3000 (or 3500) at most. If we allow the number conveyed by carriages and saddle horses to be half the number which were on the stands, (which by the by I much doubt,) it would give for those 1000; say that the foot passengers, (according to the receipts at half price,) were double this number, viz. 2000; for grooms, attendants, and people who got in without paying, 500; making the aggregate 3500, which I judge to be pretty near the mark, and I should feel very safe in taking on a bet, that the receipts of the course tallied nearly with the foregoing, and that the number present did not at most exceed 3000. Moreover, many carriages that passed to the interior, and especially those belonging to members of the club, were in a great measure empty, many of those whom they brought having procured places upon one or other of the stands; and it must be allowed that a hundred carriages and double that number of horsemen, together with 2000 footmen, make a great show when paraded upon two or three acres. It will be remembered that at the time of both the Eclipse and Henry, and Flindlin and Ariel matches, the excitement, particularly prior to the former, pervaded the whole nation, from almost every corner of which, there were spectators; a match for \$50,000, was then a new and wonderful thing, and moreover, the course was not during either of these matches, as now, inclosed with a strong picket 9 feet in height, and a toll exacted from footmen. Horsemen and wagons from Long Island, were there in countless numbers, footmen, boys, and foot-women too, swarmed like locusts, and the city sent forth its myriads of white, black, and grey; along the whole line of the race track, a mile in circuit, was formed a noble line of spectators, every adjacent tree "groined under its load of human beings," and so condensed was the crowd adjacent to the start, that you might have walked over an acre or two upon their heads. To the Eclipse race, or even the Flindlin match, in point of the number present, the first day, Monday, of the present meeting, bears no comparison; but to return to the race.

Monday, May 27th.—The first thing, was a Produce Sweepstake at \$400 race, h. fl. for three year old colts, 100lbs.; fillies, 87lbs.; male heats, 7 Subscribers; two unares failed to produce, and two paid. The remaining three came to the post. Mr. Walter Livingston's b. c. Niagara by Northern Eclipse, dam going Round by Duroc, out of old Round by imported Messenger. Mr. Wm. Gibson's b. c. Milo by Monsieur Tossou, out of Meg Dods by Sir Archie, and Mr. Robert S. Stevens' ch. e. by Northern Eclipse, out of Lalla Rookh by Oscar, son of Gabriel.

1st Heat.—Milo took the lead, Niagara second; as soon as they were round the turn, Niagara made play and went up abreast of Tossou, who now made all the running he could; that Niagara had him, was evident, they went along the back stretch at a brisk rate. Milo kept the lead round the north bend, Niagara close up, in hand; it was here plain, that the Lalla Rookh colt had no chance on entering the quarter stretch, Niagara mend-

ed his pace and again looked Milo, who appeared to be "doing all he knew" when about 63 rods from the post, he made his run, and when opposite the 4 mile distance, turned up the soles of his feet to Milo, and came in ahead under a hard pull, in one minute and fifty-three seconds.

2d Heat.—Milo again took the lead, and went away at a lively rate, followed by Niagara; in going down the back stretch, Milo appeared to be trying with "game and stoutness" would do, he was "cut," Niagara three lengths in his rear, and the Lalla Rookh colt yet farther back and completely beat off; they went along at a slopping pace, Niagara having something to spare; when near the end of the north turn he closed; soon after entering upon the straight run home, he made running, passed, and came in three lengths ahead, hard in hand. Lalla Rookh colt distanced; time, one minute and fifty-three seconds.

3 to 4 on the winner—after the first heat 2 and 3 to 1, and no takers.

The next race was a Sweepstake (not of \$12,000, as some of the prints have got it, but) for 4 years old colts, 104lbs.; fillies, 101lbs.; \$4000 each; \$1000 fl.; 4 miles out—(3 Subscribers) I paid. Col. W. R. Johnson's gr. f. Blue Bird by Medley, son of Sir Hal, out of Coquette by Sir Archie, (not Coquette by Medley as some prints have it.) Mr. Walter Livingston's b. c. Terror by Northern Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot, (formerly Maria,) by Sir Archie, (not Lady Lightfoot by Eclipse.)

Blue Bird had the inside at the start, and led throughout the first round at a slow pace; on the back side of the course in the second round, Terror made a show of going up to feel her foot, the filly continued to lead; in the third round on the back stretch, Terror made an attempt to pass, but "could not come it" is going round the north turn the filly dropped him a length. The fourth round the filly continued to lead, and in sweeping round the north turn in this last mile, drew out clear 3 lengths; the horse was now completely beat, the filly continuing to drop him with some little in hand. Time, eight minutes thirteen seconds.

Blue Bird, you cannot run at all. Terror, you were (unsound when a foal) at no time fit to be brought to the post. 5 to 4, and 5 to 3 at one time on Terror, before the start.

Next came a Match for \$1000, 2 mile heats.—Mr. J. S. Seadiker's ch. e. Robin Hood, 4 years old, by Eclipse, 104lb.; Mr. A. Sherman's ch. h. De Witt Clinton, by Thornton's Rastler, aged, 120lb.

The word being given, Robin Hood led off, and made strong running from the start, De Witt Clinton keeping close to him; Robin kept his rate at a killing pace, going along in beautiful form, with a clean racing stroke; when they entered the straight run home, De Witt had something still left, he made a gallant push for the heat, showing great game, and came up rapidly; it was however too late to close, and Robin won by a length, in the astonishing quick time of 3 minutes and 44 seconds.

5 to 4 on De Witt before starting; after the heat and before they came to the scale even upon him, and looked freely to a large amount; when to the utter dismay of his friends it was announced that he had brought in short

weight by five pounds, and John A. King, Esq., the presiding judge, made proclamation of this fact, and that, by the rules of the Course, De Witt Clinton was distanced. Rumors unfavorable to both parties, but more especially to the owner of De Witt Clinton, were immediately raised; and as this case evoked great consternation, and a doubt still exists in the minds of some as to the correctness of the judges or the club in adhering to their decision, after the circumstances of the case came to be explained, we will here give to the public all the facts that transpired, as also the rule, practice and duty of the stewards or judges of the Newmarket Jockey Club, in England, as also that of one of the most respectable Jockey Clubs in America, that of the Central Course, Maryland, and having been solicited by several members of the club and other sportsmen, to give an opinion on the case, shall not shrink from the task.

Mr. King, as the ground upon which the horse was declared distanced, further stated, that it was the duty of the owners of horses, in all cases, to see that their riders were proper weight; it was their business to see that they carried the weight prescribed, or suffer the penalty imposed for the want thereof, which was that of being adjudged distanced. That to the judges alone belonged to see, that at the conclusion of the race, they brought it to the scale; that it was not for the judges to say, or to see, whether they had the weight at starting, but to ascertain that they had it on coming in, as proof that they had carried it; on the contrary, the being short of weight, at the end of the race, was conclusive that they had not carried it, a breach of the conditions, and presumptive evidence of fraud; therefore the penalty was imposed, and Robin Hood declared the winner. Mr. Sherman, the owner of the distanced horse, dissented to the decision, and had a hearing before the members of the club who acted as judges or stewards, as also some others of the members. Mr. Sherman stated, as the grounds of his dissent, that Mr. George Sharp presided or officiated at the scales, as the person who weighed the riders; that previous to the race, he (Sherman) came to the scales in company with Richard Jackson, who acted or officiated for him in making the necessary arrangements preparatory to the race, together with Andrew Bell, the person employed by him to ride, for the purpose of ascertaining the weight of said rider and his saddle, and of making the weight correctly which he was to carry, being 126 lb.; that Mr. George Sharp, one of the stewards of the course or judges of the race, and who acted as the weighing judge, and who assumed the direction of the weighing, was present, and took upon himself to weigh his rider, and assumed control over the scales; that the rider was weighed, together with a certain saddle which he had been accustomed to be weighed with, said saddle, together with his body weight, at all times prior thereto, made 126 or 127 lbs., being a little more than the weight allotted him to carry; that Mr. Sharp, who acted as the weighing judge, upon weighing said rider, pronounced him to be 11 lb. over his due weight; whereupon both he (Sherman) and his assistant, Richard Jackson, told Mr. Sharp that there must be some mistake, as the rider was exactly (the proper) weight

with that saddle. Mr. Sherman further said, that the rider in his "common dress weighed, with that saddle, only one pound overweight;" and Jackson asked Mr. Sharp permission to "balance the scales," in other words, to weigh the rider, as "he thought there was something wrong;" to which Mr. Sharp replied, that "the scales were right, and that Mr. Sherman must get a lighter saddle;" that thereupon, he (Sherman) procured another and lighter saddle, with which the rider was then a second time weighed by Mr. Sharp, who pronounced him still one pound over weight; that Jackson then told Mr. Sharp that there must be something wrong, and again asked for permission to balance the scales, that Sharp replied, that the scales were right and that it was none of Jackson's business, and that he, Jackson, had better withdraw or words to that import, in consequence of which Jackson went away and did not balance the scales. The rider further told Mr. Sharp, at the time he was last weighed with the lighter saddle, that he was afraid there was a mistake, to which Mr. Sharp replied, "boy go about your business, and mount your horse, you are a pound over weight." That the rider rode with the same saddle with which he was last weighed, and came in with the same, and that at the time of his being so weighed, that he had no other weights about his person, except what he was weighed last with, and carried, during the race, and brought in, and weighed with after running the heat. The foregoing embraces Mr. Sherman's position, in which he is supported by the affidavits annexed, of Richard Jackson, and Andrew Bell, the rider of his horse. Mr. King, the president of the club, and the other gentlemen who acted as judges, together with some few of the members who were present at the time Mr. Sherman gave his relation, in justice to Mr. Sherman, acquitted him from all charge of fraud or intention of the kind, that no censure could attach to the owner, that the error was unintentional, and wholly owing to a mistake in not giving the rider sufficient weight when placed in the scale previous to the start, nevertheless they adhered to their first decision, imposed the penalty, and adjudged the stakes to Robin Hood, and consequently all the bets upon De Witt Clinton, which were heavy and at long odds, lost. Mr. Sherman refused to pay over his stake, whereupon a resolution was passed, prohibiting him ever running a horse on that course, and also disqualifying the horse De Witt Clinton from ever running there again.* Upon examining this case, several material points present themselves for consideration:

1st. Was it the duty of the judges or stewards to see the rider weighed, and that his due weight was in the scale previous to the start? whether that responsibility, and any error committed in making weight was at the risk of the owner, and the consequences to be borne by him provided the rider was incorrectly weighed by the officiating judge or steward? what is the law of the turf, and the practice?

2d. Did the judges or stewards or any one of them, or other person acting by virtue of their authority, take

* Since which, Mr. Sherman has paid the stake, and the matter has been adjusted and the resolution rescinded.

upon themselves the duty of weighing the riders or the rider, who proved short of weight in the present race? did they or either of them assume the direction and control over the scales? did they or either of them actually weigh the rider and give him short weight? were they cautioned against it, and warned by the owner, his agent, or his rider, that they were committing an error? did the owner or his agent ask permission to examine into the thing, with the view, as then expressed, of discovering the error and correcting it? was he permitted by the judge or steward, who presided at the scales, to do so? did the judge or steward, who officiated at the scales, inform him that it was not his business to balance the scales, or see to weighing his rider, thereby giving to understand that, *that was the business of him the officiating judge at the scales?* did the judge or steward who officiated at the scales direct the owner of the horse or his agent, upon his wishing to ascertain that his rider was weight, to withdraw?

3d. Did the judge or steward who officiated at the scales, upon being told by the rider, after being weighed, that *he was afraid there was a mistake*, in reply, order him away? "boy go about your business and mount your horse, you are a pound over weight." Did he mount his horse with the weight thus allotted to him by the officiating judge at the scales, or with the knowledge of and through the instrumentality of said judge, and ride the heat with it as ordered? did he come to wish and bring the same weight to the scales?

4th. Did the error in making the weight lay with the owner or rider, or other person acting in behalf of the owner? or owing to their negligence?

5th. Was there any fraud on the part of either the owner or the rider?

6th. Did the owner of the horse, who thus carried short weight, have any possibility at any moment of winning? and vice versa, had the other party at any period during the trial any thing at hazard?

7th. Was it not under all the circumstances which transpired, a *false start*? ought it not to have been so declared in the true, honourable, and equitable sense of the case? and ought not the horses to have been ordered to run it over again?

I will now take up the points raised as above, in the order in which they present themselves. First then I will touch upon the duty of the judge or stewards, as to seeing the riders weighed. The printed laws of the English Jockey Club, of which the rules of the former Jockey Club, or New York Association, for the improvement of the breed of horses, so far as they relate to weighing, are in substance a copy, are silent as to weighing by the stewards before starting; the practice, however, at Newmarket, is, for the person appointed to officiate at the scales to see that the riders have their due weights before starting, and one of the stewards or person appointed attends there to see that the weights are in the first instance correctly made, after which, it is true, the judges are not accountable, but the rider of the horse, or the owner is, from the moment the rider is weighed; and having had his proper weight thus adjusted, it is his

business to take care of it, and return with it to the scale, before dismounting; *having had it, he cannot say he had it not*, and the excuse of having lost it, will not be received, if even really so; the negligence resting with him alone, he must pay the penalty; his coming in short of weight, is ground for a supposition of fraud.

The Maryland Jockey Club, in the rules which they have adopted for the government of the Central Course, not wishing to leave this matter in doubt, and aware I presume of the difficulties and unpleasant feelings it might occasion, have very properly pointed out specially, the duty of the stewards as to weighing both before starting and after he had; the 25th section of their rules, after specifying the weights to be carried, where no special agreement is made, goes on to say, "The judges shall see that each rider has his proper weight before he starts, and that they have within two pounds after each heat."

There can be no doubt but that the stewards or judges or some proper person authorized by them, ought to see that each rider is properly weighed before starting, and although the existing rules of the present club of the Union Course, may not fully embrace this point, and I believe they do not; yet they were a new organized body, what their rules and regulations were could not be precisely known to all who entered horses. And Mr. Sharp, one of the acting judges, (if Mr. Sherman, Jackson, or Andrew Bell, the rider of De Witt Clinton, are entitled to any credit,) having taken upon himself the weighing of the riders before starting, (I do not assert that he did only give what they affirm,) it was to be presumed that such was the rule, at all events such the then assumed practice; more especially as Mr. Sharp informed Jackson, when he wished to look into and correct what he was led to believe an error, that "it was none of his business, and directed him to withdraw;" told the rider after weighing him the second time, that he was still a pound over weight and directed him to mount his horse; unless this statement of Sherman, Jackson, and Bell, is utterly void of truth. Mr. Sharp put in force the practice of weighing the riders by the judges before the start, assumed the office and the control of the scales. No charge, therefore, on the score of negligence could attach to the owner of the horse. I repeat that I do not say that such was the fact, I am merely giving an opinion upon a supposed case.

If then Mr. Sharp, he being one of the stewards or judges, did officiate to weigh the rider before starting, and assumed the control of the scales to the pervocation of the owner of the horse or his agent to weigh or rectify any suspected error; the charge of neglect could not attach to Mr. Sherman, much less that of fraud, and it would come from the judges with very ill grace to say afterwards, you ought to have seen that your rider was weight before he started; it would be misrepresenting him, that he ought to have done what he was not permitted by them to do. The reply to that part of this question which inquires if the error in making weight and its consequences, was to be borne by the owner of

the horse whose rider was short of weight, provided the rider was incorrectly weighed by the officiating judge or steward; I think is plain. Was the officiating judge solely the agent of the owner of the horse which carried short weight? the principal would be bound by, and responsible for any act of his agent; but in this case he is the common agent of both parties, and as such, both are equally bound and responsible for his conduct, and the one shall not take advantage of it to the prejudice of the other. It would be allowing him to profit by his own wrong act, contrary to every principle of law or equity.

In reply to the second inquiry—it was insisted upon by Mr. Sherman, and what he advanced has been corroborated by the affidavits of Richard Jackson, and the rider of De Witt Clinton, that Mr. Sharp, one of the judges or stewards, assumed the office of weighing the rider before starting, and did weigh him, over weight as he said, but proved to be short of his due weight, that he controlled the scales, and the use of them, so far as to prevent those having the agency, on the part of Mr. Sherman, or the horse De Witt Clinton, from looking into and rectifying what they feared and intimated at the time was an error in the weight; that Mr. Sharp further observed, that it was not their business to ascertain or make the weight, thereby giving to understand that that was his occupation, and requested Jackson, when he wished to correct what he supposed to be a mistake in weighing, to withdraw; that when the rider expressed doubts as to the correctness of the scales, and the weight which he and his saddle made, when weighed a second time, that Mr. Sharp told him the scales were right, that he was a pound over weight still, *to go about his business and mount his horse.*

To the third inquiry, as to whether the rider mounted his horse, with the weight allotted to him, or with which he was weighed by the officiating judge, Mr. Sharp, as alleged by Mr. Sherman, rode through the heat with the same weight and bring it to the scale, we have the affidavit of the rider, in the affirmative.

The fourth inquiry is whether the error in making the weight lay with the owner or rider, or was owing to their negligence?—This is answered by the assertion of Mr. Sherman, in relation to the part Mr. Sharp took, by the oath of Jackson, and that of the rider, Bell,—if they are to be believed, neither error, concealment, or negligence can be attached to the owner of the horse.—Mr. Sharp officiating in the capacity of judge or steward, he had the directing power and the owner of the horse was bound to obey him. If he felt dissatisfied with his conduct, he could take exceptions to it, and had the right of appealing to a general meeting of the Jockey Club, convened by due notice; but for the moment he was in duty bound to submit.

To the fifth, it must be answered that there was no fraud intended by Mr. Sherman or his rider,—that he stands acquitted, and so declared to be, by the president, Mr. King, of any suspicion of the kind.

The sixth point raised, is whether the owner of De Witt Clinton, had any possibility, at any moment, of

winning? and whether the opposite party had any thing at hazard? This I consider a very material point, as it goes to the principal upon which wagers are made, the uncertainty of the result, thereby calling in question the propriety of directing one party to pay where he never had a chance of winning, and entitling the other party to receive where he had no possibility of losing; in this case the race may be truly said to have been determined before the horses started. The rule in this respect is, that where a man makes a bet upon a thing already decided, or where he runs no risk of losing, the bet is void,—upon principles of justice, he shall not receive where he could not be called upon to pay. Now, if the person who weighed the rider of De Witt Clinton, whether Mr. Sharp or another, through an innocent mistake, weighed him short of weight, and there was neither negligence or fraud on the part of the owner of the horse, his rider, or agents; it cannot be said that between the persons making the bet, there was any money depending upon an uncertain result, the uncertainty having been put an end to, the moment the error in weighing was committed.

The seventh point to be considered is, whether, under all circumstances, it did not come under the head of a *false start*, one in which one party, without the neglect of the other, obtained an undue advantage, by an unintentional circumstance, in which the other party had no agency, and on that account, ought to be run over again.

But I may be told that Mr. Sharp, although one of the judges of the race, or stewards of the course, had nothing to do with seeing the riders weighed before starting, and that his assistance was merely gratuitous, and therefore did not take the responsibility off the owner of the horse, such a position is not tenable. Whether Mr. Sharp was authorized to weigh before the start, or not, I will not inquire into; it is enough that he was one of the stewards or judges, and as such *assumed that authority*, and the control of the scales. The owner of the horse was bound to submit to him, and not to dispute his act; every thing he did, was, and ought to be considered official; if any act of the steward's was permitted to be called in question or disobeyed by the owners of horses on the spot, there would at once be an end of all order.

If the advantage was unintentionally occasioned by one of the stewards, judges, starters, or other person acting officially, then justice was not done, and it ought beyond doubt to come under the head of a false or foul start, and go for nothing.

The judges, or the starter, have the power to recall a *false start*, where, owing to accident, any of the horses do not get off, or if they do get away, not in a manner affording all a fair chance.—Now let it be asked if De Witt Clinton got away in a manner affording him any chance,—he went off with short weight, and he came consequently to the scale with short weight; he was decreed to pay the penalty of being distanced,—here, however, it was admitted was no intentional fraud, a pre-supposed case of that nature, therefore, did not exist, the charge then becomes narrowed down to that of negligence or error; negligence on whose part? certainly not on that of Mr. Sherman, the owner of the horse, or his

assistant, Mr. Jackson, or Andrew Bell, the rider; unless all they have set forth is discredited. They attended at the scales to see the rider weighed, and when he was weighed, they expressed their doubts, all three, as to the correctness of the scales, or of the weight as made, and wished to examine into it: here was no concealment on the part of the owner, or even a disposition to take advantage of any error made in weighing, by the person who assumed that task, he wished to discover it, and rectify it, but was not permitted by one of the stewards or judges; it was his place to submit, and he did so. Negligence certainly could not be carried to his account,—if he, Jackson, or Bell, speak truth, error on his part could not be, for he was not permitted to commit any; here then we have a monstrous case, a horse pronounced distanced because his owner did not weigh his rider properly, when at the same time he was prohibited from weighing him, or even discovering the cause of that which he at the time gave notice as apparent to him, short weight; and the error or omission for which he is now decreed to lose, and the other party profit by, committed by the joint agent of both. I confess I was at a loss to discover for what the penalty of being distanced was imposed, unless, contrary to his avowal, the owner of the horse weighed his own rider, and consequently took upon himself the responsibility of making weight. If this then was the fact, his being declared distanced was correct; but in that case, Mr. Sherman must have made a false representation, and Jackson and Bell taken false oaths,—it is not for me to say which, I however repeat, that if the latter was the fact, the decision was correct. On the other hand it was erroneous, highly so, and the start false, and the heat should have been run over again. Nor do I charge Mr. Sharp with either culpability or officiousness, in taking charge of the scales, and weighing the riders before starting; for whether he knew it or not, it was either his duty, or that of some one of the judges or stewards, and if in the discharge of it he made an error, it is no more than what all are liable to; but in that case the owner of the horse ought not have been made wholly responsible, or the betters on De Witt Clinton sufferers; and whether the decision of the judges in this case was right or wrong, it was no doubt predicated, upon what they considered, however erroneously, the established rules of the turf, or the rule of the Union Course, resting upon the owners of horses the whole responsibility of adjusting properly, prior to the start, the weight carried by their respective horses; but admitting this last general position, the act of the steward or judge taking upon himself to weigh, takes the present case out of this rule.

The practice at Newmarket, in England, and most other places of note, of appointing a person to weigh, or see the riders weighed before starting as well as afterwards, is certainly a very proper one, and done for the following purpose among others: a rider being weighed, before starting, by one of the stewards, or other person specially appointed, cannot allege by way of excuse that he had not his weight; his therefore coming to the scale short of weight, carries with it a conviction of fraud, and subjects him, as well as the horse, to the severest penalty;

it prevents fraud being practised also in the following manner: suppose a great sweepstake or subscription is to be run only one heat, and A has two horses in the stake, (he being allowed as many as he pleases where only a single heat is run,) and the owners of horses were left to make and adjust their own weights before starting, A puts the proper weight upon one of his horses, and a feather upon the other, he then directs the one with feather weight to make all the running he can from the start, thereby to distress and "burn" if possible all the horses adverse to the same owner. The owner A, knowing this, takes measures accordingly with the horse which carries due weight, and, when all the others are blown, makes his run and wins the race: the winning horse he of course brings to the scale, but the other (who carried short weight) never appears. Again, in running heats, confederates may play the same game, the one carrying feather weight may make a killing run at all the horses opposed, while his confederate, up to the trick, goes along moderately in the rear, steps just within the distance, and then walks coolly up to the weighing room; the feather weight confederate gives out that his horse is down, and, to cloak the fraud, does not come to the scale. Every man who writes it is presumed wishes, or ought, to elucidate his subject, as far as his knowledge extends; with this view I have dwelt some time upon the late unfortunate occurrence on the Union Course, in order to point out the rule and the practice upon the courses highest in repute, and to enable the gentlemen who compose that club, as well as many others, to guard against a similar event. The present decision has borne hard upon Mr. Sherman, as also upon many others; and it is to be hoped that the rules of the club, which are not as full as they might be, will be amended so as fully to embrace all the points arising in the present case.

In thus going fully into all the bearings of this case, it is neither the wish nor the intention of the writer to offend or wound the feelings of any; but when giving, in a work of this kind, a statement to the sporting public, it is his duty to do justice, to act fearlessly and independently. His motto is *laissez bien se craindre*.

The following affidavit appeared in the Morning Courier and New-York Enquirer of Monday, June 3, 1833:—*King's County, &c.*

ANDREW BELL, of the City of New-York, rider, being sworn, says, that he was employed by Mr. Alfred Sherman, of Dutchess County, to ride his horse De Witt Clinton, in a race over the Union Course, on Long Island, on the twenty-seventh day of May, in the year one thousand eight hundred and thirty-three, said race to be contested by the said horse De Witt Clinton and the horse Robin Hood. This deponent says, that he was weighed with the saddle upon which he rode the said race; that Mr. Sharp, one of the judges, on weighing this deponent and the saddle upon which he rode, pronounced them to be one pound over weight: and this deponent says, that he started with the same saddle and weight with which he was weighed; that he rode with the same, and came in with the same; that he had not at the time of being weighed, any weights, or any thing about his person,

except what was carried by the horse, and brought in and weighed with deponent, immediately after the running of the first heat. This deponent further says, that he told said Sharp, before he started, that he was afraid there was a mistake, to which said Sharp replied, "boy go about your business and mount your horse, you are a pound over weight." And this deponent further says, that before he was weighed with the saddle abovementioned, he had been weighed by the said Sharp with a heavier saddle, and pronounced by said Sharp to be five pounds over weight; that at that time Richard Jackson told Mr. Sharp there must be some mistake, and requested said Sharp to let him, said Jackson, balance the scales; that said Sharp replied, that the scales were right, and that Mr. Sherman must get a lighter saddle; and that when deponent was weighed with the lighter saddle, (upon which he rode the heat,) said Sharp pronounced him one pound over weight; that said Jackson again said there must be some mistake, and went round to the scales as if to balance them, when Mr. Sharp went round to Jackson, and told him the scales were right, that he, Sharp, had balanced them, that it was none of his, Jackson's, business, and that he had better withdraw, or go away, or words to that import, whereupon the said Jackson went away, and did not balance the scales.

ANDREW BELL.

Sworn before me, the 1st day of June, 1833.

N. B. MORSE, First Judge of the County of Kings.

King's County, ss.

RICHARD JACKSON, of Jamaica, in the County of Queens, being duly sworn, says, that on the twenty-seventh day of May, in the year one thousand eight hundred and thirty-three, this deponent, at the request of Alfred Sherman, of Dutchess County, went to the judges' stand, at the Union Race Course, on Long Island, to see the weight of the rider and saddle of the race horse De Witt Clinton, owned by the said Alfred Sherman, which said horse was then to contest a race with the horse Robin Hood on said course. One of the judges, Mr. George Sharp, of the City of New-York, on weighing the said rider and saddle, pronounced the same to be five pounds over weight: this deponent told the said Sharp there must be something wrong, and that said rider was exactly weight with that saddle: this deponent heard said Sherman tell said Sharp that said rider, in his common dress and with said saddle, weighed only a pound over his weight; this deponent asked the said Sharp to permit deponent to balance the said scales, as deponent thought there was something wrong about it; to which said Sharp replied that the scales were right, and that the said Sherman must get a lighter saddle, and that the said Sherman sent and got the other saddle, which with the said rider was weighed by said Sharp, and by him pronounced to be one pound over weight still: this deponent then said to Mr. Sharp, there must be something wrong, and again asked for permission to balance the scales, and that said Sharp said to deponent the scales were right, that it was none of deponent's business, and that deponent had better withdraw.

RICHARD JACKSON.

Sworn before me, the 1st day of June, 1833.

N. B. MORSE,

First Judge of the County of Kings.

Tuesday, 28th.—The Races which were to have proceeded this day were postponed until to-morrow, Wednesday, 29th.—Sweepstakes, for three year old colts, 50lbs., fillics, 87lbs., \$300 each, h. f. Mile heats (6 Subscribers)—all came to the post.

Mr. Charles Green's bl. c. Shark, by Northern Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot, by Sir Archie.

Mr. H. Wilkes' (late Bathgate's) ch. c. Midas, by Northern Eclipse, out of Young Maid of the Oaks, (dam of Medoc,) by imp. Expedition.

Mr. R. L. Stevens' ch. c. by Henry, out of Cinderella, by Daceo.

Maj. Wm. Jones' ch. c. Alpha, by De Witt Clinton, out of Eleanor, by imp. Expedition.

Mr. J. R. Smedley's gr. f. Damsel, by Northern Eclipse, out of Garland, by Daceo, and she out of Young Damsel by Hamiltonian, who was by imp. Messenger from a mare, pedigree not known.

Mr. Wm. Gibbon's bl. f. Alert, by Eclipse Lightfoot, (son of Northern Eclipse and Lady Lightfoot), out of imp. mare Alarm, by Taubertolt.

Shark the favorite, and Shark and Midas against the field,—I took an attentive view of some of them when stripped, and when the word "saddle your horses" proceeded from the judges' stand, Shark appeared rather too high in flesh, Midas was about the right pitch, for a large bony three year old, but neither drawn fine enough, or sufficiently rounded up; there was too much drop in his waist. The condition of Alarm did not please, the others looked pretty well. All being ready, "Come up erealy," said the starter, and instantly the drum gave the signal to be off; away they went, the Gray Filly leading, Shark next, Midas third, though all well together, and the other three close up and lapped upon each other. After getting round the turn, they all went at a telling pace down the back stretch. Shark showed that he had something to spare, and Midas in hand; about the half mile mark, Garland fell back. In going up the rising ground, Midas made his run, went up to Shark, challenged and headed him on the outside, but could not draw clear and take the track; they swept round the north bend at a slapping pace; here it was evident that the others stood no chance; they now entered upon the quarter stretch, both "out," going the whole, the boys calling upon them *permanently*; at the 2 mile distance, they ran a "dead lock," the rally was severe. Ten rods from home Shark headed, and won by a neck, time, 1 minute 53 seconds. Damsel ran a good 3d, Alert 4th, Alpha 5th, and the Cinderella filly, laying back, 6th.

2d Heat.—There were two or three attempts to get away before they could effect it—at length they got away; Mr. Robert Stevens' colt made the running round the turn. In going down the back stretch Shark made play, and at the half mile took the lead (here Damsel was completely beat;) the pace was now pretty good, Midas waiting upon him, and Alert fell far behind. When they were about 80 rods from home, Midas being on the

outside of the track, threw himself out, and came up at a rattling pace, headed and crossed to the inside and took the track. Shark made every effort to recover the lead, but in vain, Midas went "the pace," and beat him in, by two lengths. Mr. R. Stevens' by Henry, 3d, Alpha, 4th, Damsel and Alice distanced.

3d Heat.—The race from the end of the first half mile of the first heat evidently lay between Shark and Midas, and it now belonged to either; nothing had been voluntarily yielded, the heat continued even, although Midas, having won the last heat in good style, was the favorite. Great excitement now prevailed: Midas was entitled to the inside, Shark next in order, the Henry came out of Cinderella, 3d, and Mr. Jones' Alpha, outside. At the word they all went well away, Alpha, running for the lead, led Midas, and they went abreast, and in front of the other two, round the turn. In going down the back side, Midas drew out clear, followed by Shark; Alpha was here shook off, and Mr. Stevens' Henry cut of no account. Midas kept his rule at a racing pace; in sweeping round, about the middle of the north turn, Shark went up, every eye was on them, not a word was heard, scarce a breathing, a pin let fall might have been heard to sink; down and at it they were, belly to the ground, all in stride; steady, my boys, mind how you make the last turn, a length there, is worth three in straight work! take well off, if you would make strong running from it; pull him well together going round, if you saw you are gone! Shark has it at the turn. They are coming up the stretch—now Midas, my big fellow, for your stride in straight running, if you swerve an inch you are lost; support him well with the hand, my boy, and let him extend, it is your only chance; Shark is at it, busy as a tinsmith—the rally home is trying—Shark leads—"keep his mouth alive," "the pace is too good" to last—Midas is "abroad"—Shark heads him two lengths,—are home—Alpha and Henry, no where—time 1 minute 50 seconds.

The next race was for the proprietors' purse, \$400, for all ages; 3 mile heats. Wrighes according to the rules of the course: 2 years old, 1 feather; 3 years, 90lbs.; 4 years, 104lbs.; 5 years, 114lbs.; 6 years, 124lbs.; and aged, 138lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs.

For this appeared Mr. J. C. Stevens' bl. m. Black Maria, by Northern Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot, by Sir Archie. 7 years old.

Mr. J. M. Bous' b. c. Rolla, by Golanza, out of Daisy Maid, 4 years old.

Mr. J. H. Van Mater's b. h. Gen. Jackson, by John Richards, out of Honesty, by imp. Expedition, 6 years old.

Mr. J. C. Craig's b. m. Virginia Taylor, by Sir Archie, out of Coquette, by Sir Archie, 6 years old.

Mr. T. Pearsall's gr. f. Alice Grey, by Henry, out of Spot's Mistress, by Old Hickory, and the out of Miller's Damsel, by imp. Messenger, 4 years old.

They all, when stripped, showed well, with the exception of Alice Grey, who was short of quick work. Maria looked all that could be wished, and the General was in prime plight. Rolla looked well, and the condition

of Virginia Taylor did credit to her trainer, Mr. Vaulser. The starting judge having made the call, they all paraded in readiness; the signal was given, and they all went off at a moderate pace, Virginia Taylor taking the lead. There was no dash at the start, all seemed contented to wait, and soon took places in single file, Maria 2d, Rolla 3d, the General 4th, Alice 5th, thus they came round the first mile, all in hand, waiting upon each other.

2d Round commenced in the same order, they went round the first turn, down the back stretch, and round the second turn, at a common exercising pace, each still waiting for the other to make the play; they were proceeding up the straight run home in this amusing manner, and had got opposite to the 4 mile distance, when the saucy Black Lass, as if disdaining to be led by a Virginia Taylor, passed unceremoniously, throwing back at Rolla, and the veteran Jackson, a "come if you dare" glance, which the General's gallantry would not permit him to decline. The ball might now be said to be opened, and the soubre beauty having selected her partner, led away with a lively step. The General seemed wholly devoted to her, and unceremoniously brushed past the Virginia Taylor, adhering closely to the object of his choice, while Rolla waited upon the fair Virginian, and for the present divided his attention between her and Alice. Thus they came lively to the termination of the 2 mile. They were now treading over the ground of the third mile, the Black Beauty leading the General close in attendance and all attention, the Virginian having modestly dropped behind Rolla. When arrived at the hill, (near the half mile mark.) Alice, as though envious, rushed past the Virginian and Rolla, and took her place 3d, and next to the General; they rattled it off gaily round the north bend, the black one still leading. On nearing the last turn, the General matched to double quick time, and went up to the lady, who, not in the least displeased with this attention, went away with him cheerily, hand in hand. When opposite the 4 mile distance the General had her close locked; but she would not submit to be thus embraced, broke away from him, and came home about five feet in advance, Alice following the General, Rolla next to her, Virginia Taylor in the rear. Time, 6 minutes 2 seconds.

3d Heat.—The call being made, they all paraded eager for the start. At the word they went away, Rolla leading, Virginia Taylor 2d, Alice 3d, Jackson 4th, Maria 5th. Rolla made running from the start, but the others, as though waiting the movement of Maria, who seemed wholly to engage their attention, allowed him to go on unheeded—when, going round the north turn, he was half a distance ahead of the group, all of whom were hand in hand. In coming round, near the stand, Alice passed Virginian, who seemed to have no disposition to make a run, and went up next to Rolla. In this order they went round the 2d mile, it being evident that the gallantry of the General held him in watchful attendance upon the Black Lady, and the Virginian damsel seemed also resolved to keep with them; Rolla and Alice, therefore, had it all to themselves. Rolla continued to lead, followed by Alice, Virginia Taylor next to her, at her ease; Maria, coquetting, with the General in the rear, whose

attention she seemed wholly to have engrossed. Alice attempted to get up to Rolla, but he appeared destitute of gallantry, and as often ran away from her, coming home first. Alice was next to him, and Virginia Taylor 3d, when they came within the distance, where all endeavored to hold up; here Jackson unwillingly passed the two latter—making the order in which they arrived, Rolla 1st; Jackson 2d; Alice 3d; Virginia Taylor 4th; Maria 5th. Time, 6 minutes 7 seconds.

3d Heat.—The time for respite having expired, the bugle sounded the call, when all appeared. The word being given, they were once more in motion. Rolla leading off, Alice 2d, the General 3d, Virginia Taylor 4th, Maria 5th, in this order they went all in hand round the first turn, down the back stretch, and round the north bend; in going up the stretch Alice went up to Rolla, challenged, and headed, she now made running to the end of the south turn in the commencement of the 2d mile; here she fell off, and Virginia Taylor took it up; they went at a racing pace along the back side, the Virginian leading, Jackson close in attendance, Maria 3d, Rolla 4th, Alice dropping fast in the rear; in this order they continued round the north bend, Jackson and Maria evidently under a pull; Virginia Taylor was now going nearly at the top of her rate; when about half way up the straight run, Jackson made play, and a rally ensued for the lead; when just before they came to the end of the 2d mile the General led the way and went off at a quick march, creating a suspicion in the mind of his old partner that he had a disposition to desert her, the swarthy maid dashed past her Virginian rival, and went up to the General, and Amazonian like called him out; away they swept round the south turn of the 3d mile, "going the pace." On clearing the bend, the lady led down the back stretch, and went away at a killing pace, keeping it up round the last sweep; the General made a gallant effort in going up the home stretch, but the brilliancy of the Black Diamond, could not be outdone, and she came home in advance half a length: the General 2d, Rolla 3d, Virginia Taylor 4th, Alice distanced.—Time, 5 minutes and 43 seconds.

N. B. In placing the horses as they came to the post at the end of the different heats in this race, I differ a little from the return made by the secretary, Mr. A. L. Botts; I made a note of the same at the moment, have therefore reason to believe I am correct, it is possible that the secretary's other duties might have occupied his attention.

The third race this day was a match for \$2000, mile heats.

Mr. J. C. Craig's (Mr. Wm. Coleman's) b. c. Charles Kemble, by Sir Archie, dam (the dam of Pilot, now Wild Will of the Woods,) by Gallatin; 3 years old; carrying 100lb. each.

Captain R. F. Stockton's gr. c. Powhatan, by Monsieur Tonson, out of Iris; 3 years old.

This race created little interest, Charles Kemble being the favorite before starting, at 6 to 4. He took the lead and kept it throughout, running the first heat, in 1 minute and 55 seconds; and the second in 1 minute and 54 seconds.

Thursday 30th.—The first race of this day, 4 mile heats, for the Jockey Club Purse, \$1000; all ages; carrying weight according to the rule of the course, (2 years a feather; 3 years 90lb.; 4 years 100lb.; 5 years 110lb.; 6 years 120lb.; and aged 130lb., 3lb. allowed mares and geldings,) created great excitement, especially, as Mary Randolph, the crack nag of Virginia, had come solely to test the speed and stamina of the north; and in addition to the purse, 4 of the competitors had entered into an inside sweepstake of \$300 each, one of whom paid half forfeit, thus the sum contended for, by these four, was \$2750. Mary Randolph and O'Kelly the favorites. The best several days before starting, were Mary Randolph against O'Kelly, 5 to 4, and Mary Randolph even against the field; some however took the odds, and a few, O'Kelly against her, even, it was a great betting race, and a good deal done among the business men up to the moment of starting.

For this purse (and stake) seven came to the post, viz:

Mr. John C. Stevens' gr. b. O'Kelly, by Northern Eclipse, out of Empress, (dam of Ariel,) by Financier, 6 years old.

Mr. Bela Badger's (Gen. T. M. Forman's) b. h. Uncle Sam, by John Richards out of Sally Baxter, by Ogles' Oscar; 5 years old.

Col. Wm. Wynn's gr. f. Mary Randolph, by Gohanna, out of a mare by Independence, dam Meg of Wapping, by Bedford; 4 years old.

Mr. R. L. Stevens' ch. m. Celeste, by Henry, out of Cinderella, by Durac; 8 years old.

Mr. J. M. Botts' b. c. Tobaccocast, by Gohanna, out of Iris; 4 years old.

Capt. R. F. Stockton's b. m. Miss Mattie, by Sir Archie, out of Black Ghost; 5 years old.

Here we had the presence of Sir Archie, John Richards, Henry, Gohanna, and Eclipse, the first a son, and the other four grandsons of Sir Charles Bunbury's old chestnut Diomed,* the son of Florizel and the Spectator mare,† dam of Pastorella, &c.

* It is worthy of remark, that almost every horse, at this day, on the American turf, (with the exception of some of the get of Monsieur Tonson, son of Phaeton by Cuten, and Valentin, which last are just coming forward,) are descendants of Diomed. Here then the necessity of crossing the breed with such as do not partake of that blood. Breeding in and in will cause the produce to run too much to leg; the exact plan if pursued with good levels, will produce a similar result. To this cause may be attributed the light frame and undue length of legs, at present so prevalent in the southern states, they require crossing down with more bone and solid substance. Transcending comments on this subject, I shall close with what they must come to the north for.

† The Spectator mare was a bay mare, bred by Thomas Patton, Esq., and sold, when young, to Sir Han. Richard Vane, who was so much to be seen, the son of young Eclipse and Dragoon; her dam, (own sister to Horatia, by Black) grandson, (Albion, Cypher, Pythia, and Peacocks' dam; also own sister to the dam of Mr. Patton's two Blossoms,) by Clifden, out of Miss Belvoir, (the dam of Frierick, Straily, &c.) The Spectator mare made her first race of twice in 1797, after which she was a brood mare, and was the dam of

Mr. Vernon's gray colt, Cuckoo, by the Countess Arabella, foaled in 1770.

Mr. Adam's bay colt, Registon, by Mr. Castle's Soap, foaled in 1772.

Mr. Sharpe's bay filly, Leonard, (Gallant, Golden, Galliard, Gaynes, Golden Rod, and Leon's dam by Shakspere,) foaled in 1777.

Mr. Vernon's bay filly, Darling, by Arabiana, foaled in 1778.

At length the bugle sounded the anxious "note of preparation," now they are dismounted, and from beneath the gaudy dresses shone, like India's silk, their polished coats! all gazed in silent wonder! next was heard, "in hum of *Æther's* still sounds" the voice of caution, "accoutering" the steeds with hands of skill, buckling saddles on! and next the call "to horse!"

Then might be seen each rider with his bonnet on,
Whip in hand and steel at heel, gallantly arrayed;
"Spring from the ground like feathered Mercury,
Then vaulted with such ease into his seat."
I thought good Burke and a Chitney there,
"To guide each runner" in "his swift career,
And with the world with noble horsemen's eyes."

Now answered to the post,
With eye of fire and mouth wide,
Snuffing the rider's breeches;
Each eager counter stood
Impatient of control
"Like greyhounds in the slips
Strutting upon the start."

All being in readiness, bang, went the drum. "They are off!" resounded from a thousand tongues, and rare enough, with the speed of the Gaurile they were sweeping round the turn, honest Sam leading, Miss Mattie 2d, Colonel O'Kelly 3d, Mary Randolph 4th, Celeste 5th, and Tobaccoconist carrying the race. Thus they glided down the back stretch, "t'was a pretty sight to see," all going steadily in hand. In coming up the straight run, Miss Mattie very prettily came up, claiming the front rank, followed by Mary, when Sam, too polite to contend, yielded the place, and gave those two ladies to the particular care of the Colonel, himself falling back in company with Celeste, who retained her first position, fifth, Tobaccoconist also his in the rear. Thus they entered upon the second mile, and went along the back part of the track and round the north bend with little variation. Nothing done yet. In coming up the stretch, just within the pocket, the descendant of Pombantus, no longer submitting to be led by the daughter of a Black Ghost, shook off her lethargy; a short rally ensued, when Mary prevailed, and led the third mile at a pace indicating a desire to get rid of the young Spectre; Mattie was not so easily to be disposed of and continued closely to haunt her. In going along the back side, the Colonel went up and compared notes with Mary, when finding matters as he wished, again resumed his position, third. They were all now going at a racing pace, yet having something to spare; in this order they came round to the end of the third mile. O'Kelly now made running, and Miss Mattie went along in front of him at her best pace, Mary Randolph keeping the track at a killing rate; thus they rattled off round the south turn; soon after entering the back stretch, Mary shook Miss Mattie off. As soon as

O'Kelly perceived this, he took it up, passed Miss Mattie (who dropped behind Uncle Sam also) and made strong running, Uncle Sam waiting the result of the coming struggle between O'Kelly and Mary; O'Kelly being up, challenged about the middle of the back stretch. It was "go along" every yard, the rising ground towards the north end was in favor of the horse, he passed, and dropped the mare going up the ascent; kept up the running, and when sweeping round the center of the north bend had headed 30 yards; in rounding the last part of the turn he was pulled well together, and the mare closed up, but it would not do, her chance was gone; having got upon the straight run, O'Kelly again went away at a tell-tale pace, and came home six lengths clear. Mary Randolph 2d, Sam 3d, Miss Mattie 4th, Tobaccoconist 5th, Celeste 6th; Sam, Tobaccoconist, and Celeste, having made no play for the heat. Time, eight minutes and two seconds.

2 to 1 on O'Kelly.

Second heat.—Thirty minutes, the time (according to the rules of the course) allowed between heats having expired, the call for the horses again sounded; Tobaccoconist being drawn, the other five took their places in the same order in which they had come in,—O'Kelly next the pole, Mary Randolph second, &c. &c. The word being given, they went off, O'Kelly leading, Sam second; at the end of the turn Sam made play, came in front, and led down the back stretch, O'Kelly second, Celeste third, Mary Randolph fourth, Miss Mattie fifth; in this position they went round the north bend, up the stretch, and came to the post at the termination of the first mile. The second round commenced in the same order,—in going down the back stretch Mary made a run, passed O'Kelly, and went up next to Sam, O'Kelly holding hard, Celeste and Miss Mattie fourth and fifth. Thus they came a second time round to the post. They now entered upon the third round, Sam leading, Mary Randolph second, O'Kelly third, Celeste fourth, and Miss Mattie fifth,—thus placed they swept round the south turn, and went along the back part of the course at a steady racing pace; after ascending the rising ground, Celeste made play, went past O'Kelly like a flash, cleared Mary Randolph, who took no notice of her, and went up to Sam, about the middle of the north bend, here she was held together, Sam still leading, yet evidently in reserve, keeping on steadily; Celeste now went up and challenged him, but Sam had too much manhood to contend with the lady and gave her the track; Celeste now displayed her agility, leading up the stretch in beautiful style, came first at the end of the third mile. The fourth and last round was now to be gone, the pace was now severe, in sweeping round the first turn Celeste fell off, Sam went gallantly to her relief, took it up, and kept away at a killing pace down the back stretch, when arrived at the north bend, O'Kelly, (handy and clever at the turns, with his short quick stroke,) and well aware of his best play, dashed past the mares, came up to Sam, and challenged; Sam wavered defiance, at it they went, the rate was tremendous; O'Kelly made a good attempt at the last turn, but could not come in. Bob Hicks held Sam well together, and

Mr. Vernon's boy Billy, *Fame*, by Paragon, foaled in 1776.
Sir Charles Baskin's eleven colts, *Disson*, by Flaxen, foaled in 1777.

Mr. Vernon's boy Billy, (*Quadrangle's* dam), by Flaxen, foaled in 1776.

Sir Thomas Dunsdale's colt, *Vernon*, afterwards *Admiral*, by Flaxen, foaled in 1777.

Lord Eglonville's boy Billy, *Foxy*, (*Billy, Renter, Rosie, Baxter, Rebel*, and *Reverend's* dams), by Flaxen, foaled in 1780.

* *Admiral* was brought to America, he was the property of the late John De Laury, Esq., of New York, and at *Strevie's Tavern*, about three miles from this city, about the years 1796 or 1797, and previous thereto.

leaving as a bias to the pole, swung handsomely round, then throwing him into stride, went away at a slipping gait. The boy got well at O'Kelly, with both caugut and steel; the rally home was severe, but Sam was too honest to flinch, the pace too good, and the son of John Richards won by a length. Celeste third, Mary Randolph fourth, Miss Mattie fifth.—Time, 8 minutes 5 seconds. It was now allowed that Mary Randolph had no chance, although she did not run for this heat. The race evidently lay between Sam and O'Kelly; even betting, though O'Kelly rather the favorite.

Third heat.—The interval having expired, the bugle again sounded the summons, when all five obeyed the call. Sam took his station inside, O'Kelly next to him, and the others in the same order in which they last came in;—at the word "come up," they were there, the drum tapped and they were once more in motion. Sam led off at an easy stroke, in going round the turn, Mary went up, passed, and took the track, she led down the back stretch lively, Sam second, O'Kelly third, Celeste fourth, Mattie fifth;—round the north turn they swept, and came to the mile end in this position. Second round, commenced in the same order, and the backers of Mary Randolph were enlivened with a ray of hope. In going along the back stretch Sam went up and made a run for the turn, but Mary stretched away gallily, Sam could not do the trick, it was no go, the mare got the pole, and rated in fine style round the north bend, made the second turn well, and went up the quarter stretch with mischief in her air; she came first to the post in the second mile, and dashed passed boxon like; Virginia looked up, but the distance yet to be told was long, and the pace too good to last. They were now going the third mile, Mattie completely beat, and the beautiful Celeste, although keeping her rate, contending against fearful odds; Sam and O'Kelly were waiting for the rally; towards the end of the back stretch Mary dropped to them, and they both passed on, Sam leading;—all were in breathless expectation of the push.—They were sweeping round the north bend at a killing pace, O'Kelly close up, both laid well in for the last turn, they made it well, and were away again up the stretch, when O'Kelly made play, closed with Sam, down, "out," at it both; they smoked up the quarter stretch, Sam leading past the post; away they went, round the south turn again, (last mile.) Richards and Eclipse were in "the field," "Blood and Botton" was the "war cry,"—on they kept their "deadly course," the back stretch was now gained, here O'Kelly made his pass on the hard ground to the right, and came in front, there was no respite, Sam kept resolutely on, O'Kelly doing all he knew; the pace was killing, home far off, "game and stoutness" seemed the play of both. At this murderous rate they cleared the back run, and went on round the north sweep, the dreadful rally home was yet to be supported; Sam made his last turn well, and at the stretch came to the work with a lion heart, O'Kelly received him gallantly, and down they buckled,—"it was truly "horse to horse,"—

And now the shell of hand and heel,
Applied the whip and tempered steel;

Forward to urge each steed in flight,
Dashed on the sides the towels bright.

Every muscle, every fibre was put to the test, every sinew on the strain, a more determined opponent than O'Kelly, and an honest horse than Sam never came up a quarter stretch; the rally was long and severe, O'Kelly winning by a neck, Celeste third, Mary Randolph fourth, and Miss Mattie distanced. Time—8 minutes 8 seconds.

N. B. The writer took lengthy minutes of every race during the present meeting, noting particularly every push, and every pass, where made, &c., especially those in the last contest; nothing therefore has been trusted to memory, and however this account may differ from some which have appeared in print, he offers it, confident of being correct.

The second and last race of this day, was a match for a pipe of wine,—wile heats.

Mr. Brush's ch. c. by Eclipse, 3 years old,—a feather by agreement.

Mr. Armstrong's gr. c. by Winter's Arabian, 3 years old, a feather by agreement.

First heat.—The gray led off round the turn, on the back side, the chestnut passed and kept the lead, coming home 6 or 7 lengths in the clear.

Second.—The chestnut took the lead and kept it, winning by 20 yards.—Time, first heat, 1 minute 55 seconds; second heat, 2 minutes 2 seconds.

Friday, 31st.—The first race this day was a sweepstakes—all ages—weights according to the rules of the course. 2 miles out.

Mr. T. Pearsall's ch. m. Medora, by Rustler, (Thernton's,) aged.

Mr. Jackson's gr. f. Farmer's Damsel, by Northern Eclipse, 4 years.

Mr. Van Meter's ch. f. Fanny Kemble, by Eagle, 3 years.

They went off pretty well together, Fanny Kemble on the lead, Medora 2d; and in this manner they went along at a lively pace the first round, Fanny continuing to lead. In the beginning of the second round, Medora went up, abreast, then pulled to her, and they went along the back stretch, head and head, and lay close together round the north turn. Farmer's Damsel's chance was out. On getting into straight work, Medora passed, went up the stretch ahead, and won by two lengths. Time, 3 minutes 55 seconds.

The next race was the proprietors' purse, \$300—all ages—weights agreeably to the rules of the course. 2 mile heats.—For this came to the post:

Mr. J. C. Craig's ch. h. Ripley, by Sir Charles, out of Betsy Robinson, by Thaddeus, 5 years old.

Mr. J. H. Van Meter's b. c. Tempest, by Tormentor, out of Lottery, 4 years old.

Mr. Bela Badger's ch. f. Lady Lancaster, by John Richards, dam by Sir Solomon, 4 years old.

Mr. J. M. Schlen's b. h. Duke of Orleans, by Sumpter, dam by Whip of Kentucky, 5 years old.

Mr. R. S. Stevens' ch. c. Massaniello, by Northern Eclipse, out of Cinderella by Darc, 4 years old.

Mr. Wm. Gibson's b. m. Empress, by Henry, dam by Darc, 5 years old.

Mr. J. M. Botts' b. f. Ariadne, by Gehanna, 4 years old.

Here we had a large entry; Massaniello the favorite against the field. At the word they all got away, Orleans leading, Ariadne 2d, Empress 3d, Tempest 4th, Massaniello 5th, Lady Lancaster 6th, Ripley 7th. In this order, after becoming settled, they went down the back part of the course, and came round to the end of the first mile. In the second mile, Orleans continued to lead, with the Empress, who had gone up 2d. Massaniello made a run on the back stretch, passed through the crowd, and went forward to Orleans; he did not, however, maintain his position long, as he was in turn headed by Tempest. Orleans maintained the lead; when they came round the north bend, Lady Lancaster made running, and, in going up the stretch, went well up to Orleans, the latter, however, came first to the post, Lady Lancaster 2d, Tempest 3d; they were, however, all held up after coming within the distance post—no push being made home.

2d Heat.—There was a good deal of difficulty in getting off; after several attempts they got away, leaving Ariadne behind. Empress led,—Orleans passed her in going round the first turn, and headed down the back stretch. In rounding the north turn Massaniello made play and came in front; when opposite the 4 mile distance, Lady Lancaster went up, and came in front, and led off the commencement of the second mile, round the south turn. In going along the back side Ripley made play, went up to Lady Lancaster, and a smart rally ensued; in going up the rise of ground at the north end of the back stretch, he gave the "go by," swept handsomely round the north bend, and was never headed, coming in 1st, Lancaster 2d, Tempest 3d, Orleans 4th, Massaniello distanced—Empress distanced.

There were several false starts for this heat, or rather, in over eagerness, they went away two or three times without the word, and were called back. The last time they were recalled, Ariadne was the last in returning, and while the groom was leading her over the mark, and on the point of turning her round, he still holding her by the bridle, with her head in a contrary direction to what the horses ran, the starting judge gave the word; the consequence was, they were off, before she had an opportunity of turning, and was of course left behind. Here was a case in which, of all others, it became the duty of the judge to recall the horses. The flag, as the signal of recall, ought to have been immediately hoisted; if they were not in readiness, effective measures ought to have been taken to stop the horses as they came round. I will go even further; they ought to have been ordered to have run it over again, even had they run out the whole distance. See the decisions in point, both at Doncaster and Newmarket, in England, and, among others, one of recent date—that for the Craven Stakes, during the Craven Meeting, at Newmarket, in April last, where two horses did not get away, the others ran the whole distance, nevertheless, they were decreed to run it over again. See the case, under the head of English Turf,

Newmarket Craven Meeting, in this number of the Magazine.

3d Heat.—Ripley led—Lady Lancaster made play going round the first turn, and ran Ripley a lap down the back side; when arrived at the ascending ground towards the north end, Tempest went up, challenged and obtained the lead; Ripley was held together, and Lady Lancaster passed on next to Tempest, who came round to the post in front; all were here well up together, and kept away round the turn in a group. When arrived at the straight stretch, Ripley came up, made his run, and dashed forward; from this point home, all chances were out, he kept his run, and came home two lengths in the clear under a pull—Lady Lancaster 2d, Tempest 3d, Orleans 4th.

The last race which took place under the direction of the Club was a match; \$500 each stake; 1 mile out.

Captain R. T. Stockton's b. c. Monmouth; 3 years, 90lbs.

Mr. J. C. Craig's b. c. Charles Kemble; 3 years, 90lbs.

Kemble led off; Monmouth made play going round the turn, came up, and ran a lock down the back stretch; in going round the north sweep he obtained the lead, kept up his rate, and came home three lengths in advance. Time, 1 minute 54 seconds.

Thus ended the Spring Meeting, after four days of excellent sport, equalled by none since the spring of 1830, at which time we had nine days racing, and some of them excellent.

It is worthy of remark, that with the exception of the first heat at Fairfield, (Va.), which was won by Tishbrow, and reported to have been run in 7 minutes 58 seconds; the 2d heat won by Z. A. in 6 minutes 28 seconds; the 3d heat by Goliath in 8 minutes 10 seconds; the 4th in 8 minutes 18 seconds, we have not had 4 miles run within 8 minutes this spring; it is true it was done last February, at Charleston, (S. C.), in 7 minutes 50 seconds, 8 minutes, and 8 minutes 8 seconds; but this can hardly be called spring racing. This is pretty good, although not in quick time any one heat, yet very little falling off. During the race week at the Union Course, there were heavy falls of rain, and taking into consideration the heavy state of the course owing thereto, the time generally made may be considered very fair, some of it quick, and that of the 4 miles, under the existing circumstances, good; 6 minutes and 6 seconds for a third heat of 4 miles, with an interval of only thirty minutes between the heats, is undoubtedly at all times good, and will win nineteen times in twenty. Here was very little falling off, between 8 minutes 2 seconds, 8 minutes 5 seconds, and 8 minutes 8 seconds, notwithstanding the remark of some priests, that 8 minutes 8 seconds, in this instance, was not good time. I must beg leave to differ, however "familiar" (the writer may be) "with the turf." Let it be recollected, that Eclipse and Henry took 8 minutes 24 seconds to do their third heat, and the course that day in better order for making quick time than it has ever been in since. "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's."

AN OLD TURFMAN.

RACING CALENDAR.

AUGUSTA, GEORGIA.

JOCKEY CLUB FEBRUARY MEETING.

FEBRUARY 20th.—Purse.—Four mile heats.

Mr. Printly's ch. h. Collier, by Sir Charles, 1. 1
 Mr. J. R. Spann's b. m. Sally Homet, by Sir Charles, 2. 2
 Time—first heat, 8 minutes 39 seconds—second heat, 8 minutes 35 seconds.

21st.—Purse.—Three mile heats.

Col. M. C. Ligon's ch. f. Tuberosa, by ———, 1. 1
 Col. J. R. Spann's br. h. Van Buren, by ———, 2. 2
 Mr. John Printly's ch. m. Betsy Hare, 3. 3
 Time—first heat, 6 minutes 22 seconds—second heat, 6 minutes 14 seconds.

SAME DAY.—A Saddle and Bridle—\$10 entrance—One mile out.

Mr. Holsey's b. h. Nulldier, 1
 Dr. Leverich's ch. h. Soapstick, 2
 Mr. Hibbler's b. h. Jim Crow, 3
 Col. Green's gr. h. Selim, 4
 Time—2 minutes 3 seconds.

22d.—Purse.—Two mile heats.

Col. J. R. Spann's ch. m. Arabia Felix, by Arab, 1. 2. 1
 Dr. Leverich's gr. h. Muckle Andrew, by Muckle John, 4 years, 2. 1. 2
 Col. M. C. Ligon's b. m. Eliza Jackson, by Sir Andrew, 4 years old, 3. 3. 3
 Mr. Hibbler's ch. h. Fairplay, by ——— 6 years old, dis.
 Time—first heat, 4 minutes 30 seconds—second heat, 3 minutes 59 seconds—third heat, 4 minutes 8 seconds.

SAME DAY.—A Sweepstakes.—One mile out—entrance ——— was won by Col. Garrison's mare Hallstorm, beating three others, names not known.

23d.—Mile heats, best 3 in 5—won by Col. J. D. Thomas' b. f. Lady Burke, in three heats, beating Mr. Printly's ch. f. Brazilia, Col. Ligon's ch. f. Tuberosa, and Mr. Hibbler's b. h. Fairplay.—Time—first heat, 2 minutes 2 seconds—second heat, 2 minutes—third heat, 1 minute 58 seconds. Brazilia, owing to her fractiousness, started badly at the first heat, and in the second, turned in the opposite direction.

NEWTOWN, (New Iberia, Louisiana.)

SEVEN MILECOURT.

April 10.—Purse, \$300.—3 mile heats.

Mr. J. Marsh's ch. f. Bell Tracy, by Stockholder, dam by Truxton, 4 years old, 1. 1
 Mr. D. Weeks' b. c. Paul Clifford, by Stockholder, dam by Oscar, 5 years old, 2. 2
 11th.—Purse \$200.—2 mile heats.
 Mr. W. S. Harding's br. f. Helen McGregor, by Mercury, dam by Palafox, 4 years old, 1. 1
 Mr. J. Marsh's ch. c. Young Duke, by Crusader, dam by Rosicrusian, 2. 2

12th.—Sweepstakes—1 mile out.

Mr. G. Boyce's b. g. Lord Nelson, by Picolet, aged, 1
 Mr. Leroux's ——— Paddy Carey, 2
 Mr. Walker's ——— Schoolboy, 4
 Mr. Mayfield's ——— Beauty, bolted

SAME DAY.—Purse—1 mile heats.

Dr. Smith's br. h. Wrangler, by Potomac, 1. 1
 Mr. J. Marsh's b. f. Mary Dacre, by Stockholder, dam by Picolet, 2. 2
 Mr. W. S. Harding's b. g. Snapping Turtle, by Timoleon, dis.

SAME DAY.—Misch—1 mile heat.

Mr. D. Weeks' b. c. Paul Clifford, 5 years old, 1
 Mr. W. S. Harding's ch. c. Fergus, 2 dr.

EAGLE COURSE.—(Trenton, New-Jersey.)

SPRING MEETING.

April 30th.—Two mile heats.

Mr. Badger's ch. m. Lady Lancaster, by John Richards, dam by Sir Solomon, 4 years old, 101lb, 1. 1
 Mr. Vanleer's ch. h. Ripley, by Sir Charles, dam Betsy Robinson, 5 years old, 114lb, 2. 2
 Mr. Reed's b. m. Empress, by Henry, dam Nil by Durot, 4 years old, 101lb, 3. 4
 Mr. J. H. Holmes' ch. h. Mark Richards, by John Richards, dam by Revenge, 6 years old, 121lb, 4. 3
 Time—first heat, 3 minutes 54 seconds—second heat, 3 minutes 52 seconds.

JUNE 1st.—Three mile heats.

Mr. J. H. Van Mater's b. h. Jackson, by John Richards, dam Honesty, 6 years old, 121lb, 1. 2. 0. 1
 Mr. B. Badger's b. h. Uncle Sam, by John Richards, dam by Oscar, 5 years old, 114lb, 3. 1. 0. 2
 Mr. Vanleer's b. m. Virginia Taylor, by Archie, dam by Archie, 6 years old, 118lb. (Ruled out.) 2. 3. 3
 Time—first heat, 6 minutes 1 second—second heat, 5 minutes 52 seconds—third heat, 6 minutes 4 seconds—fourth heat, 6 minutes 10 seconds.

SAME DAY.—One mile heats.

Mr. J. H. Van Mater's b. h. Tempest, 4 years old, by Tormentor, dam by Lottery, 104lb, 1. 1
 Mr. J. H. Holmes' ch. h. Mark Richards, 6 years old, 121lb, 2. 2
 Mr. Badger's b. m. Sally Anderson, 5 years old, by John Richards, dam by Prize Fighter, 111lb, 3. 3
 Time—first heat, 1 minute 53 seconds—second heat, 1 minute 52 seconds.

FRANKLIN, (Atakapas, Louisiana.)—SPRING MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, May 1st.—Purse \$150, entrance added.—Two mile heats.

Mr. W. S. Harding's b. g. Snapping Turtle, by Timoleon, aged, 1. 1
 Mr. J. B. Murphy's ch. f. Desdemona, by Stockholder, 3 years old, dis.
 Time—4 minutes 17 seconds.
 2d.—Purse \$100.—Mile heats.
 Mr. G. Boyce's b. g. Lord Nelson, by Picolet, aged, 1. 1
 Mr. J. Y. Saunders' gr. g. Harpsicord, aged, 3. 2
 Mr. T. Mugar's b. g. Gumbo, by Boaster, 4 years, 2 dis.
 Time—first heat, 3 minutes 10 seconds—second heat, 2 minutes 11 seconds.
 3d.—Purse \$50, with the entrance money added.—One mile out.

Mr. W. S. Harding's b. g. Gumbo, by Boaster, 4 years, 1
 Mr. A. R. Spann's br. g. Otello, aged, 2
 Mr. T. Spark's ch. g. Volunteer, aged, dis.
 Mr. R. Hangerford's b. g. Tartar, 6 years, dis.

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C. R. COLDEN, *Proprietor.*

TO ALL BREEDERS OF BLOOD HORSES.

We request all breeders of Blood Stock, to transmit to the Editor of this Magazine, a properly authenticated list of all colts and fillies in their possession or bred by them, which rank as either two or three years' old, on the 1st day of May, 1833, and to send every spring hereafter, a similar list of all which have attained two years, together with their color, and the name and residence of the breeder. This we propose annually to publish, the benefit of which to all, who take an interest in stock of this description, must be obvious; it will serve breeders who may wish to sell, as an advertisement of the young stock in their respective possessions, and enable those who may wish to purchase, to find any particular cross of blood, and the kind desired. In the course of eight or ten years, it will become a valuable Stud Book, in possession of all our subscribers, affording the pedigrees and description of all horses foaled since 1830 inclusive, and will be less liable to error, than any compilation of old pedigrees.

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THOUGHTS ON BLOOD HORSES, by an Old Turfman.—In order to expedite the publication of that part of this essay which has appeared in former numbers of Mr. J. B. Skinner's *American Turf Register*, and arrive at new matter, we shall in our next number give an extra half sheet.

NOTICE.

GENTLEMEN who have received the preceding numbers of this Magazine, and who have not already subscribed, are respectfully requested to inform the Proprietor should they decline becoming subscribers; those who do not, will be considered as having subscribed.

Postmasters having charge of any office, from which the person, to whom this Magazine may be addressed, has not taken it, are requested to return the same to the Proprietor.

Subscribers who wish to procure an extra set of our Plates, detached from the Magazine, may have proof impressions, colored in a superior manner, upon fine India paper, sent with the numbers, which may be carefully pasted upon strong paper, of size sufficiently large to frame, leaving a margin of three or four inches on all sides; they will in this way form handsome pictures.—Or we will, if advised how to transmit, have them struck upon paper of sufficient size for framing. The price to subscribers will be less than half of what we shall charge others.

N. B. Our Plates hereafter will be somewhat larger than even those in the April number.

Any gentleman who may wish the Portrait of a favorite horse to appear in the Magazine, by sending to the Proprietor a sketch, taken correctly, as to shape, make and proportions, together with the color and marks, may have it done, without going to the expense of a painting, for about one third of the actual cost; in which case, some proof impressions colored in a superior style will be furnished. Or the Proprietor will send an artist to make the drawing, without making any extra charge, except that of expenses.